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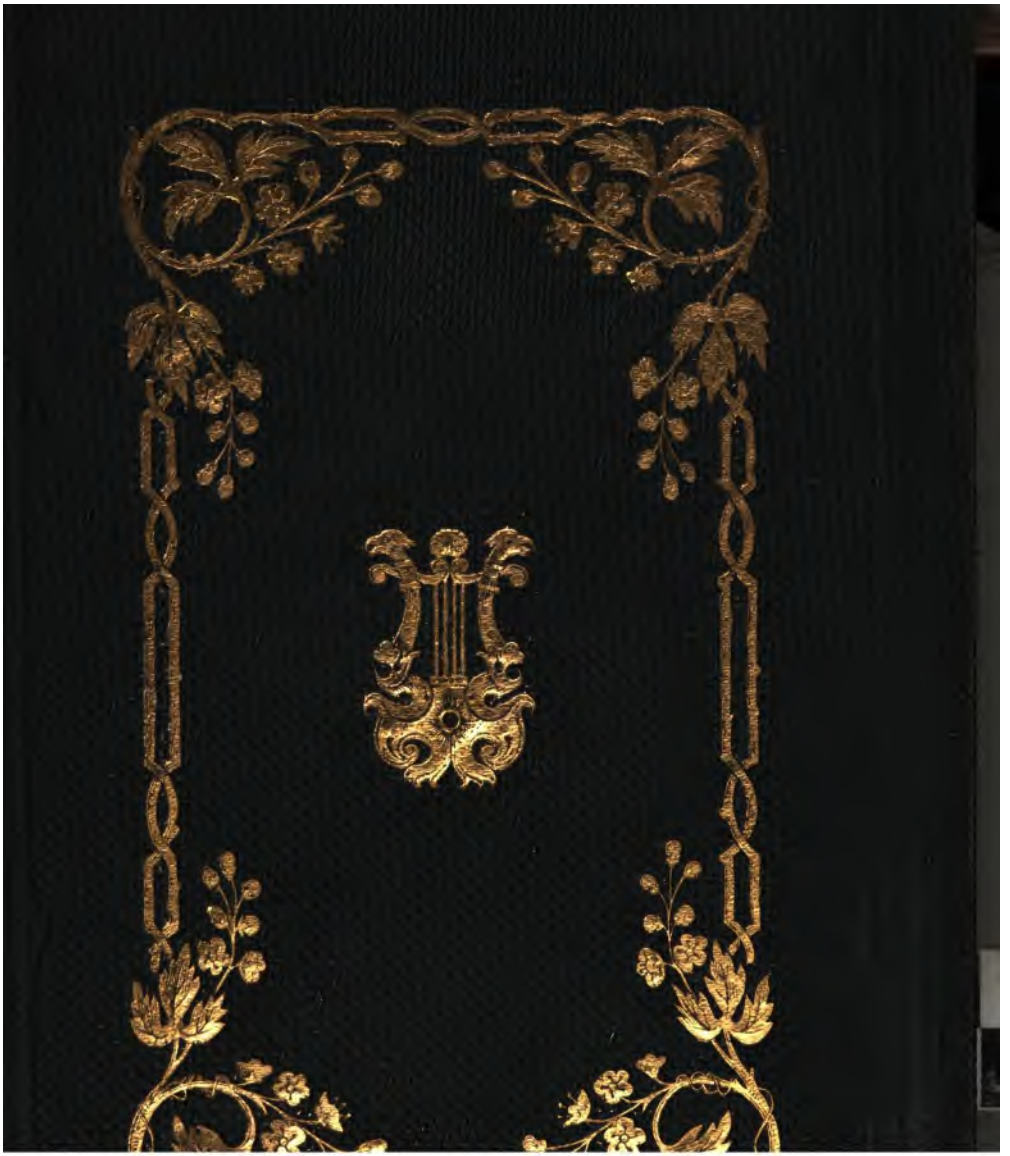

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MUSINGS

IN

MANY MOODS.

BY JOHN BOLTON ROGERSON.

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PREFACE.

THE present volume contains the major portion of the author's poetical productions, written on many occasions, and at different periods of life. This will account for the various sentiments expressed. The author does not make any pretensions to transcendentalism. He only claims the merit of understanding what he intends to convey; and he ventures to think that in very few instances will his language be found obscure or difficult to interpret. He has, for the last seven years, been afflicted with rheumatic arthrites, which has been, and continues, so severe as to deprive him, partially, of the use of his limbs, and debar him entirely from locomotion. He is thus reduced to the helplessness of childhood, combined with the acute pain of a confirmed valetudinarian, and his volume of life will be henceforth either monotonous, or blank. In fact his state of health is such as to lead him to believe that this book is the last which he shall offer, and he, therefore,

takes this opportunity of respectfully thanking his friends and the public for past and present favours. Whatever may be his after-lot, one feeling will ever be his—that of deep and earnest gratitude towards those who came to cheer and aid him in the dark hours of affliction and adversity. Whether he shall ever appear before the public again must be left to the decree of Him who rules and governs all. He can never hope to be as he was formerly, but cheerfully submits himself to His will whose wisdom is unimpeachable; thankful to live, and yet content to die.

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MUSINGS IN MANY MOODS.

OURSELVES AND OTHERS.

O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us!
It wad fra monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n devotion!

BURNS.

WHAT a scene of self-delusion is this busy world of ours,
Where no man truly estimates his failings or his powers,
Where we think upon each good we do with soul-exultant pride,
And believe that our most trifling acts to greatness are allied!
How we smother up our vices with a sweet and healing balm,
And recall our peccadilloes with a conscience hush'd and calm!
If our neighbour turns to folly, oh! how soon we find it out!
Of his monstrous culpability we entertain no doubt.
If, through ignorance, or accident, he gets into a maze,
They are no excuses valid for the error of his ways.

We condemn the man at once with a savage, virtuous frown—
Our duty to the world requires that we should put him down.
But if we ourselves should go astray, oh, the world has done us wrong—
We have struggled hard, but triumph goes not always with the strong;
We are victims of misfortune, we are stricken and opprest,
But the heart sits lightly on the throne erected in our breast.
So we gird ourselves with fictions, and our self-love builds a wall,
Which we think conceals our errors, though they're visible to all;
And the small end of the glass, which made our faults minute in size,
Unto our neighbour's eye is turn'd, and, lo! it magnifies.

How soon we cease to think upon the wild days of our youth,
And bid our children lead a life of soberness and truth.
When we were young we never, no, we never went astray,
But were obedient, meek, and good, and full of love alway.
What a comfort and a blessing to our parents we have been!
But now the world is alter'd quite, entirely changed the scene;
'Tis positively shocking, and we get quite in a rage
With the rising generation of this sad, degenerate age.
Our sons are men before the beards have dawn'd upon their chin;
Our daughters prate of husbands now before their teens begin.
How very much superior our conduct used to be!—
But those we talk to of our youth were then not born to see.

How glibly do we hold discourse on features, style, and talk!
How pertly do we criticise our neighbour's dress and walk!
There is so much that's ludicrous in all we see and hear,
It really quite amazes us that some abroad appear.
Oh, if they could but see themselves one moment with our eyes,
They from themselves would turn away with loathing and surprise.
And yet they look complacently upon the mirror's face,
And ugliness seems loveliness, and gawkiness seems grace.
Poor fools! we all are blinded by our precious love of self,
That maketh fascination in a hideous, grinning elf.
We cannot see our own defects—no reason can convince,
The vilest twists of face and form can never make us wince.
We scorn or pity myriad faults that glare before our eyes,
And never dream that we have faults and crimes of deeper dyes—
Frailties and guilts long known to us, until they have become
Our cherish'd friends, and in our hearts have made a pleasant home.

Then we go to church or chapel, with a prayer-book in our hand,
And we feel ourselves quite moral, and we look supremely bland;
With our neckcloth tied so smugly, and the bonnet of our wife
Trimm'd so neatly, yet so costly—oh, we lead a holy life!
Our pew hath velvet linings, and the texture is of silk,
And we kneel on springing cushions, and we feel as mild as milk;
And we throw around demurely our most envious, sneering eyes,
And are convinced there is no other pew so grand or great in size;

And we speak of those poor wretches who've not that day
been to church,
And we think that most decidedly they will be in the lurch;
And we feel we've done our duty when we've utter'd sundry
groans,
And have made all the responses in most solemn nasal tones.
It is moral, it is proper, and we go with stately air,
And we kneel unto our Maker, and transfer to Him each
care.
Then we enter in our dwelling with a proud and measured
tread,
And fancy that the grace of God is all about us shed.
We blame the poor, we close the door, the fire is blazing
high;
We strive to think the greatest sin is reckless charity.
Oh, yes, all men must work or starve—it matters not a jot—
To aid would only sow the seeds of beggary in their lot!
Draw close the chair, stir up the fire, it really is unwise
That thoughts of want and misery on such a day should
rise.

Take off the scales, oh, God of all, that blind our mortal
eyes,
And in our hearts let charity and love of kind arise;
Make us to see our many faults and great shortcomings
plain,
And none of us would then be found presumptuous and
vain.
But even this the prayer is vain now offer'd up by me—
Thou knowest best, Thou doest best—our Guide and Saviour
be!

THE GUEST OF GOD.

AN EASTERN STORY.

All was astir in Tangiers, for the Caid
That day held revel, and a feast was made
In honour of his daughter's nuptials: the bride
Had left his halls in pageantry and pride.
The court was fill'd with merry-makers gay,
A splendid crowd that kept high holiday;
And, 'mid the pauses of the music's sound,
Quaint jests and repartees in mirth went round.
Now he of Tangiers had a bosom friend,
The Caid Mahommed, who around did send
Glances of haughtiness and proud disdain.
Soon he espied, amid the gorgeous train,
A man of aspect meek, and meanly clad.
Gall'd that so poor a man should be made glad,
'Mid the assembled guests of high estate,
He sternly order'd him without the gate.
The man obey'd not, and, with savage frown,
Mahommed rudely hurl'd the stranger down.

That night an oven-keeper, kind though poor,
Had gone to rest and barr'd his humble door,
When a low knocking from without was heard,
And from his rest at once the man bestirr'd,
And ask'd, with accents mild, who there abode:
A voice thus answer'd him "The guest of God."
He deem'd 'twas some poor mendicant, and said
"You are welcome." Then the poor guest he led

Within his home, and straightway forth he brought
The remnant of his supper, and besought
The guest to eat, when he had warm'd the food,
For hunger only call'd such viands good.
When the poor beggar ceased for food to crave,
Water was brought that he his hands might lave,
And on a matting rude repose he found,
Whilst his host lay beside him on the ground.
At morning's dawn the entertainer's eyes
Glanced round his dwelling, and with some surprise
He found no guest was there. Musing he said
"Business perchance required him, and he sped
Away, disturbing not; or it may be
He hath a modest shame of poverty."
So he raised up the mat, and, sore afraid,
He found that gold beneath the cloth was laid.
Then far removed from every prying eye
The careful artisan the coin put by,
Lest it behind unwittingly was left,
And the poor man should be of all bereft;
Or, if obtain'd from some unlawful hoard,
It might at once with honour be restored.

Some time pass'd on, and then an order came,
A summons dread, in the great Sultan's name,
Bidding the baker and the Caid repair
To Fez straightway, to meet the monarch there.
Guards placed the men before the palace-gate,
And bade them there the Sultan's coming wait.
Soon he appear'd, and on his brow of gloom
The Caid Mahommed read his coming doom.
In accents that the trembling Caid appall'd.
The feast of Tangiers to his mind he call'd,

And ask'd him of the poor and wretched man
Whom he had driven forth with savage ban.
"Him did'st thou kick and strike. The foot and hand
Uplifted then no more shall strike or stand.
The limbs that me offended then are mine,
With all that appertains to thee and thine:
Those rebel branches now shall sever'd be—
A just reward for inhumanity!"
Then, when the baker heard that doom severe,
His heart beat loud with apprehensive fear,
And to himself, in faltering tones, he said
"If the Caid's limbs he take, he will my head!"
So at the Sultan's feet himself he cast,
Craving for grace and mercy for the past.
Thus spake the Sultan:—"Son, you need not fear,
You gave the guest of God a welcome cheer—
The rich man thrust him rudely from his door,
But you relieved the outcast and the poor,
Shared with the wandering wretch your wholesome bread,
And yielded up your coarse and homely bed;
A resting-place the unknown stranger found,
Whilst you reclined on cold and matless ground,
Withstanding that which competence ensures—
Now ask, and all you wish for shall be yours."
The man return'd no answer—in his eyes
The Sultan read his joy and his surprise,
And gave him more than his desires had claim'd.
The Caid return'd to Tangiers, poor and maim'd;
And after-records of his nation trace
The curse of poverty clung to his race.
The man of charity, with modest pride,
The Sultan caused unto his home to ride,
Honour'd, exalted, meek, though richly dress'd,
Of all the cruel Caid's great wealth possess'd.

Humble in heart his fellows pass'd him by,
And saw his wealth with an unenvious eye:
The thriving men, who once contemn'd him most,
Now smiling said "There goes the Sultan's host!"

NOTHING MORE.

In a valley fair I wander'd,
O'er its meadow-pathways green,
Where a singing brook was flowing,
Like the spirit of the scene;
And I saw a lovely maiden
With a basket brimming o'er
With sweet buds, and so I ask'd her
For a flower, and nothing more.

Then I chatted on beside her,
And I praised her hair and eyes,
And, like roses from her basket,
On her cheeks saw blushes rise;
With her timid looks down glancing,
She said "Would I pass before?"
But I said that all I wanted
Was a smile, and nothing more.

So she shyly smiled upon me,
And I still kept wandering on;
What with blushing, smiling, chatting,
Soon a brief half hour was gone.

Then she told me I must leave her,
For she saw their cottage-door,
But I would not till I rifled
Just a kiss, and nothing more.

And I often met that maiden,
At the twilight's loving hour,
With the summer's offspring laden,
But herself the dearest flower.
When she ask'd me what I wish'd for,
Grown far bolder than before,
With impassion'd words I answer'd
'Twas her heart, and nothing more!

Thus for weeks and months I woo'd her,
And the joys that then had birth
Made an atmosphere of gladness
Seem encircling all the earth.
One bright morning at the altar
A white bridal dress she wore;
Then my wife I proudly made her,
And I ask for nothing more!

HELVELLYN.

Helvellyn, mighty mountain! when I stood
Upon thy height, and cast my gaze around,
Awed by the look of majesty profound
Which Nature wore, though in her wildest mood,
The varied wonders of tarn, rock, and fell,
Fill'd my whole being with a nameless spell.

I did not stand in utter solitude,
For close beside me was a treasured friend,
Whose spirit silently, like mine, did brood
On God's great marvels. Now that friend is dead,
And the high soul, that to his lips did lend
An intellectual eloquence, hath fled—
Fled, let me hope, to that immortal sphere
Where thou and all of earth as specks appear.

THE CHILDREN OF ETERNITY.

The past is ever with us, as we speak
The present vanishes and is the past;
Vainly in all around us do we seek
For aught of happiness that long will last;
The transient joys we taste, of dying tell,
And pleasure comes but with its passing-bell.

The dead are with the past; they are indeed
The glorious children of eternity,
From earth and all its daily sorrows freed,
Destined unmoved in their high sphere to be,
And shedding downwards pure and holy light,
To keep their memories hallow'd, fresh, and bright.

They live with us; their images are shrined
Fadeless for ever in our inmost hearts;
No varying phase of life within the mind
Can alter them—they are to us as parts

Of that which is immortal and unchanged,
And from our souls can never be estranged.

The world we move in can affect them not;
No petty doubts, no heart-distracting fears
Can ever dim and darken o'er their lot;
They live with us in lustre, save when tears
Come dew-like o'er the vision, and the light
Of their dear memory dazzles human sight.

Those dwelling with us, dear howe'er they be,
Is there not daily something to destroy
The happy current of our destiny,—
Something to break and stem the course of joy,
And cause between us words and thoughts that jar,
Trifling perchance, but tending life to mar?

The loved of other years have pass'd away,
Like summer sunshine, from the wintry time;
We know that they were fashion'd of the clay,
Yet bore the impress of a brighter clime;
They pass'd from earth to heavenly bliss and light,
And left to us the winter and the night.

Their virtues and their love upon us shine,
Their human failings seem all faint and dim:
We view them ever chasten'd and divine,
And picture them as of the cherubim:
Their attributes of truth and grace endure;
Their faults are lost, or shadow'd, and obscure.

Do they look down on us? Oh, do their eyes
Behold our course of sorrow and of care?

Do their ears hear our many anguish'd sighs,—
  Our bitter mutterings of deep despair?
And do they still, though denizens of heaven,
Plead for the souls that they would hope forgiven?

Oh, let us strive with fervent faith to pray
  That we, like them, a haven glad may gain,
That all our deeds from earthly day to day
  May cause those angels of our world no pain;
That they may gaze upon this scene of death,
And hail with joy the passing of each breath.

BIRTH-DAY REFLECTIONS.

WRITTEN JAN. 20, 1855.

THIS day its round hath run—the by-gone year
  Hath died away in gloom and stormy tears,
And the cold skies above this time of cheer
  Have spread a mantle dark as are my fears.

My soul, reflecting back the louring heaven,
  Hath worn an aspect dull and desolate;
Despair hath master'd me, and I seem driven
  Unnerved and powerless on the shoals of fate.

No Christmas-tree hath branch'd above my board,
  And caused glad thoughts amid its boughs to rise,
No gift of love, no tempting hidden hoard
  Hath been produced to bless my children's eyes.

The carols that were wont deep bliss to make
  Within my breast at hallow'd Christmas time,
Have fail'd my heart to throbs of joy t'awake—
  Sad memories marr'd the music and the rhyme.

For me the year springs not to cheerful birth,
  The stranger looks on me with glances cold;
I seem a shepherd lost and lorn on earth,
  With lambs that soon may have not food nor fold.

Another link—the heaviest link of all—
  Grieving I see appended to the past,
And, if I pledge the day, 'twill be in gall,
  For bitter, bitter thoughts around I cast.

Bereft of energy and strength of limb,
  I feel the helpless misery of my lot,
And tears I cannot check mine eyes will dim,
  For loved ones need the things which I have not.

I cannot rush into the throng of life,
  And cleave my path in its tumultuous tide;
I cannot with my fellows share the strife
  Where man may win his way, or fall with pride.

Feeble and worn with never-ceasing pain,
  My days and nights in vain regrets are spent;
My limbs seem manacled with torturing chain,
  That keeps me ever prison'd up and pent.

The change of seasons brings no change to me,
  For clouds are ever heavy on my heart;

Azure and sunshine all around may be,
But unto me no gladness they impart.

I know my own demerits—oh, great God!
If I must suffer, to Thy all-wise will
Teach me to bow, and kiss the chastening rod—
As day the night, so good may follow ill.

THE DYING GIRL.

And thou art dying, beautiful and young,
When smiles of joy should on thy lips be playing,
And thou shouldst bound with sportive glee along,
Where merry maids are in the meadows Maying.
The spring sun shineth through thy window-pane,
The pleasant breeze with balmy breath is sighing,
And thou canst hear the feather'd minstrel's strain,
In that still room where thou art pale and dying.

Why is thy spirit summon'd to the skies,
Untried by years, unvisited by sorrow?
Why art thou call'd, ere yet thy gentle eyes
Have fear'd to look upon the coming morrow?
Thy cheek hath never paled with anxious care,
Thy heart hath never throbb'd with guilty sadness;
Even as thyself thy course was pure and fair,
Hallow'd by love, and cheer'd with looks of gladness.

Why didst thou leave thine own immortal heaven,
For earthly guests to cherish and caress thee?

Why unto us wert thou, sweet spirit, given,
And call'd away when we had learn'd to bless thee?
Why wert thou fashion'd lovely to the sight?
Why were thine eyes with tender radiance streaming?
Why didst thou come, young being of delight,
To fade like mirage on the pilgrim gleaming?

Selfish and weak!—why should we wish thee here?
Pass to thy home, unspotted, happy spirit;
Hasten on blissful wing to that glad sphere
Where thou wilt glory evermore inherit.
Mingle and dwell among the angel-band,
But, oh! while stars beneath thy path are burning,
Think thou at times upon our sinful land,
And plead for those whose gaze is upwards turning.

THE POET'S HOME.

Partner beloved, my true and constant wife,
Sick grows my heart, and tears o'ercharge mine eyes,
When I at times, amid my care-fraught life,
Reflect that thou dost share my toils and sighs;
Yet thy dear presence doth them lighter make—
Would that my fate were happier, for thy sake.

Poets are dreamers, visionary men,
Whose fancies, flitting ever through the brain,
Crowd, like wing'd bees with honey, to the pen—
That fairy wand, 'mid hours of care and pain,
Still conjures up unto the raptured view
Scenes bright and glorious, everything but true.

Fantastic elves that haunt the poet's mind,
When waves his feathery sceptre, haste away,
And o'er the regions of the cloud and wind
Those revellers do hold despotic sway;
Creating domes and turrets, halls and towers,
And silver founts, and rose-besprinkled bowers.

Ah! would that I possess'd the earthly heaven
Those elves have oft brought to my yearning mind;
Would that to me such home of bliss were given,
That I might leave the world of gain behind:
Turn thee, my love, and on the picture look,
Which I have sketch'd to place in Nature's book.

I would not have a proud and stately pile,
Rearing its walls of stone unto the skies;
No pomp or state my dwelling should defile,
Humble alike in structure and in size;
No burly menial should attend its door,
To shame his master, and affright the poor.

I'd have a cottage-home embower'd in trees,
Like modest merit ever in the shade;
My minstrels blithe should be the birds and bees,
And 'gainst the wall the plant which doth not fade,
The loving ivy evermore should be—
Type of her love who ever clings to me.

Not distant far a tiny stream should stray,
Prattling, like childhood, 'mid the summer-hours,
Dancing in joy along its devious way,
And kissing banks bedeck'd with fragrant flowers;
And in the night unto mine ear should creep
Its murmurs low, and lull to balmy sleep.

And thou, my boy, thy father's pride and care,
At morn should rush into the meadows gay,
Drinking the freshness of the taintless air,
And bounding on in wild and happy play,
Whilst I would follow thee with earnest gaze,
And smile to see thy careless, elfish ways.

Thy sisters, too, should fondly round me cling,
Buoyant and laughing, in the glow of health,
Singing by fits like merry birds of spring,
And gathering hoards of bright and scented wealth;
With cheeks of bloom and joy-illumined eyes;
Gemming their hair with many a perfumed prize.

Stored should my garden be with choicest flowers,
Trees many-arm'd should branch above my head,
And I would wander, in the noon-tide hours,
Where leafy gloom upon my path was shed;
A rustic chair should fill some quiet nook,
Where I might sit, companion'd by a book.

And I would have one spirit-haunted room,
Fill'd with the thoughts of great and glorious men,
Those godlike minds which have outlived the tomb,
And shine as stars above a gloomy fen,
Cheering our hearts with pure and holy light—
The beacon-fires by which we steer aright.

Dyed should its casement be with many a stain,
Limning the features of th' illustrious dead;
And every sunbeam shining through the pane
Should shed its glory on a hallow'd head;
So that I could not look upon the skies,
Unless I gazed through some immortal eyes.

Shakspere, the famed and mighty king of thought;
The heaven-seeing Milton, though to earth all blind;
Byron, who held both earth and heaven as nought—
A comet rushing through the realms of mind;
Spiritual Shelley, lofty-soul'd, though meek;
And sweet-voiced Keats, with pale consumptive cheek.

Wordsworth the worshipp'd, with his verse divine,
And Barry Cornwall, prince of English song,
Coleridge the dreamy, with his nervous line;
And luscious Moore, with thoughts in dazzling throng;
Leigh Hunt, the pleasant, gossiping away;
And Southey's patriot strain of youthful day.

Quaint, quiet Lamb should chat in humourous mood;
And Hazlitt's critic fire about should play;
Pale, pensive, pleasant, punning poet Hood,
With far-fetch'd fancies, gloom should chase away;
Bulwer and Scott my spirit should enchain,
And Campbell charm me with his classic vein.

Homer and Virgil, Greek and Roman sage,
The learn'd and wise of every age and clime;
They who have stamp'd their counsels on a page
Which hath outlived the mouldering touch of Time;
They, though of ancient days, for ever young—
I'd have them all, the great of every tongue.

Vain is the wish—th' illusion will not stay—
I gaze no more with fancy-cheated eyes;
I see around a traffic-trodden way,
And the dull smoke bedims the beauteous skies;
Dark, dusty mansions once again I meet,
And hear the tumults of the crowded street.

I feel that I am prison'd up and pent,
  By the stern barriers of an adverse fate;
Yet even now my prayers to heaven are sent
  For all the blessings of my humble state;
Clean is my hearth, my fire is red and bright—
My children's eyes reflect its cheerful light.

My babes of love, my treasured little brood,
  I thank my God that you have never known
What 'twas to want a meal of homely food,
  That hunger ne'er hath worn you to the bone;
When to your warm and pleasant couch you creep,
Glad are the visions of your sinless sleep.

Wife of my soul, why should I now repine?
  Oh, am I not in thine affection blest?
Thy dear eyes ever kindly answer mine—
  Come then, Content, and be our cherish'd guest;
And thou my spirit, strive the goal to gain,
Where joy's pure sky shall ever bright remain.

REPININGS.

I AM aweary of the haunts of men;
  I dwell amid them with a stifled soul,
  And pant for nature as a happy goal;
Struggling with fate, a world-sick denizen,
  My very heart is poison'd with the care,
The toil, the pain, the suffering, and the strife,

The tortures of our lot—the things which are
The spirit's rack, the harrow of our life:
I long, I yearn the quiet joy to share,
Which fills the creatures free, of hill and vale;
I crave for green fields and the pleasant air—
Even as an insect on the breeze I'd sail,
Or, as a lark, give music to the gale,
Or, lamb-like, stray mid grass and blossoms pale.

OH, WELL I LOVE MY GENTLE MAID.

Oh, well I love my gentle maid,
For she is young and fair;
Her eye is as the summer sky,
Like morn-clouds is her hair;
Her voice is tuneful as a bird's,
Her step is light and free,
And better far than all besides,
She dearly loveth me.

I chose my love from out the crowd
Of beauty and of youth;
I chose her for her loveliness,
I chose her for her truth;
I never cease to bless that hour,
When first I chanced to see
The graceful and the beauteous one
Who dearly loveth me.

'Tis not amid a festive group
My love doth seem most fair,
She best becomes the cheerful hearth,
And well I love her there;
For, oh, 'twas in her quiet home—
A maid's sweet sanctuary—
That first I won her sinless heart,
And knew her love for me.

It may be wrong—I cannot brook
That each rude eye should greet
The brightness of her fawn-like glance,
Her form and features sweet;
Oh, no! I would that her dear charms
Should all mine own charms be,
I would not lose one glance of hers
Who dearly loveth me.

I do not think a wish of hers
To others e'er can stray—
I know I am her dream by night,
Her thought throughout the day,
But as the miser hides his gold,
His soul's divinity,
So would I hide from eyes of man
The maid who loveth me.

'Tis sweet to know a treasure mine,
Which none besides can share;
'Tis sweet to think that beauty's lips
Are moved for me in pray'r;
'Tis sweet when she doth soothe my woe,
Or light my hours of glee—

Oh, well I love the gentle maid
Who dearly loveth me.

TO MY FIRST-BORN.

Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child?
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart.

BYRON.

ANOTHER tie is twined around my heart,
Another being greet I now with love,
And look into its innocent blue eyes
Until mine own do overflow with tears,
And in my heart spring feelings new and strange.
My first-born babe,—my fair and taintless child!
Thou rainbow that dost tell of sunny hours,
Thou dove of promise to my little ark,
As I do look upon thy features sweet,
I bless thee, and a prayer is on my lips
That Joy may strew its roses in thy path,
And happiness attend upon thy steps;
But, as I gaze, a cloud comes o'er my hopes,
Across my soul there flits a crowd of dim
And dark forebodings of thy coming years.
Much do I fear that even as my own
Thy lot will be, of suffering and of toil;
For I have dwelt amid a sordid race,
And spent my life with profit-seeking men,
Whose heaven was to be rich, whose God was gold;
With men who laugh'd at intellectual wealth—
To whom the labours of those god-like minds,

Whose thoughts must live through ages yet to come,
Were things they cast aside as useless dross.
There have been times—may no such fate be thine—
When words indignant have been on my tongue,
But I have forced them back upon my heart,
Compell'd by dread necessity's stern law
To bow my head, and clothe my face in smiles,
When my soul writhed in wordless agony;
And I have almost wish'd I'd ne'er been born,
Or died when like to thee, a sinless babe.
Yet joy, too, hath been mingled with my lot,
And for that joy to God my thanks I give.
Eyes look into mine own with loving light,
Dear voices find an echo in my heart,
And kindred forms give rapture to my sight;
But first of all my blessings do I hold
Thy gentle mother, dearer for thy sake.

Away with mournful presages—if thou
Should'st live to womanhood, and I be spared
To guide thee on thy way, thou shalt be taught
To love the lore by mighty minds bequeath'd,
To drink from founts poetic sweetest draughts,
And banquet on the food which is immortal.
The bards and sages of the olden time,
And those which shed around their lustre now,
They shall be thy companions—thou shalt mate
With Shakspere and with Milton; thou shalt sit,
And converse hold with Wordsworth and with Scott;
Byron's proud spirit shall discourse with thine;
And other masters of that glorious art,
Which peoples earth with shapes and thoughts divine,
Shall fill thy soul with beauty and delight.
Thou shalt learn with reverence deep to view

The things which God created for us all,
And look on nature with thanksgiving heart,
And mark its mysteries with admiring eyes;
Whether the sun with glory lights up heaven,
Or frowning clouds are louring o'er the earth;
Whether the stars are thronging round the moon,
Or solemn darkness veils the face of night.
The green earth with its host of smiling flowers,
And trees with dancing leaves and drooping fruit;
The winged birds that fill the air with song,
The golden bees that toil with cheerful hum,
The rush of streams whose course is swift as joy,
The blush of morning, and the evening pale—
Thou shalt be taught to look with love on all,
And bless the bounteous Power that made them.
Nor when, with heartfelt bliss, thy gaze hath dwelt
On all which our Creator hath bestow'd
On us his creatures, shalt thou turn away,
And if a homeless wretch do cross thy path,
View him with scornful and contemptuous eye;
But if he ask thy help, him shalt thou aid,
And from thy little store bestow thy mite,
For nature is that wretch's heritage,
As well as thine—thy brother is he too,
And both are equal in the eyes of God,
Who gave the earth to poor and rich alike.

It shall be mine to teach thee, my sweet child,
Not to crouch servilely to pamper'd wealth,
Not to pay homage unto gilded vice,
Nor yet to turn thee from the poor man's prayer,
And spurn the suppliant with a frowning brow,
Merely because he doth not please thine eye;

Look thou into the mind and heart of man,
And pay thy homage to his deeds, not state:
The virtues of the rich do claim our praise,
But virtuous poetry doth claim it more.
Mine then shall be the pleasing task to guide
Thy dawning powers to that which seems most good;
To bid thee cherish what most needs thy help;
To view all things with an observant mind;
To torture not the insect on the wing;
Nor kill the harmless reptile at thy feet;
To bid thee walk erect in virtue's path,
And yet shrink not from stretching forth thy hand,
When guilt repents, to draw the wanderer back.
So shalt thou live, though man perchance may frown,
By God himself beloved, and He will be thy friend.

COME, LOVE, AND SING, IN THY TONES SWEET AND LOW.

Come, love, and sing, in thy tones sweet and low,
The song which I heard from thy lips long ago,
When thine eyes were as bright, and thy cheeks were as fair
As the hues which the skies and the summer-flowers wear,
And vainly I strove with my kisses to chase
The pure stream of blushes that rush'd o'er thy face.

Come, sing me that song, love, 'twill bring back the day,
When my heart was lit up by affection's first ray,
When thy name to mine ears was a sound of delight,
And I gazed on thine image in dreams of the night,

And arose, when the sky wore the morning's bright beam,
But to muse on the eyes that had shone in my dream.

Then sing me that song, love; for oh! with each tone
There will come back the thoughts of the hours that are gone—
Of the love that had birth amid blushes and fears,
Yet hath lived through the tempest of trouble and tears;
Oh! that time will come back of deep rapture and pride,
When I woo'd thee and won thee, my beautiful bride.

A CHRISTMAS SONNET.

Christmas is coming—I have felt his breath
  Blow with a chilly gust upon my cheek;
And on the branches hang full many a wreath
  To garland his approach. To me they speak
Of blazing hearths with happy faces round,
Where laughter ringeth with a pleasant sound,
And ample cheer is on the table found,
Whilst the full board with wassail-bowl is crown'd.
Oh, blessed season of wide-spreading joy!—
  Hark!—at my door the carols now I hear—
I feel again as when I was a boy,
  And merry Christmas, aye, came once a year;
And, Christmas, yet one day I'll give to thee
Of quips and cracks and harmless household glee.

MY DWELLING-PLACE.*

I HAVE a window looking on the west,
At which I often sit, and watch the sun
Sink, like the dolphin, glorious in its death,
Amid a sea of rich and dazzling gold.
Green is the grass that waves before my eyes,
Restless as children in their infant years,
And pure, and fresh, and full of life as they.
No danger lurks amid the billows green,
Though oft they swell like to a mimic sea,
But, like the ocean, death lies hid beneath.
Trees lift their branches to the sunny skies,
And shake their snowy blossoms in the breeze,
Like maiden conscious of her loveliness,
And thinking bliss was never made to die.
But death is there, beneath the golden sky,
Amid the dancing of the joyous leaves,
Beneath the verdure of the springing grass,
And in the light of the all-glorious sun.
Structures of stone uplift their massive heads,
In shape and size varied by sculptural art,
But all inscribed with records of the dead.
Around about me buried thousands lie;
The early-call'd, the time-worn wasted man,
Who struggled with the world till life became
One long-drawn scene of misery and despair;
The virgin stricken in her laughing bloom;

* These lines were written at the Manchester General Cemetery, Harpurhey, of which the author was, for several years, Chaplain and Registrar, until ill health compelled him to resign the appointment.

The youth down-smitten in his active strength;
The matron taken from her household group;
The widow, bride, and spinster antiquate;
The man of years mature and vigour strong;
The rich possessor of a hoard of wealth;
And he who scarce could boast a single coin—
All, all are sleeping round about my home,
Alike unconscious of their resting-place.

Oh, God! what awful scenes will greet thine eyes,
When sounds Thy summons on the sleepers' ears,
Commanding all that ever breathed to live,
And answer truly at Thy judgment seat!
How will the mortal great ones tremble then,
And shrink and shrivel into nothingness!
How will the griping, money-grasping wretch
Shrink, like a parchment wither'd by the fire,
Into a dried, and wrinkled, worthless thing.
Tormented by his conscience, like a fiend,
Through all a dark and dread eternity,
With every crime and every crying sin,
And bitter wrong inflicted on his race,
Gather'd about him in one dreadful mass,
Like to a nest of stinging, poisonous snakes,
Darting their venom on his inmost soul,
Writhing about him ever, and for ever!
Then will the poor and trampled of the earth,
The scorn'd and world-contemn'd of fellow-worms,
Spring up, like herbage sweet when trodden on,
And smile with fragrance in the sight of God.
Good thoughts and deeds shall far away outweigh
The vain achievements which mankind call'd great,
And one slight act to succour those in need,
Or turn the erring, doubting heart to faith,

Shall make the scale at once bound swiftly up,
Though loaded with a myriad earthly gauds.
The prince and noble of this world shall be
Unrecognized as having claim to state;
Garments of purple, crowns and coronets,
Shall be as vile and unreputed dross,
And the poor beggar, fluttering in rags,
If he have lived in godliness and truth,
Shall fill a throne raised high in righteousness,
And reign above all kings in majesty.

And so I live amid the scenes of death,
Musing and dreaming of the quick and dead,
Until about me rise a buried host,
Looking and moving as they did in life,
And thronging round me as in times long past,
When all was light, and life, and joy, and hope,
And death appear'd a flickering, fleeting shade,
A phantom thin that ne'er might meet my gaze.
The loved of other days, the bounding hearts,
That seem'd but form'd for scenes of earthly joy,
Are gone, and gone for ever—round me lie
The graves of many unremember'd never.
Their memories are mine own, their words and thoughts;
Their forms are where mine own must shortly be,
And when?—the silent dust can answer not:
Great Judge, Creator, God, in Thee I trust.

THE CASTLE IN THE AIR.

THERE was a castle, stately, proud, and fair,
With whose gray turrets toy'd the summer air,
And, as a cynosure to gazing eyes,
A gorgeous banner floated 'neath the skies,
Fluttering and dancing in the joyful breeze,
Made glad by thousand untaught melodies,
And every cloud was redolent with light,
Turning its golden glories to the sight.

There was a noble, old baronial hall,
With many trophies looking from each wall,
Antlers, in shape and size grotesque and vast,
And casques and weapons speaking of the past;
And forms half demon, half of cherubim,
Peer'd wild and strangely from the niches dim,
And from a carved, fantastic gallery
Came forth the sounds of mirth and minstrelsy.

There was a maypole trimm'd with blossoms bright,
And ribbons waving in the sunny light,
And village maids with twinkling feet were there,
With flowers enwreath'd amid their flowing hair;
Fair was the day in merriest month of spring,
And joy and hope were twined round everything;
Bliss lit the scene, and all about it seem'd
A happy vision which some bard had dream'd.

There was a door, an antique, oaken door,
Round which were wont to congregate the poor;

A man of kindly deeds, with years grown gray,
Stood with a liberal hand within the way;
The master's largess from him did not need
A power persuasive to bestow the meed;
The old and suffering went their several ways,
And pray'd that God would bless their donor's days.

There was a day, a happy, joyous day,
Usher'd to birth by silver trumpets' bray,
And many young and gallant knights were bent
To prove their prowess in the tournament;
Heralds, and squires, and pages pert were there,
And galleries graced by ladies proud and fair;
But one, most beauteous, the tourney's queen,
Shone like a lustrous star upon the scene.

There was a knight array'd in armour bright,
Whose soul was fill'd with love's delicious light,
Who braved all comers for the sake of one
Who was to him at once life's star and sun;
And many fell beneath his well-poised lance,
Who strove to win that lady's priceless glance:
He gain'd at length the well-contested prize,
Made dear and costly by those hands and eyes.

There was a feast within the castle walls,
One of the olden, happy festivals,
When mirth and joy in every heart had birth,
And rich and poor felt gladness was on earth;
There was a bridegroom and a lovely bride,
That, like a living flower, clung to his side,
And caps were waved, and shouts rung on the air,
To greet that couple, graceful, young, and fair.

And years roll'd on, and happy children grew
About that hall, and gladness round them threw;
The sons had daring hearts, and strength, and grace,
The daughters loveliness of form and face;
The hawk, the hound, the tourney, and the ball
Made life appear one lengthen'd carnival;
When —— the poor rhymer woke to scenes of care,
And saw no more his castle in the air!

SUMMER.

Oh, Summer, blushing Summer!
With thy store of fruits and flowers,
With thy fields and wavy meadows,
And thy green and leafy bowers;
Thou art bountiful as ever,
And as beautiful to see;
Not a gift or charm hath left thee—
Thou art ever fair to me.

Oh, Summer, sweet-voiced Summer!
There is music in the breeze,
When it softly sighs at twilight,
Or goes wooing to the trees;
Still the birds make glad the morning;
Still is heard the busy bee;
Not a sound hath lost its sweetness—
Thou art ever sweet to me.

Oh, Summer, queenly Summer!
  Ever bright is thy domain;
When the sun flings down its splendour,
  Or the moon its silver rain;
When the stars look out in beauty,
  Or the streams go flashing free;
Not one glory hath departed—
  Thou art ever bright to me.

WINTER RHYMES FOR THE CRIMEA.

WRITTEN IN FEBRUARY, 1855.

THE ground is hard with pinching frost,
  And lakes and streams are all glass'd o'er;
The snow, by stormy night-winds tost,
  Is piled against each cottage door;
  The sun looks faint and coldly o'er
The desolate and white expanse;
  The fields seem as they never more
From out their ghostly shrouds would glance.

The winters of our modern times,
  For many years, have greybeards told,
When sounded out the Christmas chimes,
  Were nothing like they were of old:
  Then Christmas was indeed a-cold,
And they who were of hardier race
  Said never more, on mead and wold,
Stern winter's presence should we trace.

Now it has come, the stern old time,
In all its hoary glory crown'd,
And mantle furr'd with frosty rime,
And icy tags hung all around;
And those who praised the past abound
In groups about the blazing fire,
And never are their voices found
To check the fuel burning higher.

But far from home my fancies stray,
Three thousand miles across the wave,
To that ungenial, perill'd way
Where rush the hosts of fated brave,
Thirsting for glory, whilst the grave
Engulphs them in their spring of life,
For neither youth nor strength can save,
Where men and elements hold strife.

Whilst we at home each crevice close,
And shiver at the unshut door,
We reck not of the state of those
Who seek a far and foreign shore,
To wage, 'mid famine, cold, and gore,
The fight for freedom, right, and fame,
And die where few their fate deplore,
Bequeathing but a soldier's name.

Oh, gallant hearts! oh, trusty men!
Let England offer up a prayer,
In city, village, hamlet, glen,
That God your health and lives may spare;
That you, who venture all to dare
For England's glory, soon may be

Restored to home, where all may share
In honouring your destiny!

BREAD.

A ONE-SYLLABLE POEM FOR JUVENILES.

Waste not, want not, for we pray
For food to God, from day to day;
And, ere at night we seek our bed,
We ask the Lord to give us bread.

The bird, that o'er us chirps and sings,
Will drop to earth and fold its wings,
And to our homes with joy will come,
To glean from us each mite and crumb.

Bread helps the strong man in his toil
To plough the earth and sow the soil,
That it once more may grow the wheat,
Which yields us flour and bread to eat.

Bless God at morn, and noon, and night,
For food so pure, and sweet, and white;
And do not on the ground let fall
That bread which is the life of all.

OUR HOME AT EVE.

When toiling through the busy day,
With naught to cheer us on our way,
Mingling with men who know us not,
And deem us of the sordid lot
Who only labour to obtain,
Amid the throng, their share of gain,
What comfort do our minds receive
When thinking of our home at eve.

When hopes are foil'd and wishes crost,
And all our thoughts are tempest tost,
And on we struggle through the day,
With none our troubles to allay,
No friend to counsel, or to guide
Our progress through the adverse tide,
Naught can the wearied frame relieve
Like resting in our home at eve.

The outstretch'd hand, the ready smile,
At times our spirits may beguile;
But, oh, how often do we find
That selfish motives lurk behind,
And those who our regards would win
Are smiles without, and craft within;
Far different welcomes we receive
When greeted in our home at eve.

The gay saloon, the festal hour,
May o'er our hearts exert their power;

But all their spells prove weak and vain;
They cannot long the spirit chain—
It yearns to share the quiet joy
Where love exists without alloy,
And smiles are seen that ne'er deceive—
The smiles that light our home at eve.

NIGHT AND DAY:

A POETICAL EXORDIUM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SHAKSPERIAN SOCIETY'S AMATEUR PERFORMANCE, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER, MAY 16, 1850, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE JUVENILE REFUGE AND NIGHT ASYLUM.

'Twas night, and winter: many trampling feet
Paced hurrying onwards through the gloomy street;
The starless heavens were dark as man's despair,
And clouds, like giant Ethiops, fill'd the air;
The savage storm-fiend raised his boding cry,
And cold as death, with icy lips rush'd by.
Dear was the dwelling where the cheerful blaze
Flash'd forth a welcome in its ruddy rays,
And doubly dear the cries of home-delight
Which blest the husband and the sire that night.
But there were wails, and moanings of distress,
Breathed from the lips of homeless wretchedness;
Fathers and mothers, famine-faced and sad,
Clung to by children, robed in rags, not clad,
Creatures bow'd down by misery through the day,
And sore with travel on a want-track'd way.

Where burns *their* fire? for *them* what board is spread?
What roof shall shelter each defenceless head?
Behold yon edifice, where words of light
Proclaim it stands asylum for the night!
Within its walls gaunt, shivering wretches creep,
And find the blessings of warm food and sleep;
Whate'er their birth-place, or where'er they roam,
Here shall the friendless find a friendly home.
Honour and praise to those who form'd this plan
Of man's humanity to suffering man!

'Twas day, a morn of promise-bearing spring,
When hopes, like birds, mount up on venturous wing;
Sunshine wove golden tissues in the air,
And hung a garb of trembling glory there;
All common things grew beautiful and bright,
And waked the soul to themes of love and light.
A group were gather'd in a lofty room,
With looks of poverty, but not of gloom;
Rags were upon their forms, but all around
The elements of social good were found.
The child that begg'd its bread from door to door,
And ask'd for food from beings scarce less poor,
Here found a refuge for its weary tread,
Food for its mind, and for its hunger bread;
The famish'd offspring of the branded thief
Found in those walls a haven of relief;
Here at its pleasant toil the orphan child
Look'd up with thanks and, spite of memory, smiled;
Young children, born where naught save vice was heard,
Here first partake of virtue's healing word;
Meek-eyed, yet eager, stands each wondering child,
Listening to counsels pure and teachings mild;

Their tasks of learning well and wisely blent
With questionings quaint and plans of good intent.
To minds benighted light now makes its way,
Perchance the dawning of a perfect day.

These are the objects for which now we plead,
These claim our bounty in their utmost need:
Shall we not aid them?—must the night's dark pall
Upon the heads of houseless outcasts fall?
Shall the dark horrors of the midnight storm
Gather like demons round each wretched form?
Help is at hand!—'tis ours, 'tis yours to bless,
And shield those forms from suffering and distress.
And from the depths of guilt, and error's wave,
At least *one* little band we'll strive to save,
And education shall those souls illume
Which else were steep'd in ignorance and gloom.
Invoked and gather'd by great Shakspere's shade,
Here have ye come this sacred cause to aid:
Your task is done—to night the rest is ours—
Be friendly critics of each votary's powers.
Whate'er our skill we'll humbly strive to prove
We are not wanting in Shaksperian love,
Love for his lore, whose genius, like the wind,
Was gentle, genial, mighty, unconfined.
And shall live ever, as a precious dower,
In every heart that owneth nature's power,
Till our dear country shall have lost its name,
And England stands not on the scroll of fame!

THE WANDERING ANGEL.

An Angel left her heavenly throne,
And floated 'mid the starry skies,
And there awhile the spirit shone,
Bewildering upturn'd mortal eyes.
The stars at once look'd faint and dim,
As if the lark sang morning's hymn;
So clear and lustrous was the light
That from her radiant presence beam'd,
The atmosphere around grew bright,
And o'er the clouds a glory stream'd.
Oh! who can paint the glow intense,
The vast unstain'd magnificence
That lies about the home of God?
The pure effulgence of that clime
Imbues with splendour, through all time,
Those who its paths of joy have trod.
The Angel hid her glorious eyes,
And o'er her threw a shadowy veil,
Then slowly faded from the skies,
Invisible as summer's gale;
And unto earth she downward flew,
As noiseless as the evening dew,
And not a silvery cloud was rent,
As through its mist the Angel went.
Perchance it grew a moment bright,
And show'd a tinge of golden light,
But, ere a gaze was on it cast,
The sudden gleam away had past,
And none who breathed the scented air,
Had token of the Angel there.

And thus it is that blessed things
Above us spread their sheltering wings,
And in the hour of darkest gloom,
When hopeless sorrow seems our doom,
When grim Despair, with haggard face,
Hath made with us its dwelling-place,
And not a friend appears to cheer,
With soothing voice, our sad career,
Then, even then, from realms above,
Come down the ministers of love,
And in our sorrow's dark abyss
Stream sunny beams of hope and bliss—
The night of care departs away,
And all again is cloudless day!
But though we own, in that sweet hour,
That God hath kindness, love, and power,
And prayers within our hearts arise,
And thankful tear-drops blind our eyes,
We do not see the Angel sent,
Whose glance divine is on us bent,
And yet we know not but each air
Some heavenly visitant may bear.

'Twas in a silent, curtain'd room,
  At midnight's haunted hour,
That, reft of all its early bloom,
  There lay a wither'd flower—
A wither'd flower, a little child,
  That used to bound along,
O'er verdant vale and mountain wild,
  And mock the birds with song;
The lilies by the brooklet's brim
  To him were richest store,

The blue bells from the hedges dim,
With shout of glee, he bore.
Oh! what a proud and mighty prize
Seem'd many-colour'd butterflies;
And reeds that grew upon the lake,
To him did sweetest music make;
And with the rushes green he play'd,
And many shapes fantastic made,
Or, seated in the grassy field,
Enwove a powerless crown and shield.
Now pain and dire disease did wring
That fair and once most happy thing,
But, when he dreamt his throes away,
He murmur'd of his gladsome play;
Or thought he fled o'er field and glen,
A painless, careless child again;
Or call'd at times, with merry whoop,
Some playmate from a childish troop,
And, with the sound, once more there came
The room lit up by taper's flame,
And there reclined his fever'd head,
Upon that weary, weary bed,
And hideous monsters at him glared,
And from the dusky curtains stared;
But then appear'd his mother's face,
And all things foul left empty space,
For not one demon-eye could brook
That gentle mother's holy look.
She took his little pallid hand,
And press'd it in her own,
But, though his face was meek and bland,
She held but skin and bone,
And she by his bedside did stand—
To her the world was lone:

The partner of her love was dead,
And now she wept beside the bed
  Of him, her dying son.
She prayed aloud in accents wild,
  Amid despair and tears,
That God would spare her only child,
  To bless her widow'd years.
She sprang in terror from her knees,—
She seem'd to feel a passing breeze,
  And hear a rushing sound—
She gazed upon the darken'd room,
But nought was seen amid the gloom,
  And all was still around.
The infant did not die that night,
And when appear'd the morning bright,
  In calm repose he slept;
And, when that sleep had pass'd away,
No fever on his life did prey,
  And then with joy she wept.—
She saw him, in the coming spring,
Again a rosy, joyous thing,
  Bound on in frolic play:
She knew not that an Angel guest
Had look'd upon his place of rest,
  And summon'd Death away.

The boy became a graceful youth,
  With soaring thoughts imbued;
The realms of fancy and of truth
  Made glad his solitude.
The counsels of each ancient sage,
The poet's sweet and dreamy page,
The gay romancer's sparkling tale
Of lady-love and knights in mail,

The grave historian's bookish lore,
And records of the deeds of yore,
The labours of the minds that trace
The wondrous things of earth and space,
Who pierce the mists of cloudy cars,
And tread among the burning stars,
Who cleave the wave, and delve the mine,
To seek for attributes divine—
All, all by turns engaged his thought,
And hues of mind from each he caught.
But not alone in studious bower
Was spent each meditative hour;
The craggy rock, and mountain wild,
His footsteps to their haunts beguiled,
And by the margin of the stream
He loved to stray, and muse, and dream.
Each living thing of earth and air
Was to the wanderer's vision fair;
Each singing bird that flew along,
Had joy and rapture in its song;
The tiny insect, booming by,
Brought to his sense a melody;
And hill, and valley, field, and grove,
Spoke to his soul of God and love.
Not lonely ever did he stray:
  Amid the meadows green,
A white and rustic dwelling lay,
  And beautified the scene;
And there a maiden fair and mild,
Simplicity's untutor'd child,
  First look'd upon the day;
And there she grew, the blushing thing,
As beauteous as the dawning spring,
  And pure as its first flowers,

While the rich azure of her eyes
A mirror seem'd of summer skies,
  When starry splendour showers.
And she, the young and spotless maid,
  His early mate had been,
And oft together had they stray'd
  Through many a verdant scene,
Till childhood's taintless thoughts became
A bright and purifying flame,
  That filled each heart with joy.
The girl was now a timid maid,
Of her impassion'd hopes afraid—
  The youth no more a boy,
With swelling soul and eye of pride,
Beheld the maiden by his side;
And oft, in green and tangled shade,
While moonbeams through the branches play'd,
  His lips had breathed love's tale;
And he had spoke of coming years,
As one whom age had taught no fears
  That earthly joy may fail.
His soul as yet was holy ground,
An Eden which no snake had found,
  To teach his heart to grieve;
Knowledge had brought not woe or vice,
His home to him was Paradise,
  His love a sinless Eve.

The heavenly guest look'd on the pair,
And own'd the earth had creatures fair;
For still the Angel linger'd there,
  And sanctified the spot.
Years are as nought in heavenly clime,
And, by the pilgrim-spirit, time

Was reckon'd not by earthly chime—
  Her own immortal lot
Caused mortal life more brief to seem
Than unto us is fleeting dream;
And she had stay'd awhile to look,
As one who gazes on a brook,
To watch a rose-leaf floating by;
Or as we mark in April sky,
The rainbow's rich and varied hue
Lost in infinitude of blue;
Or as, when toss'd by fitful gale,
We view the summer-cloudlets sail,
Fantastic, in the moonbeams pale,
Until, at length, they seem to be
Sprites sporting in a silver sea.
But now she skyward turn'd her gaze,
And long'd for Heaven's effulgent rays,
Yet, ere she took her noiseless flight,
In the sweet silence of the night,
When all around was calm and dim,
She breathed her glad and parting hymn.

"Father of Heaven! I come, I come,
  From the land of death and night,
To dwell again in that blessed home,
  Which hath known not gloom or blight.

When the beams of noon-day sunlight shine,
  How dim seems each golden ray;
God of all worlds! how my soul would pine,
  Were I long from Thee away.

As the child of mortal mother yearns
To sleep on the parent breast,
The thought of a wandering Angel turns
To God as a home of rest.

Could but the sinner one moment see
The home where the blest adore,
With an anguish'd heart he'd turn to Thee,
To worship for evermore.

Father of Heaven! I come, I come,
From the land of death and night,
To dwell again in that blessed home,
Which hath known not gloom or blight."

And then the Angel pass'd away,
As silent as a starry ray,
And, unbeheld by mortal eyes,
She cleft the portal of the skies.

* * * * *

The scene is changed—with brow of care,
One sitteth in a lonely room,
And traces dark his features wear,
Though age hath cast not there its gloom.
Why doth he muse, in bitter mood,
In this his hour of solitude?
A myriad voices breathe his name,
As one that decks the scrolls of fame,
And well he knows a future age
Will dwell upon his glowing page,

For even now a nation's praise
Hath hail'd the poet's deathless lays.
The warrior's soul his song hath fired,
The patriot's heart his verse inspired,
And lips of maiden loveliness
The minstrel's name have learn'd to bless.
But 'tis in vain—he feels no more
The tranquil joy he felt of yore;
Dark doubts have mingled with his bliss,
And poison'd hope and happiness.
The idol man had deified,
Had felt the bitter curse of Pride,
And, standing on Ambition's height,
Had deem'd within him shone a light,
Whose bright, though evanescent ray,
Could guide him ever on his way.
Free was his life from guilty stain,
And he had grown of virtue vain,
And, in the strength of his own will,
Had thought himself invincible.
From pure Religion's pleasant ways
His mind had turn'd, to tread the maze
Where the bold sceptic seeks in vain
To trace the links of nature's chain,
Until around him hung a gloom,
And life seem'd bounded by the tomb.
What had his many searchings proved?
That earth held nought that could be loved,
That man was but a walking shade,
Which on an aimless journey stray'd.
The future unto him did seem
An empty and deluding dream,
Himself the creature of a day,
A breathing thing of soulless clay,

An insect sporting for an hour,
With death and darkness for its dower.
For him no more the arching skies
Hid God and angels from his eyes:
Confusion's mist was all around,
Before him gloom and night profound.
What did his downward glances meet?
The grave was gaping at his feet;
His hope was that the greedy worm
Might make its banquet on his form,
And this was now his only trust,
That clay would moulder into dust.
No more the day seem'd fair and bright,
No more a glory robed the night,
A cloud within shut out the light.
No more he spoke with joyful tone,
His soul was desolate and lone,
And blighted hopes, and dark despair,
For ever held their dwelling there.
The laurel seem'd to fade away,
And in its stead the night-shade lay:
His youthful yearnings after fame
A vain and fruitless wish became;
The light that should have shone to bless,
Could only cheer his weariness.
The spectre Death would aye intrude
Into his haunts of solitude.

The Angel who, in childhood's days,
  Had stood beside his bed,
Beheld him sink in error's maze,
  And bow'd in grief her head;
And, from her bright and blessed sphere,
There fell to earth a pitying tear.

Is it a vision of the night
That comes before the student's sight?
Upon him breaks a lustre bright,
Like dawn of summer morning's light,
And all around his chamber seems
A halo of celestial beams;
About a holy presence lies,
Yet shape appears not to his eyes,
And tones are stealing on his ear,
Most spiritual, sweet, and clear.

"I stood, oh! favour'd child of earth,
Beside thy infant bed;
To trace thy reason from its birth,
I saved thee from the dead;
I guided thee throughout thy youth,
To learning's charmed ground,
But thou hast left the paths of truth,
And hopeless error found.
Yet still a watchful glance divine
Shall deign upon thy course to shine,
And guard thy wavering soul;
Still shalt thou have a cheering ray,
To bless and guide thee on thy way
To heaven's immortal goal.

"Age after age hath pass'd away,
Since lived in proud Judea's land
A spirit in a form of clay,
To suffer for a mortal band,
And shew, 'mid sorrow, blood, and strife,
The truth of an eternal life.

He came to dissipate the gloom
That long had hung around the tomb;
In glorious guise he came to prove
The might and power of heavenly love;
Love sanctified his living breath,
Love shone amid the throes of death;
From dread Gethsemane it cried,
From Calvary's dark and bloody tide.
It sounded in the dying prayer,
And generations on shall bear
The echoes of its silver tone,
Until is heard from zone to zone
The great Archangel's trumpet-sound,
Gathering the hosts of dead around.

"Oh! man, with reason weak and vain,
With doubtings impious and profane,
How wouldst thou God should Faith sustain,
And show His great and boundless love?
His Son respired a mortal breath,
A Godhead wore a thorny wreath,
A Martyr died a gory death,
The sympathy of Heaven to prove.
Go, search the records of the past,
Throw from thine eyes the film of Pride,
And thou wilt find no mist is cast
Around the course of Him who died.
No human evidence can show
That Christ existed not below;
And only thus speak erring men—
'He died, but knew not life again.'
But listen with a willing ear,
And thou shalt know not doubt or fear.

"Where was the blessed doctrine spread,
That Christ had risen from the dead?
Even in Jerusalem was heard
The glorious and redeeming word;
Where He was doom'd and crucified
Was pour'd abroad the gospel-tide.
'Twas there the Apostolic band
Preach'd resurrection through the land;
There, where no sophists could deceive,
Three thousand listen'd to believe;
There, where in agony He died,
Believers grew and multiplied;
There, where was lately heard the cry
Of 'Crucify him! Crucify!'
Where scarce had dried the Saviour's blood,
The true disciples boldly stood,
With mien unquailing, to reveal
Jesus had burst the tomb and seal.
There, where the stern centurion
Had guarded the sepulchral stone;
Where Judas, traitorous suicide,
Confess'd his hideous guilt and died;
There, where the women in affright,
Beheld the shape, in garments white,
That pointed unto Galilee,
Where they the Nazarene might see.
Why did these men, in peril's hour,
Array themselves 'gainst wealth and power?
Why did they fearless cry aloud,
Amid the mighty and the proud?
Why braved they sorrow, pain and death,
And shrunk not with their dying breath?
They saw no terrors in the grave,
They knew that God was strong to save;

Theirs was the firm, unfaltering trust,
That soars above the realms of dust;
Their eyes had seen the Saviour's form
Redeem'd from darkness and the worm;
Their eyes had seen, their ears had heard,
From His own lips, the saving word;
Their ears had heard, their eyes had seen,
Their hands had felt the Man serene.
He came unto them, and they knew
The doctrine He had preach'd was true:
The Prince of Life from from Death had fled—
The Lord had risen from the dead!

"Behold; oh, doubter proud and pale,
For unto me the power is given
To lift one moment that dark veil,
Which shutteth out the joy of Heaven.
An instant upwards turn thine eyes—
No roof shall shade yon orbs of gold—
Look through the portal of the skies,
Son of a thankless race, behold!"

* * * * * * *

A voice is heard in yonder fane,
That hath a strange, angelic sound,
And sinners, black with many a stain,
In penitence are gather'd round.
The pastor speaks as one inspired
Above the beings of the earth;
His ardent spirit seemeth fired
With truth that springs from heavenly birth.

His eagle glances pierce within,
And seem to read each secret sin;
Wretches who never bow'd before,
Listen, then tremble and adore;
No stony heart, no wither'd soil,
Is barrier to his ceaseless toil.
As one on highest mission sent,
His every tone is eloquent;
Impregnate with a grace divine,
His warning words like beacons shine.
Yet is the mighty teacher mild,
And gentle as a trusting child,
For human Pride within his heart
Hath long since ceased to claim a part.
As lamps that flash with splendour bright,
When burning in the gloom of night,
Look faint and pallid in the sun,
So he whose eyes have gazed upon
The priceless riches of his God,
Deem all things poor in man's abode.
He speaks as one whose Faith is sure
In bliss that must for aye endure:
He speaks as one whose soul must feel
The comfort he would now reveal;
As one who sees the only light
That dawns upon the grave of night;
As one convinced that Faith will bear
The cup of joy to dark despair,
And raise, amid the dungeon dim,
To God a sweet, thanksgiving hymn.
He knows that Faith hath been the stay
To cheer the aged on their way;
He knows that Faith hath conquer'd strife,
And calm'd the troubled waves of life;

He knows that Faith alone can spread
With downy ease the dying bed;
He knows that Faith can dry the tear
Of those who linger mourning here;
He knows that Faith hath power to bless
The widow and the fatherless:
To him this gospel-truth is plain—
The grave no more can victory gain;
The Saviour yieldeth up his breath,
To take the bitter sting from Death!

* * * * * * *

It is the blessed Sabbath night,
And holy stillness broods around;
An aged man, with failing sight,
Is wrapt in inward prayer profound;
And unto God he turns his gaze—
A smile upon his features plays,
As if his soul to bliss were bound.
Beside his couch in silence stand
A beautiful and loving band,
Pensive, but not in tears;
He bends on them his glances dim,
And bids them sing a fervent hymn
Of joy, unmix'd with fears.
He seems to see their mother's shade,
In youthful bloom, and Heaven-array'd;
Another Wanderer near her stands,
And beckons him to cloudless lands:
The Christian sees the sign and dies,
And three glad spirits seek the skies.

THE MAIDEN'S GRAVE.*

Over the waste of dim departed years,
As a lost wanderer, memory tracks its way,
And, like pale spectres, vanish'd hopes and fears
Before my vision flit in strange array;
Dead faces rise from out the clammy earth,
I meet the glancing of their glittering eyes,
And my heart boundeth with its old delight
To hear the tones of mirth,
Breathed by the lips that never uttered sighs,
Springing from hearts that never felt a blight.

The misty crowd hath faded, and I stray
A happy boy that hath not told a teen,
A little maid companion of my play,
Through hedge-lined lanes, and over meadows green:

* In Middleton Churchyard is a grave planted round with willows and flowers, but without a stone or inscription. This is the grave of Ann Bamford, the only child of Samuel Bamford, the poet, who was devotedly attached to her. When a mere child, I passed some days at a farm house, where she also was staying; her father being then in prison on political grounds. A childish friendship was formed, which, though we never met again, has always had an abiding place in my memory. I have now the happiness of calling her Father my friend; and, in the summer of 1841, I stood with him for the first time, beside his daughter's grave, together with Mr. J. C. Prince and two literary friends. We were all struck with the beautiful and poetic feeling which had led to the decoration of the grave. Mr. Prince and myself each agreed to write some verses on the subject, and his have already appeared in print; but, I believe, that no similarity will be found between them and my own. "I have planted," said Mr. Bamford, "no garden flowers about her grave. I thought that wild ones would be more characteristic of a simple peasant girl."

Summer is smiling o'er the fertile land,
  Birds, like our thoughts, soar with a heavenward wing,
And in our hearts joy holds its festival,
    As, wandering hand in hand,
We pluck wild flowers, or drink from sparkling spring—
  It seems as though earth's pleasures could not pall.

The little maiden is a treasured child,
  The only daughter of a poet's home,
One who had oft been by high thoughts beguiled,
  In search of truth and liberty to roam:
One who now languish'd in a dungeon cell,
  Though nought his aspirations proud could tame,
Or quench the fire that in his bosom burn'd:
    Oh, what can break the spell
Which binds the soul where lives the germ of fame?—
  By death alone the eagle's course is turn'd.

Nature hath donn'd her richest summer dress,
  As a young virgin gaily deck'd to meet
One who rejoiceth in her loveliness;
  The trees are throng'd with leaves, the breeze is sweet,
Laden with odours from a thousand flowers;
  Insects with rainbow wings are fluttering by,
And song of reaper comes upon the ear;
    We rest in shadowy bowers,
For not a cloud o'erveils the sunny sky;
  All, all is joy and hope—we know not woe or fear.

The scene is changed—my brow is touch'd by care,
  The glow of youth no more is on my cheek,
And troubled years have thinn'd my flowing hair,
  Whilst my heart swells with thoughts I cannot speak.

Summer is smiling o'er the land again,
And flowers are scattering incense on the earth,
And graceful trees their leaves above me wave:
I tread no grassy plain,
And no glad fancies in my mind have birth—
Flowers are below, but flowers that deck a grave.

It is an old churchyard, a rustic spot,
Where all around repose the lowly dead,
And stony chronicles point out each lot,
With record worn by many a passing tread;
But here lies one without a line-carved stone
To speak her virtues or to simply tell
When pass'd away her innocent young breath;
Yet many an anguish'd moan
Was breathed by those who knew her worth too well,
Whose dearest hopes were blighted by her death.

Flowers bloom around, the flowers in life she loved,
The truest emblems of a simple maid,
Whose breast was ne'er by thoughts unholy moved,
Whose tongue was ne'er to evil words betray'd,
Who was herself of one dear home the flower,
The gentle tendril of her mother's heart,—
The rose whose perfume filled her father's soul
With fragrance which no power,
Save that of death, could ever make depart;
And he with flowers had deck'd her earthly goal.

Here the meek maiden of the chilly year,
The silver snow-drop, peeps from snowy bed,
Whilst, by its side, the pearly buds appear
Of the bright crocus with its golden head;

Here the fair primrose sheds its rays around,
And violets woo the kisses of the sun,
And lowly daisies from their coverts peep;
Forget-me-nots abound—
Like tones from voices of the loved and gone—
And the white clover round about doth creep.

The rose unfolds its leaves of beauty rare,
Looking at morn like village-maid in tears;
The hyacinth swings its bells upon the air,
Their music heard, perchance, by angel ears;
The amaranthus showeth its white cell,
With a faint tinge, like blush of modest cheek;
There may you find the sweet-breathed mignionette,
And scarlet pimpernel,
Which shelter from the coming storm will seek,
And close its blossoms e'er its leaves be wet.

There standeth by my side the sorrowing sire,
The gifted father of a gentle child;
One who hath felt the true poetic fire,
And wander'd musing over heath and wild;
One who hath breathed the patriotic lay,
And guiltless suffered in a dungeon dim;
One who hath striven for liberty and right,
And lived to see the day
When he to freedom might outpour the hymn,
And fearless mingle in the bloodless fight.

No tear is flowing from that father's eye,
No sorrow utters he in wailings weak;
But there is grief which hath not tear nor sigh,
And there is woe which doth no language seek:

Most tenderly that humble grave he tends,
And watcheth it throughout the varying year,
And carefully each weed doth he remove;
There childhood never wends
To pluck the flowers, but with a holy fear,
And reverent thoughts, is shunn'd the grave of love.

And we who wander'd in our infant years,
Gathering bright blossoms, drinking from the well,
Death leaves one yet to tread the vale of tears,
The other in her youth and beauty fell:
I still live on—thy kindred mourn thee dead,
My heart still broods o'er sorrows of its own;
The very flowers thy childhood prized now wave
O'er thy unconscious head—
The thorns of life have in my path been thrown,
And now I stand and muse upon thy grave.

A SONG FOR THE QUEEN.

Oh! beautiful Queen of the fearless and free,
What glory and happiness smile upon thee!
Thy presence is hail'd with rejoicing and song,
The air rings with shouts as thou movest along;
The lowly and lofty, the peasant and peer,
Are equals in joy when their monarch is near;
And discord and hate fly afar from the scene,
Which boasts of the beauty of England's fair Queen!

Fair flower of the state! thou wert foster'd with pride,
Thy lineage was kingly, thy heritage wide:
And richly and bright did each blossom expand,
Which sprang into birth 'neath a parent's fond hand.
Thy fame hath gone forth o'er the land and the sea,
The hopes of a myriad are centred in thee:
While Heaven is blue, and the meadows are green,
No treason shall triumph o'er England's fair Queen!

Thy power is not purchased with jewels and gold,
For hearts are thine own that are priceless as bold;
Thou needest not bulwarks of turreted stone,
Thy people are ramparts to stand round thy throne;
Thy weakness is strength, and thy gentleness might,
Thy justice is mercy, thy counsel our light;
Thou rulest in wisdom, thy sway is serene—
We honour and bless thee, oh! England's fair Queen!

Proud monarch of Britain! still dearer thou art,
When we think thou hast one that is king of thy Heart;
For the foe must she be of oppression and strife,
Who is loved as a parent and worshipp'd as wife.
Let the minstrel from thee thy posterity trace,
And prophecy glory and joy for thy race;
May the father's firm mind, and the mother's sweet mien,
Descend to the offspring of England's fair Queen!

VIOLETS.

I have wreathed my lute with violets,
As if its tones could be
Blent with the odour of their breath,
Whilst it is waked for thee.

I know 'twas but a childish thought,
To deem the magic power,
To blend its sweets with strains of love,
Should dwell with simple flower.

'Twas but a childish thought, and yet
What meeter wreath could be
Than flowers whose hue is type of faith,
Whose beauty tells of thee?

I thought of thee as I twined around
My lute each living gem:
Thou wilt say, perchance, there are brighter flowers—
There are, but I chose not them.

And why?—I will tell thee why, my love,
These deep blue buds I chose,
Nor pluck'd, as an emblem, the lily's cup,
Or the proud and queen-like rose.

'Twas a balmy eve, and the star-wrought sky
Like a festive temple seem'd,
When I wander'd, my dearest, to muse on thee,
O'er the paths where the flow'rets gleam'd.

I look'd on the lily, but chill and pale
Its silver leaflets lay—
'Twas all too cold for affection's type,
And I turn'd from its beauties away.

I sought out the home of the crimson rose,
But the brightness of its bloom,
And the leaves which had courted the sunny day,
Had shrunk from the evening's gloom.

And I thought it not meet that my humble lute
'Mid the breath of the rose should flow,
For I could not deem that thy youthful heart
Would change in the hour of woe.

I found the spot where the violets grew,
By the light of their dewy eyes,
Which shone as I stood by their lowly bed,
And the incense of their sighs.

Oh! not like the rose did they woo the sun,
In a glad and smiling hour,
And shrink, like the false and treacherous heart,
When the shadows began to lour.

They were still unchanged when the darkness came,
And around my lute I twined
Their buds, as an emblem of thy truth,
And the heart where thou art shrined.

MY LADY'S CHAMBER.

My Lady's chamber—there at night she sleepeth,
Perchance of me and happiness to dream,
Whilst through her casement the white moonshine creepeth,
And floateth round her in a silver stream.

My Lady's chamber—when the moon is creeping
With quiet beams into her place of rest,
Oh, how I wish that I might watch her sleeping,
Even as those rays that kiss her cheek and breast.

My Lady's chamber—oft I wander, sighing,
Beneath her window in the midnight hours,
Whilst drooping flowers about my feet are lying,
And think of her, the sweetest of all flowers.

My Lady's chamber—would I were a blossom,
So I might shed my dying odours there;
Or rose, to guard with thorny spear her bosom,
Or primrose pale to hide amid her hair.

My Lady's chamber—there at night she bendeth,
And her lips murmur low a virgin prayer;
If pleading pure to throne of bliss ascendeth,
Then Heaven will surely hold her in its care.

THE PLEDGE.

Now fill ye up your goblets high,
And pledge me a toast right merrily;
Let all your eyes, as bright they shine,
Be mirror'd in the purple wine,
And as it foams with flashing light,
We'll pledge our ladies fair and bright.

The twinkling eyes of dreamy night
From his sable brow shall take their flight;
The ruddy morn in joy shall laugh,
Ere we the wine will cease to quaff,
And again, old Father Care to spite,
We'll pledge our ladies fair and bright.

Away, my mates, with sorrow now!
No grief must cloud the heart or brow,
No care must hold our souls in thrall,
For this is Beauty's festival,
And, through the gay and joyous night,
We'll pledge our ladies fair and bright.

EARLY LOVE.

'Tis many years, sweet Margaret,
  Since thou and I did part;
'Tis many years since first we met,
  And plighted heart for heart;
Yet oft in sorrowing solitude,
Upon thine image do I brood.

'Tis long, oh, once beloved one,
  Since that delicious hour,
When first I spoke in love's low tone,
  And o'er thy heart had power;
Since first I saw, upon thy cheek,
Affection's morn in blushes break.

Pale was thy cheek, dear Margaret,
  And shy thine eye of blue;
But lovelier flower was never wet
  With heaven's untainted dew,
Than thou, when first upon me shone
The charms which made me all thine own.

I do remember well the day
  We parted for awhile:
Thy brow was moist and cold as clay—
  I strove in vain to smile;
For tears came streaming from mine eyes,
And thou wert choked with bitter sighs.

Oft did I read to thee at night
From some heart-waking book,
And mark thee drink with deep delight
My every word and look;
I felt thy breathing stir my hair,
And on my cheek thy ringlets fair.

Oft, too, when nights were dark and cold,
And snow was on the earth,
Thou would'st thine arms around me fold,
And shrink to send me forth;
I laugh'd away thy timid fear,
And yet it made thee still more dear.

The brimming goblet soon is spilt,
Where joy's bright bubbles gleam;
Our love is as a palace built
Upon a frozen stream;
The sun which shines with dazzling ray,
Dissolves our hopes and trust away.

Coldness and doubts, fair Margaret,
Between our young hearts came:
The paper with thy tears was wet,
That bore thy words of blame;
But dark and shadow'd was our fate,
And we did part, but not in hate.

And many, many years have past
Since last I look'd on thee;
I know not where thy lot is cast;
Yet still thy memory
At times comes rushing on my brain,
And fills my heart with thee again.

Oh, if another should have woo'd,
And won thee for his bride,
May peace and gladness o'er you brood,
As through this world you glide;
And when thy soul from earth is riven,
Be thou a blessed saint of heaven.

CANZONET.

THERE is a place where the forest boughs
Bend down to a quiet stream,
And so lovely it looks in its bright repose,
That it seems as 'twere wrapt in dream;
The water-lily uplifts its head
In that sweet and pleasant home,
Like a living pearl in a silver bed,
Or a bell of the wave's white foam;
There comes not a sound on the passing air,
Save the young bird's cheerful call—
Beloved one! wilt thou meet me there,
When the shadows of even fall.

There is a bower in that peaceful spot,
Which some fond hand hath wrought,
Where the feet of the worldling enter not,
Sacred to love and thought;
Full many fair flowers beside it sigh,
And the myrtle around it creeps,
The breeze becomes sweet as it floateth by,
And the bee in its roses sleeps;

The stars alone will our secrets share,
Unseen and unheard by all,
Beloved one! wilt thou meet me there,
When the shadows of even fall?

ONE HOUR OF MUSING.

One hour of musing, when the twilight falleth,
Like nature's pall, upon departed day,
And memory back, in plaintive mood, recalleth
The hopes and sorrows long since pass'd away.

One hour of musing, when the world's ambition
Fades, like the morning mist, before our eyes,
And the calm spirit feels it hath a mission
Not all of earth, but destined for the skies.

One hour of musing, when the hollow seeming
That gilds the world hath from the picture flown,
And lips and eyes, that look'd with friendship beaming,
Leave us, like meteors, darken'd, lost, and lone.

One hour of musing, when the transient pleasures
That mock'd and madden'd us in early youth,
Have vanish'd from us, like to stolen treasures,
Dazzling our sight, but leaving us in ruth.

One hour of musing, when we see around us
The friends and playmates of the times of yore,
And know that links so sweet as those that bound us
About the heart can intertwine no more.

One hour of musing, when no glare enhances
The deeds self-love hath lauded in the past,
And with the coming blends no cheating fancies,
Whilst reason's gaze is o'er the vista cast.

One hour of musing, when we think how madly
Life's rarest gifts we careless flung away,
And o'er the ever-lost we ponder sadly,
And ask, in bitter grief, "Oh! where are they?"

One hour of musing, when we see before us
The sparkling wine-cup, and the revel hours,
When for the song each merry voice had chorus—
All have departed, like the scent of flowers.

One hour of musing, when we hear the greeting,
And vows of friendship, breathed in that wild time:
Alas! we know that they were found as fleeting
As the bright lightning of some sultry clime.

One hour of musing—let us then be learning
To bear up boldly, free from faltering fears;
No vain regrets must check our spirit's yearning
To gather wisdom in the coming years.

A HEART SONG.

When first I saw thee, young in years,
Attired in maiden grace,
Within my bosom hopes to fears
Alternately gave place;
There was about thee such a train
Of love's enchantments thrown,
I deem'd the wish was wild and vain
That thou wouldst be mine own.

I gazed upon thy gentle eyes,
With beauty bright and clear,
And felt within my heart arise
All thoughts that made thee dear:
'Twas not the charms alone that broke,
Like morning, o'er thy youth—
From out thy face the spirit spoke
Of purity and truth.

Time pass'd, and, as in some glad dream,
I woo'd thee for my bride,
And on thy cheek saw blushes beam,
By love's sweet warmth supplied;
And in thy soul faith built its throne,
And vows—not empty breath—
Have made thee mine, and mine alone,
Through changeful life to death.

Night follows day, and day the night,
And weeks and months are gone,
And years have o'er us wing'd their flight
Since thou and I were one:
Though time hath lightly dealt with thee,
I woo'd not cheek and brow—
Thou wert but woman once to me,
Thou art an angel now!

THE GOOD MAN'S SEPULCHRE.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF THE LATE SALIS SCHWABE, ESQ.

"Children and friends may you live and die like him."

THINE is a grave where many pause and weep,
In mournful memory of the silent dust
That there reposes, in its dreamless sleep,
Sought with a fervent and a hopeful trust
That the freed spirit to those realms might soar,
Where grief and parting shall be known no more.

The earth hath angels, as high Heaven hath,
Though garmented with perishable clay;
Pure spirit sent to glorify each path
That round about their mortal wanderings lay;
They come as watchers to our murky den,
To cheer and call to God their fellow-men.

Their watchwords rouse the sympathies of all,
  Strong Faith, pure Charity, and cheering Hope;
By these they seek to free the world from thrall,
  And bless and brighten sorrow's horoscope:
Such was thy course beside whose darken'd home
I inly ponder on the world to come.

Thou may'st behold us here, thy radiant eyes
  May beam with splendour 'mid the angel band,
And mourn, if spirits mourn, for those dear ties
  Left lingering, sorrowing in this earthly land:
Thy unflesh'd spirit may the hope retain
To meet with *one*, and know the hope not vain.

Yes, if the love of earth can pierce the skies,
  Thou hast assurance of *her* fostering care,
Whose grieving heart and ever-earnest eyes
  Are upwards lifted in a nightly prayer,
'Mid yearning throbs, and visions of unrest,
For him she deemeth dwelling with the blest.

The grass is green about thy earthly home,
  And stillness broods around thy dwelling place;
No needless footsteps o'er thy grave may roam,
  For there affection's careful watch we trace,
Guarding the ground that, o'er thy sleeping head,
Feeds fragrant flowers, which beautify the dead.

The very tree, which thou did'st love in life,
  Is blossoming and hanging out its leaves
Above where she, who in this vale of strife
  Shared all thy sympathies, now comes and grieves,
And rears sweet plants and buds that tell of thee,
And all that hallows thy dear memory.

The lowly pause near to thy place of rest,
And breathe for thee, with o'ercharged eyes, a prayer;
And many a widow'd, many an orphan'd breast,
Is swell'd with anguish none besides may share;
For thou wert one of deed, and not of word,
Thy boundless charities were felt, not heard.

The good thou did'st survives thee, as the rose,
Even in its death, an incense sheds around;
And, near where thou dost still and cold repose,
Warm aspirations, orisons abound
That here, where sorrow all that's glad will dim,
"Children and friends may live and die like him."

TO ———.

WRITTEN ON A FLY-LEAF OF "POETICAL WORKS."

THE time may come when thou wilt look
Upon the pages of this book,
And he who pens this random rhyme
May long have left this mortal clime,
To seek the mystic shores that lie
Within the dread eternity.
If so, then let thy memory shrine
Some kindly thoughts of me and mine,
Some record of those deeds and times
That live in hearts, if not in rhymes;

Those hours of intellectual glee,
When mirth was rife and words were free,
And harmless repartee and jest
Gave unto life a merry zest,
But never left a venom'd dart
To rankle in the brain and heart.
And now, whilst joys and sorrows pass,
Like trickling sand adown the glass,
I would that wish of mine or hope
Might act upon thy horoscope;
Then, Wilson, should thy future be
Like some old sparkling comedy,
With pleasant scenes and humour fraught,
And wit that sets all care at nought,
And glad surprises eveywhere,
And light and music in the air,
Until at last the curtain's fall
Leaveth a sad regret with all.

THE SONG OF THE KETTLE:

A FIRESIDE POEM.

SWEET is the song the kettle sings,
When day begins to fade,
And twilight, with its silent wings,
Throws o'er the room its shade.
When the fire flickers on the wall,
With bright and dancing ray,
Methinks, with low and tuneful call,
I hear the kettle say:—

"Come gather round the table, friends,
And quaff my simple fare;
The draughts I give shall make amends
For by-gone hours of care.
Pour out the amber-colour'd tea,
And let the snow-white cream
With sparkling sugar mingled be
Beneath the taper's beam.

"Now silence, little children all,
Sit patient, wait, and hear
The words of counsel that may fall
From lips of parents dear.
Disturb not with your thoughtless noise
The quiet of your home;
Your father hath small share of joys
When he abroad doth roam.

"He toils throughout the live-long day
Your needful food to gain,
Whilst you, engaged at school and play,
Know nought of care and pain:
Then greet him ever with a smile,
Whilst ev'ry look bespeaks
The wish his leisure to beguile
When he your presence seeks.

"A few short years and fate may see
You scatter'd far and wide;
The hopes of all may clouded be
That throng the glad fireside;

Then will the past to you belong,
And many a cherish'd tone,
That blended with the kettle's song,
Will speak of loved ones gone.

"Then gather closer in your ring
About the cheerful fire,
And let the humble song I sing
Your hearts with love inspire.
Oh, be unto each other true—
Love lightens many cares—
The world no solace hath for you
When home no comfort bears."

The kettle ceases—let us pray,
My little children dear,
That God may give us food each day,
And guard us through the year;
And may the kettle's song at eve
This truth on all impress,
That they who daily gifts receive,
Each night the Lord should bless.

LOVE'S DAY AND NIGHT.

It was the morn, my love, the blushing morn,
When nature's beauteous things seem newly born;
When murky clouds before the vision fly
Like darken'd doubts that round the dreamer lie,

Fading away when breaks the welcome light.
And such wert thou, when on my raptured sight
Thy beauties burst,—that happy, blissful hour,
Woke in my heart full many a fadeless flower.

It was the noon, mine own, and in the air
The sunbeams danced and dazzled everywhere;
The flowers lay pale and drooping at my feet,
And all was parch'd beneath the summer's heat;
A gentle breeze came wandering o'er the scene,
And breathed new life on buds and verdure green;
Thou wert the breeze that came, new fraught with life,
To calm my spirit in the world's hot strife.

It was the eve, sweet wife, the shadowy eve,
When dreamy fancies all around us weave
Thoughts that belong unto the buried past,
And hopes and bodings o'er the coming cast;
The stars came gleaming through the misty clouds,
Like angels peeping through the earth's dim shrouds;
And I look'd still, with trustful heart, to thee—
Thou wert the star that lit life's eve for me.

It was the night, dear heart, the still-hour'd night,
The drifting clouds had veil'd the starry light,
The stormy winds, with low, despairing wail,
Caused many a wanderer's heart to droop and fail;
At once the moon o'er all its glory threw,
Like God's own mirror given to the view,
The type of hope—at morn, noon, eve, and night,
Thou art to me a cheering, hopeful light.

A VALENTINE.

If I had felt within my heart
  Much less than now I feel,
I had not falter'd to impart
  What I would fain reveal;
But with no trifling love I seek
  Thy pure and virgin shrine:
Of strong affection would I speak
  To thee, sweet Valentine!

It is not for the blush that lies
  In beauty on thy face,
The smiling radiance of thine eyes,
  Nor yet thy winning grace,
Nor for thy voice's silver tone,
  That I would make thee mine—
I woo thee for thyself alone,
  My gentle Valentine!

Thy cheek's soft blush may fade away,
  Thy gracefulness depart;
Thine eyes may lose their flashing ray,
  But nought can change my heart:
The spirit-light within thy mind
  Will ever round thee shine,
And years my soul will stronger bind
  To thee, loved Valentine!

Come then, all worshipp'd, come to me,
  And share his earthly fate,

Whose every thought and wish shall be
To cheer and bless thy state;
Be thou the angel of my life,
And I'll be ever thine:
Oh! be mine own, mine all, my wife,
My changeless Valentine!

THE TROUBADOUR.

Visions are floating past mine eyes
Of sunny day and moonlit skies,
Of abbeys dark and cloisters dim,
Of monks and vestal-chanted hymn,
Of burnish'd mail of gallant knight,
And waving scarf of lady bright;
But, oh, midst every dream I see,
Thy form is present still to me.
Never did village maid more fair,
With blushing cheek and flower-wreathed hair,
Walk forth bedeck'd with ribbons gay,
Upon the merry first of May;
Never was dame more beauteous woo'd
Beneath Italia's starry skies,
When noble youth in love-sick mood,
Pour'd in her ear impassion'd sighs;
Never, for fairer lady's sake,
Did music's gentle tones awake
Upon the moon-besilver'd lake,
Where bark of gallant cavalier
Was row'd by trusty gondolier.

Oh, had I been a shaven monk,
And thou a meek and holy nun,
If once mine ear thy voice had drunk,
My thoughts of Heaven had all been gone;
And I had breathed not hymn or prayer,
Whilst musing on thy features fair;
As the light down on breezes flies,
My thoughts would all have past in sighs,
Drawn from me by thy lips and eyes.
Oh, had I been a knight of old,
I would have barter'd grounds for gold,
And leagued me with some valiant band,
And praised thy charms in every land;
And in the tourney's daring strife
Have risk'd for thee my fame and life.
If thou wilt listen for awhile,
And pay me, dear one, with a smile,
I'll tell a simple tale to thee
Of the days of song and chivalry:—
'Twas at the time when mailed men
Went forth to the holy fight,
When, streaming out from many a glen,
Flash'd arms and armour bright,
That there dwelt amid England's courtly flower,
An honour'd and gentle Troubadour,
And Rudel was his name;
And many a lady proud and bright
Upon him bent her eyes of light,
Yet he turn'd from each fair dame,
For his heart was over the broad blue sea,
With the lovely Countess of Tripoli;
But though he had heard of her charity,
And her beauty and grace continually,
He never had chanced the lady to see.

Her praise was sung in full many a strain,
By minstrel and knight and page,
Who had wander'd o'er Asia's burning plain,
In their sacred pilgrimage.
They told how when wounded and nigh to fail,
In their hour of dark despair,
When their lips were parch'd and their cheeks were pale
They had gazed on an angel fair,
Who had hover'd about their couch of pain,
And whose fostering care like the blessed rain,
When it waters the earth with cooling showers,
Reviving the drooping herbs and flowers,
Restored them to health and strength again;
And how this angel so lovely to see,
Was the beauteous Countess of Tripoli,
And blessings they breathed on her treasured name,
And spread through Christendom her fame.

Now Rudel, the gentle Troubadour,
For his unknown love he sighs,
And vows he will leave fair England's shore
To dwell beneath sunnier skies;
For he seem'd as though bound by a mystic spell
To the lady he knew not but loved so well.
So he sail'd o'er the booming and bounding main,
With a sick and a pining soul;
But he felt that the hope of his heart was vain,
That he ne'er should reach the goal,—
That he went like a wounded bird to its nest,
With an arrow transfix'd in its bleeding breast.
As the fabled swan, which in singing dies,
He warbled with falt'ring tone,

Of his love and his soul's deep ecstacies,
Till his song grew a dying moan.
The Countess was told the piteous tale
That a minstrel had cross'd the wave,
That the breeze which had fill'd his vessel's sail
Had but wafted him on to a grave;
That he had come from the English isle,
To bask in her beauty and win her smile;
And it caused her inmost soul to stir
When they told that he died for the love of her.
She hasted away to that dying man,
And she gazed on his wasted features wan;
Then she knelt by the poet's side to pray,
And press'd his lips that were cold as clay,
And his hands she clasp'd, and bid him wake,
To life and live but for her sake.
Scarce could the dying bard express
His gratitude, and love's excess,
But she heard, 'mid the racking pangs of death,
That he spoke of her with his latest breath.
One last long look on those fatal charms,
And he died in that weeping lady's arms.
Bitter and many the tears she shed
O'er the noble form that there lay dead;
No voice to her spirit could comfort give,
And a life of penance she vow'd to live.
Transcribed in letters of shining gold,
Was Rudel's latest lay,
And the scroll to her heart did the lady fold
Unto her dying day.
Inclosed was his body in porphyry,
Inscribed with his soul's idolatry,
And the fame he had won in minstrelsy.

Thou smilest not, my love, on me,
Quick throbs thy heart with sympathy,
And in thine eye, so dark and clear,
Stands, trembling, tender Pity's tear:
Weep not, for many years have fled
Since those two forms were with the dead;
But had it been thy fate to be
The Countess fair of Tripoli,
Methinks I could have cross'd the sea,
And deem'd it bliss to die for thee.

SHAKSPERE.

How shall we speak of him whose cherish'd name
Is link'd to glorious and undying fame;
Poet of every clime, and class, and age,
The worshipp'd wonder of the world's wide stage!
What pen can write, what tongue can speak of him
In terms that seem not lustreless and dim?
Yet turn we ever wondering to the past,
To pierce the shroud round Shakspere's greatness cast,
How look'd he in his mortal life, how spoke
Those lips that passions numberless have woke?
How fashion'd was the temple that enshrined
The rare and matchless jewel of his mind?
What was the seeming of his human form,
Ere it became a dweller with the worm?
What were the sources from whose founts he drew
His draughts of knowledge, ever fresh and true?

What volumes came before his studious sight,
Whose leaves for him bore fruits of wise delight?
Who were the co-mates of that wondrous man,
Who knew alike both prince and artizan?
With equal skill he painted mirth and woe—
What joys were his, what sorrows did he know?
Alike he knew the smallest, greatest things,
The schemes of pedlars, and the plots of kings,
The buoyant hopes of youth, the cares of age,
The quips of jester, and the saws of sage.
With fairy elves he fill'd the mystic green,
Or cast his spells o'er some enchanted scene;
For him the past gave up its mighty dead,
And heroes paced again with mailed tread;
He waved at will his ever-potent wand,
And forms appear'd from known and unknown land:
His genius and his life must ever be
At once a miracle and mystery!

Great Shakspere!—at the name each bosom thrills,
And every heart with fond emotion fills—
Glory of nations! 'tis our boast and pride
To say on England's shore he lived and died!
In his own birth-place did his eye-lids close,
In native earth his "honour'd bones" repose.
No high ancestral lineage did he trace,
He was the best and greatest of his race,
Noblest of nobles, king of sovereign men,
Who sway the soul, whose sceptre is the pen.
Wherever mind curbs might, or thought is free,
The people own his heart-throned majesty.
We have the dwelling where his childish eyes
First learn'd to look upon the blessed skies,

Where once he clung around the parent knee,
And lisp'd the words of guileless infancy,
There pass'd the morning of his life, whose prime
Pour'd quenchless splendour o'er his land and time;
And near that home came on his eve and night—
To him the heralds of immortal light.
And shall we suffer then to pass away
Our Shakspere's home like things of common clay;
Shall ruin desecrate his loved retreat,
The hallow'd shrine of thousand pilgrim feet?
It must not be!—those lowly walls shall stand,
Guarded with reverent care, to grace the land;
And countless suns shall yet a radiance shed
O'er that dear roof which shelter'd Shakspere's head!

THE VIOLET AND THE ROSE.

"AWAKE, my sister!"—the low words came
From the bed where a young rose grew—
"Awake thee, my sister violet,
And open thine eyes of blue;
Shake the silver dew from thy lovely head,
And thy perfumed leaves unfold,
And rejoice like me in the blessed light
Of the morning's living gold.

"All other fair buds are gazing out,
And wooing the shining sun,
And I hear the echo of bounding feet,
By the passing breeze borne on;

Perchance some maiden may wander by,
And look on our place of rest,
And bear us away from our lowly home,
To repose on her own fair breast.

"Oh, bliss, to repose on so lovely a couch,
And be gazed on by beauty's eye;
Oh, bliss, to be praised by her gentle voice,
And be fann'd by her fragrant sigh.
How long must we dwell on the joyless earth?
How long must we linger here?
Say, do'st thou not pine for a prouder lot?
Answer me, sister dear."

A faint, sweet sound, like a lute's last note,
On the morning's stillness broke,
And the air was stirr'd with an odorous breath,
As the meek young violet spoke:
"There's a quiet bliss in our own green vale,
And I love its calm beauty well;
There's a joy, there's a joy in each passing breeze:
'Tis a home where I love to dwell.

"Our roof is the azure vault of Heaven,
Our food is of dew-drops bright,
The sun sheds its beams on our path by day,
And the stars are our lamps by night;
We spring up 'mid odour, and bloom, and light,
We are woo'd by the minstrel wind—
Here rest then, dear rose, in thine own sweet home,
For a fairer thou can'st not find."

But the rose still pined for a prouder fate,
And it pined not long in vain,

For a maiden, with cheek like its own red leaf,
Came dancing o'er the plain;
She gazed on its hue with admiring eye,
And she praised it with gentle voice,
And placed in her bosom of spotless white,
Oh, then did the rose rejoice.

A few brief hours of light and joy,
And the flower was all forgot,
And it long'd again for its quiet home,
For it saw it was heeded not;
It wither'd apace in its high abode,
Unnoticed by beauty's eye,
And when the dim shadows of twilight came,
'Twas cast on its home to die.

The violet still lived in its loveliness,
And the moon and the stars look'd down,
And silver'd the misty veil of dew
That the even had over it thrown;
The zephyrs woo'd it, and sportively strove
Its odorous breath to share,
Whilst they turn'd aside from the faded rose,
And left it to perish there.

Thus thou may'st learn, from a simple flower,
A lesson thy course to guide:—
Then cling to the bliss of thy quiet home,
And dream not of wealth and pride;
And, oh, when ambition would taint thy soul,
Or thou sighest for pomp and state,
Think thou of the lowly violet's lot,
And remember the rose's fate.

LIFE.

'Tis not unto the world our hearts are shown,
The smile too often gilds our dark despair,
As sunlight lies upon the funeral stone,
Golden and bright as though no dead were there.
We live 'mid worldly men, and we pursue,
Through devious paths, the gauds of earthly state,
Masking ourselves with visors of deceit.
Even as the Spartan youth conceal'd from view
The gnawing fox that did his vitals eat,
We hide from all the tortures of our fate.
Foe unto foe extendeth traitorous hand,
And veils his hate with smiles and features bland.
Oh! what were life if bounded by the grave!
Father of mercy, stretch thy hand to save.

THE SLEEP-GUEST.

O bright and wondrous world of dreams,
What mysteries dost thou shrine!
They say the future on thee gleams—
I know the past is thine;
I know the graves give up their dead,
O'er thy enchanted paths to tread.

Strange shapes, no unclosed eye hath seen,
In thy dominions dwell,
And some, the memory of whose mien
Clings round us as a spell,
And haunts us through the day's clear time,
Like something of a purer clime.

Not long ago methought I saw,
In vision of the night,
My wife and gleesome children draw
Around the fire's red light;
And cheerful tale, and legend old,
Unto the listening band I told.

Their eyes reflected back the flame,
Or gazed intent on me,
When in an aged man there came,
Who smiled most pleasantly;
And quick we brought an easy chair,
And placed the gray-hair'd comer there.

The children hail'd him as a friend,
And gather'd round his knee,
New joy to all he seem'd to lend
In that young company;
From realms remote the guest had come,
And yet our hearth was as his home.

None knew from what far clime he came,
  Nor why to us he stray'd;
None ask'd his kindred or his name,
  Though with each child he play'd,
And took the youngest on his knee,
And said, "Thou dear one come with me!"

The babe smiled sweetly in his face,
  Then slumber'd on his breast;
With silent steps he left the place—
  His parting none represt;
The mother let her loved one go,
Without a thought or word of woe.

A something told each yearning soul
  Our guest was not of clay,
But an immortal from the goal
  Where blest ones wing their way:
My children's eyes with tears grew dim—
"O father, let us follow him!"

And oft before my waking eyes
  That mystic shape I see,
And then, O God, my spirit sighs
  That I may pass to Thee,
As sought the babe that wanderer's breast,
Sinking with smiles unto its rest.

THE PRINCESS AND THE POET.*

'Twas in a proud and lofty palace-hall,
Long the abiding-place of queens and kings,
That a famed minstrel sat in drowsy thrall,
With senses closed against all outward things,
Whilst far abroad, on fancy's truant wings,
His thoughts were wandering in dreamy play,
Gathering the images of beauteous things,
Which pass'd before his mind in bright array,
Swift as the fleecy clouds by wild breeze swept away.

He gazed no more upon a kingly pile,
No more he thought of splendour and of state,
No more he strove to solve each courtly wile,
The royal beck no longer did he wait,
Chill'd with a frown, or with a smile elate;
He mix'd with page and carpet-knight no more,
Changed was his dress, and alter'd was his fate,
And in his hand a shepherd's crook he bore—
Green were the fertile plains—'twas an Arcadian shore.

* The earliest French writer of any consequence in the fifteenth century, was Alain Chartier, who did much to purify his native language. He was secretary of the household to Charles VI. and Charles VII. He wrote some historical works, but his natural tendencies were towards poetry and imaginative writing, and he was celebrated for a chaste and elegant style of discourse. Margaret of Scotland, first wife of the Eleventh Louis, seeing Alain asleep on a chair one day, as she traversed the halls of the palace, went up and kissed him, before all her attendants. When surprise was expressed by them that she should thus salute a man remarkable for the plainness of his looks, "I do not kiss the man," replied she, "but the mouth which has given utterance to so many charming things."

A river glided by, each silvery wave
Murmuring as though, with sweet and syren tongue
It call'd upon him in its depths to lave,
Whilst roam'd his flocks the emerald banks along;
And ever and anon a maiden's song
Was borne upon the pure and scented air,
Full of the joy which floweth from the young,
Ere their glad hearts have felt the touch of care,
Or they have borne the grief which riper years must bear.

He breathed into his pipe with simple skill,
And music's notes awoke beneath his sway;
He paused, and all was for a moment still,
And then his strain was answered by a lay,
So sweet, so dear, his soul dissolved away
In an enchanted trance of deep delight,
And, blushing, like the dawn of budding May,
A gentle creature charm'd his ravish'd sight,
Pure as a cloudless sky, and as an angel bright.

Now let us leave the poet's vision'd land,
And turn again unto that palace fair,
Where still he sleeps, cheek pillow'd on his hand,
Spell-bound reclining in an antique chair;
With stately tread and jewel-sprinkled hair,
And eyes whose rays the owner's gems eclipse,
A lady comes, whose lovely features wear
A sunny smile, as onward now she trips,
Showing the pearl that hides within her ruby lips.

Like stars that cluster round the queen of night,
Maidens high-born her graceful steps attend,
And as she gazes on the dreamy wight,
Their wondering eyes they all upon her bend;

They see her proud and royal head descend,
They mark her kiss that homely thought-worn face,
And with each other whispering words they blend,
While she rebukes them with a mien of grace,
And thus their curious wonderment seeks to efface:

"Hold me not lightly, gentle dames of France,
That yon unconscious lips I've deign'd to press,
Nor on me bend your fix'd and wondering glance—
The poet, not the man, did I caress;
Think not his features I revere the less
Because no beauty in their shape you see;
Those lips have utter'd words that burn and bless—
The mind is ever beautiful to me,
And they whose thoughts are pure can ne'er unlovely be."

Meantime the poet, in his happy dream,
Discoursed of love by the lone river's brink,
And joy'd to bask in the betwitching beam
Of those dear eyes whose light 'twas Heaven to drink;
They talk'd till stars above began to wink,
And day sank down in ebon night's abyss—
Oh, human joy, how soon is snapp'd thy link!
One last embrace, one tender parting kiss—
The minstrel woke and mused—it was a dream of bliss,

BOOKS.

What would the world be were it not for books?
What treasures of the past to us were lost,
What stores of knowledge would be unexplored,
What countless hoards of truth from us were hidden,

Like gems that lie down in the ocean's depths,
Had not the student brought them into light?
Now knowledge with its temples throngs the shores
Of England, and its sons may enter there,
To drink in large and intellectual draughts:
Wealthy and poor alike may quaff the streams
Whose waters nourish noble thoughts and deeds—
The fountains of the mind gush freely forth,
All barriers rent asunder by the Press.
Now we can hold at once within our grasp
The chronicles of all the climes of earth,
And, seated by our quiet hearths at eve,
We see great empires in their pride of power,
We mark them flourish, and behold them fall.
The grave ingulphs the gifted dead in vain,
They speak to us eternally in books,
They converse with us in our lonely hours,
And greet us with the aspect of a friend;
They tell us all they felt, and all they thought—
The treasured wisdom of their lives of toil
Is freely pour'd into our wondering minds.
The poet speaks to us in words of fire,
And layeth bare his soul unto our gaze:
Blind Homer singeth unto us again,
Virgil descanteth on the "country green,"
Horace delighteth with his classic odes,
And Ovid tells us love's delicious art.
Our own dear Shakspere lives with us again,
Unveiling all the secrets of the heart,
Talking of Nature as a well-known friend,
Whose every secret unto him is known;
Milton discourseth of angelic deeds,
As one who all his days had dwelt with God,
And stray'd unquestion'd over heavenly paths.

The grave historian shows to us his page,
And serried armies pass before our eyes;
We see again the mighty ones of old,
We look on Mede and Macedonian,
We see the Grecian and the Roman hosts,
And myriad Persians pass in proud array;
We hear again the clangor of their arms,
Again we listen to their battle shouts,
And notes of martial music swelling round.
To him whose intellect is richly stored,
Whose mind is chasten'd by the lore of books,
How beautiful Creation's works appear!
How do they lift him upwards to his God,
That gracious God who is the source of all!
He readeth wisdom in the burning stars,
And in the leaf that trembles on the bough,
In lowly shrub and perfume-breathing flower.
Beauty appears in the still Summer-noon,
And in the lightning of the lurid sky;
At morn, or eve, or noon, or blackest night,
His spirit worshipeth the God of all;
Or should the scene be desolate and wild,
He walks companion'd by his own glad thoughts,
Which, as a cheering light, shine bright within,
And chase away the shadows of his lot.
Oh, unto God our thankful prayers should rise
That darkness hath departed from the land,
That books no more are pent in cloisters dim,
Or bound, like slaves, in iron manacles.

THE GRAY HAIR.

It is my natal day—how brief appears
The changeful space that now hath fleeted by!
Like last night's dream, the scenes of childhood's years
In shadowy group before my vision lie,
And shrouded forms rise up unto mine eye,
But garments of the grave enfold them not;
With bounding feet o'er hill and vale they fly,
As though this earth were an enchanted spot,
Where cloudless joy would smile for ever on their lot.

Shapes I behold that never look'd on death,
Bright creatures, fresh as blossoms of the spring,
Whose cheeks have ne'er been fann'd by sorrow's breath,
Whose thoughts are, bee-like, ever on the wing,
Seeking to find some honey-laden thing,
From whose sweet chalice they may quaff new joy;
They laugh aloud, their merry voices sing,
No spectral records track them to alloy
Their present dawn of bliss, or future faith destroy.

Oh! haunt me not, loved spirits of the past,
Wake not the memories slumbering in my soul;
The mesh of care around my fate is cast,
But ye departed to your final goal,
Ere sin and vain regrets upon ye stole,
To mar the beauty of your first pure dreams—
The bonds of earth were powerless to control
Your heavenward flight—ye vanish'd as the beams
Of night are seen no more when morn around them streams.

It is my natal day—as if to call
My mind to pause and muse upon my fate,
One silvery hair before my gaze doth fall,
Like meteor-light which tells dark paths await,
Or message sent to warn me earth's estate
Is but a mansion hastening to decay,
And bidding me, ere yet it be too late,
To fit my spirit for that awful day
When death shall claim its own, and clay return to clay.

Oh, snowy mentor, on my forehead yet
Locks of an ebon hue are gather'd round,
And on my form no mark of age is set;
But in my heart its home hath sorrow found,
And wither'd hopes within my path abound,
Thick as the leaves that fall with autumn's blast,
And high aspirings lie upon the ground,
The blossoms blighted ere life's May was past—
The hope which still is mine, will it be mine at last?

Once did I hail this day with wild delight,
As that which brought me nearer to the man,
When I might proudly claim the long'd-for right
To bear my part in many a glorious plan;
And o'er Utopian schemes my fancy ran,
By which my aid might liberty advance,
And I be rank'd among the honour'd van;
But manhood's day dispell'd my waking trance,
As morning mists disperse before the sun's broad glance.

What energies have I not reckless spent—
How many fabrics heedlessly o'erthrown—
How much of guilty weakness have I blent
With deeds where firmness should have ruled alone,
And virtuous strength been heard in every tone;
How oft have I been sway'd by foolish men
To tread the way with tares of anguish sown,
And find my journey led but to a fen,
Whence I must aidless 'scape, or know not hope again.

The golden moments of my life are gone,
And, oh! how small the harvest they have brought!
Amid my race what trophies have I won,
What worthy deeds, what high achievements wrought?
What mighty lesson have I learnt or taught,
What creature rescued from dark error's wave,
What wretch have I to turn from guilt besought;
When the world frown'd, have I stood forth to save
The crush'd and sinful man from evil's yawning grave?

What hours of youth have fled unnoticed by,
Unprized, uncared for, wasted, and misspent;
What vain illusions have allured mine eye
From that true point where wisdom's gaze is bent;
How hath mine ear to flattery's cheat been lent,
When silent scorn hath held truth's tongue in chain;
How have I help'd the base with good intent,
And found my hope for gratitude as vain
As his who sows the sand, or seeks to reap the main.

Thou shalt be, silvery hair, a monitor
To lead my footsteps into clearer ways;
A beacon pale to warn me from the shore
Where I have wreck'd too many priceless days,
And cast time's jewels in the whirlpool's maze.
Although around me toils and cares are rife,
Through clouds of gloom mine eyes see cheering rays,
That nerve my spirit for the coming strife,
And bid me falter not, for death but leads to life.

NATIVE LAND.

What boots it, though the exile strays
O'er fair and lovely isles,
That bloom beneath the golden rays
Of sun that ever smiles?
What boots it, though he paces o'er
A bright and yellow sand?
Still longs he for the parted shore,
His own dear native land.

What has the warrior's eye in sight?
What nerves his lifted arm?
What makes him seek the thickest fight,
As guarded by a charm?
Oh, this thought dwells his heart upon,
As striving 'gainst the band
Of warlike foes—he rushes on
To save his native land.

What makes the watchful sailor give,
When gliding o'er the deep,
One glance unto the star of eve,
Then turn aside and weep?
'Tis that, when through a lattice stream'd
Its rays so bright and bland,
A beacon to his love it beam'd,
In his own native land.

The youth, with glowing fancy, tired
Of the sweet haunts of home,
In search of those which have inspired
His wandering dreams may roam;
Though fragrant beauty deck the spot,
And slaves await command,
He finds that happiness is not,
Save in his native land.

The lonely exile sorrowing turns
Unto his sever'd shore;
The warrior's swelling bosom burns
To see his hills once more;
The sailor on the dark blue main,
The youth on foreign strand—
All long to view the scenes again
Of their own native land.

FORTUNE'S FROWNS.

I KNOW not why, mine only love, alas, I know not why,
The dew that flows from sorrow's fount should gather in thine eye;
'Tis true that thou art fallen now from high to low estate,
Yet not alone dwells joy with wealth, contentment with the great.

What though amid thine auburn locks no jewels glitter now,
What though no white and stately plume waves o'er thy whiter brow;
Thou need'st not coronal nor plume thy loveliness to deck,
Nor pearls of snowy purity to wreathe thy purer neck.

Oh! cold indeed must be his heart whom only wealth could move,
And surely thou wouldst deem him all unworthy of thy love;
Although, with vow and smile, no more proud flatterers round thee press,
I will not boast— I only say I do not love thee less.

When in the gay and lighted hall, girt by a festive crowd,
Or at the banquet, when the sounds of revelry are loud,
Or where, whilst music fills the air, she glideth through the dance,
Then beauty, for a transient space, may well the soul entrance.

But 'twas not in the lighted hall, 'mid sounds of mirth and glee,
That first I pour'd into thine ear my heart's deep love for thee:
No eye beheld, no voice was heard—we breathed our vows alone—
In silence, and in solitude, love ever builds his throne.

Like gaudy flowers that court the sun, and shrink when night comes on,
The minions of thy brighter days at fortune's frowns have gone;
Mourn not for them, the faithless ones—thou yet may'st find, that those
Who shunn'd thee in thy day of pride, will cheer thee at its close.

Then let thy smile, love, chase the tear, as twilight's silver mist
Is chased at morn, when sunny beams the dewy rose have kist;
Thy grief is twofold in its birth—each tear, sweet girl, of thine,
Each sigh that heaves thy gentle breast an answer hath in mine.

It was not at the shrine of wealth that first I bent the knee—
I bow'd to beauty, not to gold; and thou still livest for me;
Let narrow worldlings stand aloof, let pride and pomp depart;
Whate'er thy lot, thou still shalt find one true and changeless heart.

WHEN THE STARS ARE BRIGHTLY SHINING.

MEET me, sweet love, at the eventide,
When the moon walks forth in her maiden pride,
When o'er the blue heaven the white clouds glide,
And the stars are brightly shining.

Remember when first, oh, my gentle maid,
I met thee alone in the twilight shade,
And my vows at the shrine of thy beauty paid,
By the stars then brightly shining.

Oh, blest is that hour, and dear is the vale,
Where I told thee affection's honied tale,
And heard the sweet sound of the nightingale,
Whilst the stars were brightly shining.

Alas, for our childhood's happy day,
When we loved o'er the valleys green to stray,
And fairer to us than the sunny ray
Seem'd the stars so brightly shining.

Oh, dear to my heart are the shadowy gleams
Of the past, as they visit my joyous dreams,
When each scene that I loved before me seems,
And the stars are brightly shining.

Years have pass'd, and I love thee as well
As when first we met in our native dell;
But I seek in vain for a nameless spell
In the fair stars brightly shining.

Oh, the visions of young romance have fled,
And the olden joy of our hearts is dead,
And no more o'er our souls is a radiance shed
When the stars are brightly shining.

Then meet me to-night, as we met of yore,
Let us dream again of the times that are o'er,
Though as THEN we felt we can feel no more,
When the stars are brightly shining.

TO A STREAM.

GLIDE on, pure current!—would my course might be
Like to thy now unruffled, quiet flow;
Yet, ah, my lot doth more resemble thee,
When 'gainst thy pathway storm and tempest blow.
Piercing thy waters with admiring gaze,
We see full many things within them lie,
Which, when thou'rt lit up by the noon-tide blaze,
Seem bright as pearls or diamonds to the eye;
But if within thy crystal waves we dive,
What we thought fair, to things unvalued turn:
Such are the pleasures which the world doth give,
Such are the joys for which our spirits yearn—
Bright are they deem'd until we them possess,
Then bursts the bubble of our happiness.

MARIE.

Thy cheek is very fair, Marie,
And soft light fills thine eye,
And silken is the hair, Marie,
That on thy brow doth lie;
Thy looks are kind and meek, Marie,
And honied is thy tongue;
Thy favours many seek, Marie,
For thou art pure and young.

My vows I do not pour, Marie,
Into thy maiden ear,
Nor kneel thy form before, Marie,
To tell thee thou art dear;
And yet upon thy face, Marie,
Mine eyes have often dwelt,
And, oh! thy winning grace, Marie,
Perchance my heart hath felt.

But mine is other fate, Marie,
I dwell from thee apart,
Another is my mate, Marie,
Another claims my heart;
No word from me thou'lt hear, Marie,
To stain thy virgin cheek,
For as to sister dear, Marie,
I only to thee speak.

May angels in the night, Marie,
Keep watch above thy rest,
And ever shield from blight, Marie.
The hopes that fill thy breast;
May peace be ever thine, Marie,
And when thy bloom decays,
May love upon thee shine, Marie,
To cheer thy fading days.

MARIE'S DEATH.

When last I look'd on thee, Marie,
Thy glances, calm and bright,
Fell kindly upon me, Marie,
With sweet and holy light;
Gentle thou wert, and meek, Marie,
And pale thine open brow,
But the lily tinged thy cheek, Marie—
Alas! how look'st thou now!

I saw thee humbly bend, Marie,
Before the sacred shrine;
I heard thy prayers ascend, Marie,
And wish'd such prayers were mine;
I knew thee pure and good, Marie,
And I deem'd they reach'd the throne
Where He who died in blood, Marie,
Would claim thee as his own.

I've heard thy lips appeal, Marie,
For the poor, and not in vain,
And I've oftimes seen thee steal, Marie,
To the homes of care and pain:
Sweet messenger of love, Marie,
Thou wilt bless woe's ark no more,
For thy spirit, like the dove, Marie,
Hath found a sun-bright shore.

They told me thou wert dead, Marie,
But I mark'd thee not decay,
And it seems as thou had'st fled, Marie,
In thy maiden bloom away;
And I see thy soft eyes shine, Marie,
And the grace around thee thrown—
Memory hath made thee mine, Marie,
Unchanged in look and tone.

THE MINSTREL'S LOT.

WHAT is the Minstrel's lot upon the earth?
It is to nourish unsubstantial dreams;
It is to feel within his soul the birth
Of lofty thoughts and heaven-created gleams;
It is to feel of sympathy the dearth,
And seek companions in the woods and streams;
'Tis to endure the wordling's bitter spurns,
And bear the fire that in his bosom burns.

The minstrel mingles with the busy throng,
Yet knows himself no kin unto the men
Who pass with haste and care-worn brows along,
And spend their days in money-getting den,
Scorning alike the poet and his song;
They cannot feel the magic of his pen,
The thirst for wealth hath wither'd up their veins—
They toil, and grasp, and—die amid their gains.

What though the Minstrel hath no lordly hall,
What though he boast not of his gardens fair,
And mingleth not in courtly festival,
Nor banqueteth on viands rich and rare;
The encircling sky to him seems palace-wall,
The fields a garden, free and fresh as air;
With thankful heart he eats his homely meal,
And feels sweet thoughts like incense round him steal.

When by his glimmering lamp in lonely room,
He holds commune with the undying dead,
Gone like a shadow is each thought of gloom,
And all the cares that gird his fate seem fled;
Bright flowers of intellect around him bloom,
The light of mind is o'er his chamber shed;
Shapes fancy-born spring up before his eyes,
And bathed in bliss his tranquil spirit lies.

Then to him comes the poet's golden hour,
When all his soul runs riot through his veins;
Rich thoughts drop from him as a summer-shower,
His spirit pants as though 'twould burst its chains,

He feels that his is an immortal dower,
And soareth far above this world of pains,
Treading with fearless steps amid the skies,
Aud drinking in the light of angel-eyes.

He roameth forth at break of early morn,
When the lark singeth in the sun-rays bright,
And silver crystals, hanging on the thorn,
Seem priceless jewels to his raptured sight;
By him the breeze with odours sweet is borne,
Like Nature sighing in her own delight;
The sky above, the lake below him clear—
All make to him both earth and heaven more dear.

The lowliest flower that smiles upon the ground,
The tiniest insect fluttering on the wing—
He findeth pleasure in each sight and sound,
He seeth beauty in the homeliest thing;
He knoweth God is watching all around,
And his heart swells with silent worshipping;
No blossom will he pluck, but onwards pass,
Nor harm the daisy peeping from the grass.

He seeks again the ever-trodden street,
And marks the earthly pass him heedless by—
Well-garb'd and proud, they will not deign to greet
The humble bard with recognizing eye:
With glance awry, and quicker-hurrying feet,
Eager again to Mammon's haunts they fly,
As though they thought their heaps of glittering gold
Would buy an entrance to the Heavenly fold.

The poet dies, the rich man fades away—
The one reposes in a lowly bed—
Above the other's undeserving clay
A stately cenotaph erects its head,
And lines of virtue, penn'd for hireling's pay,
Upon the costly monument are read:
The gazer marks the cold unblushing stone,
Wondering such deeds were all before unknown.

Why do the strangers mark that humble spot?
Why on that grave their reverent glances bend?
He who sleeps there in life was honour'd not,
And unto him did wealth no influence lend;
His was a friendless and unpitied lot—
No mourning crowds did at his couch attend;
Say, why are men with pilgrim-homage there,
Deigning no look on marble scutcheons fair?

Such is the Minstrel's fate—in life unknown,
Unpitied and uncared for by the crowd;
When from the earth the soul of song hath flown,
The nation's voice is raised in accents loud,
And myriads flock to gaze upon the stone
Which covers only coffin, clay, and shroud;
E'en be it so—so let the Minstrel fall—
An age of fame is earned by life of thrall.

SONG.

As the fragrant wind that floateth
'Mid the summer-hours,
Stealing odours, while it giveth
Sweets to leaves and flowers—
Thus thy beauty haunts my spirit,
Fraught with bliss to me,
Though it from my bosom beareth
All my heart to thee.

As the mystic sea-shell ever
Murmurs to the ear,—
As the stars above us never
Quit their glorious sphere,—
So in absence does my memory
Bear thine image still;
So thou seemest ever near me,
Spite of thought or will.

If in sleep appear an angel,
It doth wear thy face;
When it fadeth with the vision,
Thou hast ta'en its place.
I see thee in the crowded city,
And in wand'rings lone:
Thus in absence, sleep, or waking,
I am all thine own.

THE SIRE'S FAREWELL.

Thou treasured of thy father's heart,
My last, my dearest child,
And wilt thou from thine home depart,
To tread the world's dark wild?
Where thou wilt meet no fond caress,
Where most will blame, and few will bless.

Dear as thou art unto me, I
Have seen thee when most glad,
And tears have gather'd in mine eye,
And mine old heart been sad:
Thou wert a mirror to my gaze,
Recalling long departed days.

Bereft of thee, my type I see
Standing in yonder wood,
An aged and a wither'd tree,
In leafless solitude;
Such shall I be when thou art gone,
A tree whose last green leaf has flown.

To grief thou art a stranger now,
My young, my dark-hair'd boy;
But soon the time may come when thou
Wilt be as strange to joy,
When cheek of bloom and forehead fair,
Will wrinkle 'neath the touch of care.

I have been out upon the sea,
  Toss'd on the worldly wave,
And wreck'd—then shall I suffer thee
  The storms of life to brave?
I must, for in the soul there springs
Strange yearnings after unknown things.

Whilst thou art toiling 'mid a lot
  Where peace is lost, wealth won,
Thy sire, perchance, may be forgot;
  But when, at set of sun,
Thou breathest prayer and bendest knee,
Pray thou for him who'll pray for thee.

Away, my child! why should I blight
  The spring-flowers of thy heart?
The hopes which paint thy course so bright,
  Why should I bid depart?
Why, with officious haste, reveal
What thou too soon must see and feel?

Away! and may the light of Him
  Who leadeth not astray,
Still dwell with thee when life grows dim,
  And cheer thee on thy way;
For joy is not with earthly doom,
And bliss but lives beyond the tomb.

WAR.

Oh, God of mercy, harmony, and peace!
When will the thirst for slaughter have an end?
When will the havoc of destruction cease?
Most impious thought, to deem that thou dost lend
Thy aid to those who seek, in butchery, fame,
And dying groans with mocking music blend;
Who call Thee God of battles—horrid name!
As if Thou madest Thy creatures to destroy
The boon of life, and murder with wild joy.
Oh! for that time when musket, spear, and sword,
Shall be but relics of an age of strife,
For ever blotted from the page of life;
When earth shall be the home of peace, oh, Lord,
And man shall dwell in love, according to Thy Word!

I FADE APACE 'NEATH A FOREIGN SKY.

I fade apace 'neath a foreign sky,
My father's hall I shall see no more;
No friend will receive my latest sigh,
I die where none will my fate deplore.

Oh! would that mine eyes once more might gaze,
My native land, on thy valleys green,
On the haunts I loved in childhood's days—
My spirit pines for each well-known scene.

My mother dear! I know thou dost dream
Of him afar o'er the ocean wave;
Thou'lt pray for me, but thou wilt not deem
I sink to rest in a foreign grave.

In pleasant bower will my sister sing
Of him who sail'd o'er the billowy main,
Nor think no billow will ever bring
The wanderer back to his home again.

Thou happy wave of the sunny sea,
Thou glidest on from this hated strand;
How blest my lot might I go with thee,
And greet the shore of my native land.

I fade apace 'neath a foreign sky,
My father's hall I shall see no more;
No friend will receive my latest sigh,
I die where none will my fate deplore.

TO A POET'S CHILD.

THE rose is blooming on thy cheek, thou fair and lovely child,
And in thine eye, so brightly blue, is laughing gladness wild;
Yet 'tis not for its loveliness that I thy face admire—
I see impress'd upon thy brow the likeness of thy sire.

Child of a minstrel's hope and heart, his lineaments I trace
Upon that sunny brow of thine, upon that infant face:
Thou beautiful and gladsome one, e'en now do I foretell
The gift of spirit-stirring song ere long with thee will dwell.

Yes thou wilt be a beacon, and a glory to the land;
Rank'd with a high and mighty race—the chosen minstrel band:
And when strange eyes do look on thee, and ask thee who thy sire,
Then may'st thou proudly answer them—A MASTER OF THE LYRE.

Yet deem not thine a lot of bliss—too oft the bard is known
To give a joy to other hearts, whilst sorrow claims his own:
And though thy lays be read by all, reckless will be the throng
Of the deep woe that dwelleth with the child of love and song.

The warrior-chief receives his meed when victory is won;
The lowly peasant resteth him when toil of day is done;
The daring hunter's soul is glad when fix'd the deadly dart;
But for the minstrel what is he?—"A star that dwells apart."

The warrior-chief may perish in the radiance of his fame,
And the lowly peasant fade away—no record of his name;
And of the hunter who can tell, when fled his parting breath?
But the minstrel hath a glorious name, which dieth not in death.

DREAMS OF A CONVICT.

I HAD a dream ere midnight,
Of a green and sunny dell,
And trees, and streams, and shadowy haunts,
Which I remember'd well;
And forms I knew in other days,
Pass'd joyously along,
With laughing eyes, and bounding steps,
A sweet and blessed throng.

My thoughts were all of happiness,
And my youthful heart was light,
For the present was a dream of bliss,
And the future seem'd all bright.
Away! away! in a chase of joy,
With my mates I bounded on,
As the bee, which no sooner leaves one sweet flower,
Than another as sweet is won.

There was one whom I loved—when twilight came,
I roam'd from my mates away,
And sought out a lone and quiet spot,
By that dear one's side to stray;
We pledged our faith when the stars were out,
And we vow'd by the flowers and streams,
To love, though the leaves of the one decay'd,
And the waters past like dreams.

There came a change, and I bade farewell
To the home of my youthful years,
And the smother'd sighs of my parents' grief
Were blent with my sister's tears;
And she whom I loved around me clung,
In her pale and mute despair,
But I tore myself from her fond embrace,
And—the vision no longer was there.

I had a dream, ere day-break,
Of a wild and dark career,
And I had almost ceased to think
Of what was once most dear;

For the memory of my early days
Brought bitterness and pain,
And I sought the wine-cup's maddening draught,
To chase it from my brain.

There was a crowd of reckless beings,
Who gazed on the fatal die,
On which their hopes and their all were set,
With breathless agony;
Some shouted madly, in their joy,
Some mutter'd furious ban,
And there I sat, with frenzied soul,
A changed and ruin'd man.

* * * * *

The spot was lone and gloomy—
With upraised arm I stood—
A sudden flash and my victim fell,
And wealth was gain'd by blood;
Then strong and heavy fetters
Were girt around each limb,
And doom'd to a death of guilt and shame,
I lay in a dungeon dim.

I wake!—oh, what hath broken
The calm that reign'd around?
'Twas the drawing back of prison-bolts,
And the death-bell's sullen sound:
This is no baseless vision,
For death and shame await—
Come in, come in, thou holy priest!—
Now lead me to my fate.

MY BIRTH-PLACE.

I DO remember me some years ago,
I linger'd near that once-beloved place,
And at its threshold did the master stand;
He was a stranger, but a kindly man,
And when I said 'twas there that I was born,
He spoke unto me with a friendly voice,
And ask'd if I would step within the walls,
To look once more on each familiar room.
I enter'd in, and soon the place became
Peopled with faces of the olden time.
And the dead look'd upon me from their graves,
And their dear voices sounded in mine ears,
E'en as they look'd and spoke while yet a child.
Once more I stood between my grandsire's knees,
Whilst rested on my head his aged hand,
And, seated in his antique cushion'd chair.
He read me lessons from the Holy Book,
And bade me all my days to walk with God.
I thought, too, of the time, when older grown,
I sat beside him on the Sabbath-day,
And, of my learning proud, read verse for verse.
Again I saw him, in his life's last hours,
When he himself had grown a very child,
Enfeebled, lying on a couch of pain,
Troubled with all a sick man's strange caprice,
Taking no food, save from my youthful hand.
The little chamber trod I once again,
Where I had slept full many a happy sleep,
Haunted, perchance, by wild and frolic dreams,
And waking up to run my race of joy.

I saw our old domestic's quiet face,
She who had nursed my father when a babe,
And still survived to watch and guard his son,
Following my footsteps up the stair each night,
Patient and silent waiting for the light,
Whilst I repeated low my simple prayer,
Before I clamber'd to my downy bed.
I could not linger long within those walls,
For every room seem'd haunted by the lost,
Crowded with shadows of departed joys,
Of joys that nought could ever bring me back:
So press'd their weight upon my sorrowing heart,
That when once more I paced the dusty street,
I felt as one who leaves behind a tomb.

PAST AND FUTURE.

History may tell us of the vanish'd past,
Or chronicle the days now sweeping by;
A gloomy shade is round the future cast,
Unsearch'd, unsearchable by mortal eye.

Forests have been where crowded cities rise,
And lift their domes and turrets in the air;
And stars have faded from the far-off skies,
Passing away, no tongue may tell us where.

Rivers have rush'd where verdant islands bloom,
Shedding their perfume on the restless breeze;
And beauteous lands have found a spacious tomb
Within the waters of the mighty seas.

Will heaven again shower down its dreadful ire,
And whelm the world beneath a watery grave?
Or cast o'er all its bright consuming fire?
A blazing sea from which no ark may save!

We know such things have been in by-gone years,
But o'er the coming darkness throws its pall;
Our hopes may be in vain—in vain our fears,
Yes, our own fate is vain conjecture all.

We know not our own fate—why should we strive
With destiny, or wish its flag unfurl'd?
Enough for us that now we breathe and live,
Yet know not when from life we may be hurl'd.

We know the rose of beauty will turn pale,
Wrinkles will gather on the fairest brow,
The light and bounding step of youth will fail,
And all must perish, blossoming below.

The destined path we have to tread conceal'd,
How much of woe is hidden from our sight;
While yet enough is to the mind reveal'd,
To shape our course and guide our steps aright.

Nature's great secrets though we may not scan,
We know how frail the tenure of our breath;
We know the period to the race of man,
And all the beings born of earth, is death.

The end of life is death—then let our aim
Be fix'd on things beyond our earthly doom;
Though dust return to dust, the soul may claim
Its refuge then—its earliest, latest home!

MAY-DAY SONG.

WRITTEN FOR A MAY-DAY FESTIVAL.

Dreary winter hath departed,
  Smiling spring again appears;
We will hail it, joyful-hearted,
  With a song and merry cheers.

No more the sun is vainly glancing
  On the chilling frost and snow,
But the waters, gaily dancing,
  Leap and sparkle as they go.

On the banks the primrose sleepeth,
  And the violet's eyes look out,
Whilst the modest May-flower peepeth
  From the meadows all about.

Trees are leafy, grass is springing,
  Flowers are budding everywhere,
And the birds, in gladness singing,
  Scatter music o'er the air.

Why should we have thought of sorrow
  On this happy, happy day!
Leave all care until to-morrow,
  Shout a welcome to the May.

CHORUS.

Then round about the May-pole rally,
Sing and dance on Arley Green,
Whilst is heard o'er lake and valley—
"Hail to May and May-day's queen!"

LOVE AND FLOWERS.

I GAZED on a blossom shrunk and pale,
That pined in the glare of the burning sun;
No odour it bore for the passing gale,
But it droop'd its head like a dying nun.
The twilight came with its tearful shroud,
And the cheering dew fill'd the flower's sweet eyes;
Once again did it bloom in its beauty proud,
And look'd and blush'd at the starry skies.

I stood in a tangled woodland old,
And gazed on a dark deep water there;
And the breast of that gloomy stream was cold,
But lilies were floating pure and fair,
And shone out like gems on the water's brim,
With beauty gladdening the lonely spot;
And the wanderer stray'd o'er those stream-banks dim,
While the flashing torrents he heeded not.

Oh! my heart was a sad and dying flower,
That pined 'neath the glare of the world's broad eye,
But thy beauty came like a twilight shower,
And my soul was fill'd with aspirings high.
As the silver lilies that graced the stream,
And lit up the depths of its lonely gloom,
So thy love unto me was a blissful beam,
Which made me cling to a sadden'd doom,

THE DEPARTURE.

Farewell awhile, oh, fare thee well, my mother!
My way must now be o'er the pathless main;
Nay, calm thy grief, although I feel no other
Can give thee joy until we meet again;
And if not here, above there is a dwelling,
A lovely one, from pain and parting free,
Where songs of sacred joy are ever swelling—
There let us hope our meeting-place will be:
So that if here we part, yes, part for ever,
We there in bliss may dwell, no more to sever.

And now, I bid adieu to thee, my father—
To thee, in sorrow, now I bid farewell;
And bitter tear-drops in my eyes will gather,
And sighs of anguish will my bosom swell.
My dearest father, in my heart I'll cherish
The well-meant counsel thou do'st fondly give,

And till this throbbing, aching bosom perish,
Shall thy true precepts in my memory live;
Nor think thou, though I be a distant ranger,
To love for thee I e'er can be a stranger.

Farewell to thee, my loved and gentle maiden—
Although the latest, yet of all most dear;
And now my breast with bitter woe o'erladen,
In vain I strive to stay the starting tear.
Adieu, sweet love! my heart is almost broken—
I must not, dare not, cannot longer stay;
Take thou this jewel, keep it as a token
Of him who o'er the billows speeds his way:
A parting kiss! farewell to home and beauty—
Fain would I stay, but must obey thee, duty.

COME AND BUY.

WRITTEN FOR A RELIGIOUS BAZAAR.

Woman neareth most the angel
When her sympathies awake,
And she labours in a mission
For her great Redeemer's sake.

Then she seems most worthy loving,
Then to life new beauties start,
And her sweet and earnest pleading
Wins a way to every heart.

Sacred is the cause that calls her
From her home-endearments now,
And His power whose good she seeketh
Shall her frame with strength endow.

Aid her, help her, Christian brothers,
Cheer her in her holy zeal
To uphold Religion's temples,
And to spread abroad its weal.

Seek her gay and magic circle,
Yield yourselves to beauty's thrall,
Purchase with a liberal spirit,
Patronise each graceful stall.

Take what to your hands is offer'd—
If too much you use your eyes,
You, perchance, may pay too dearly
When you buy the tempting prize.

Dimpled cheeks and waving tresses,
Though they may a bliss impart,
When combined with smiles and glances,
Often cause an aching heart!

ONE IN A GRAVE.

One in a grave!—oh! I would not be
Alone in that dwelling of mystery,
Where the worms crawl in, and the worms crawl out,
And hold on the body their revel rout.
I know 'tis a vain and a foolish thing,
But the heart to its earthly ties will cling;
No matter to us that the soaring soul
Nay wing its way to a brighter goal,
Affection twines round each mortal mate,
Who hath journey'd with us through this worldly state,
As the ivy clingeth, and maketh its stay
With the tree that is hastening to swift decay.
I would not rest 'mid the city's strife,
Where all is astir with the things of life,
Where the wayfarer comes with a heavy tread,
And heedlessly tramples above the dead,
Where the mouldering form like a pest must lie
'Mid the crowded heaps of mortality;
But I would not sleep in a lonely grave,
Like a hermit dead and pent in his cave.
I would that the wind should above me play,
And the sun shed o'er me its golden ray,
And the bird sweep by with its joyful songs,
Like a thing that is always glad and young;
I would have the rustle of leafy trees,
As they quiver and dance in the passing breeze;
I would have green turf all about me spread,
And many a flower with its dewy head,
Scattering rich incense around its home,
Though to me its fragrance no more would come.

One in a grave!—oh! never for me
May that lonely and desolate mansion be!
Below me earth, and above me mould,
And none to share in my dwelling cold.
I would not crave for a stately tomb,
To tell each gazer my earthly doom;
I would but ask for a simple stone,
To make the place of my resting known
To my kindred dear, or the mourning friend
Whose steps at times to my grave might wend,
Whose memory might tell of the merry times
When we listen'd unheeding to midnight's chimes,
And whose conscience might gather a moral from me
To brighten and better his destiny.

One in a grave!—let young children's feet
Come creeping at times to my last retreat;
Let them weep by times, and, if not for me,
For the loved ones I would should about me be;
Let the wife of my bosom my dwelling share,
And the joys of our hearth be about us there;
When the light of life from their eyes hath fled,
Let the grave be the home of my household dead.
Methinks I could calmly look on death,
If I could but yield up my latest breath,
And think, on that awful judgment day,
When the trumpet's blast on all ears shall bray,
And the sheeted dead of all realms shall rise,
I should look upon dear and kindred eyes,
And believe that I hand in hand should go
With the loved of earth, be it weal or woe.

But, oh! let us hope that our course may be
To a haven of immortality,
Where the angels above us their wings shall wave,
And nought shall be known of the fearful grave.

DIRGE.

IN MEMORY OF THE LATE SIR HENRY ROWLEY BISHOP.

The Music Composed by E. J. Loder. ‹ Sung by the Manchester Glee and Choral Society.

SOLO.

THE mournful muse droops weeping o'er his hearse,
Whose genius gave immortal life to verse,
Whose lot below was penury, though his name
Will fadeless shine on the bright scroll of fame.

QUARTET.

The spirit that entranced us is not dead,
A loftier race his harmony endears;
The notes that ravish'd mortal ears are shed
For those who dwell within seraphic spheres.

CHORUS.

OH, glorious fate! above his hallow'd dust
Sweet airs, like fragrance, shall for ever rise;
His soul harmonious may have sought the just,
But leaves with us a spell that never dies.

BLIGHTED HOPES.

THERE were two youthful hearts, that for each other
In unison from infancy had beat;
At first they loved as sister and as brother,
But love became more exquisitely sweet.

Years glided on—the maiden's girlish beauty
Ripen'd into a figure fair and free;
The youth improved in comeliness, and duty
Call'd him to brave the dangers of the sea.

He left his loved one and his father's dwelling,
And but to part from her shed tears of pain;
Romantic dreams his parting sorrow quelling,
Visions of bliss that lay across the main.

He sail'd to lands of never-fading lightness,
To lands made fragrant by the citron's bloom,
Lands where the sunbeams dazzle with their brightness,
And, for awhile, forgot his native home.

Thoughts came of her whose meek, yet strong affection,
Now mourn'd his loss throughout each weary day;
Whose gentle nature pined for his protection—
He turn'd to wipe the falling tear away.

Skies still were bright, but he could brook no longer
To dwell upon that far, though blooming shore;
For still his smother'd wish grew deeper, stronger,
To visit infancy's dear home once more.

Again his bark is bounding o'er the ocean,
And on long parted scenes he loves to dwell,
And his breast heaves with wild and glad emotion,
As memory paints each well-known rock and dell.

The lake was imaged, on whose banks reclining,
He'd pass'd so oft the silent summer night,
When o'er his head the beauteous moon was shining,
And by his side shone beauty still more bright.

He thought upon his aged father's blessing,
His parting prayer, impressive, fervent, mild,
When in his arms his age's darling pressing,
He sued from Heaven protection for his child.

The shore was gain'd—of happy moments telling,
Hope revell'd in his bosom joyously:
Woe for affection! earth is not its dwelling—
He sought his maiden—where, alas! was she?

A tale had come, which told that he so cherish'd,
Had died amid the dark storms of the sea;
His virgin flower of blighted hopes had perish'd!
Their souls were true—hers struggled and was free.

The faith they vow'd death had not power to sever—
He breathed no grief, but sank upon her tomb;
His heart was reft, life pass'd away for ever—
He 'scaped the wave to meet a darker doom.

THE SONG OF DEATH.

I, IN wrath, am walking forth—
  Who my course shall stay?
All that dwell on sea or earth,
  I may sweep away.

Yon gallant vessel gaily goes
  Over the sparkling wave;
The breeze that now so softly blows,
  Shall waft it to a grave.

Yon chosen band of warriors see,
  Whose arms gleam in the sun;
One half of them must dwell with me,
  Ere yet the day be done.

Those fond young lovers in the shade,
  Appoint the bridal-day,
But, ere that day arrive, the maid
  Shall sleep in couch of clay.

That youth is quitting home—in vain
  The hope dwells in his breast
That he shall see it once again,
  For he with me must rest.

The mother of those babes of woe
  Prefers to Heaven a prayer
That their sick sire may live, but no!
  He must my dwelling share.

See, yonder strays an infant boy,
An only child is he,
His parent's sole delight and joy—
He shall my victim be.

Behold yon glittering diadem,
Starring a proud queen's brow;
Oh, what care I for pride or gem'
I will lay her low.

Those servile courtiers lowly bend
Beneath a tyrant's frown;
Millions on his will attend—
I will strike him down.

I, in wrath, am walking forth—
Who my course shall stay?
All that dwell on sea or earth,
I may sweep away.

And a voice answer'd thus to Death:—
"Thou may'st take away
Human state and mortal breath—
These are of the clay.

"Thou art but as the dungeon-slave,
That opes the captive's gate;
There is a home beyond the grave,
Close barr'd 'gainst thee and fate.

"There shall the prison'd spirit fly,
When thou hast set it free:
The soul of man can never die,
And fearless lists to thee!"

THE BRAVE OLD ENGLISH ADMIRAL.

THE calm is gone, the storm is come, and piping peace is o'er,
And Albion's name, and Albion's guns affright a foreign shore;
The thunder of her ships is heard, as it was heard of yore,
Whilst, fatal as the lightning's blaze, is seen the flash before,
For England's brave old Admiral again is on the seas.

The Russian tyrant soon shall feel that falsehood cannot save,
And, though he wears religion's mask, for mercy shall he crave;
He cannot stand against the might of hearts both true and brave;
He may be monarch o'er his serfs, but shall not o'er the wave,
Whilst England's brave old Admiral can ride upon the seas.

The flags of England and of France are fluttering o'er the main,
The rose and fleur-de-lis no more shall be a rival twain,
But like twin flowers, they intertwine, and shall not twine in vain—
Their tendrils to the Northern Bear shall prove an iron chain,
For England's brave old Admiral again is on the seas.

When Charley Napier treads the deck, in confidence and might,
Our hardy tars will never shrink from battl'ing for the right;
His name and fame shall lead them on, and, glory in their sight,
Shall charm and cheer them on their track, with never-dying light,
Whilst England's brave old Admiral is floating on the seas.

The British cannon's awful voice upon the ear shall boom,
Till Russia's Autocratic brow is darken'd o'er with gloom,
And, not in distance shall he see the boding portents loom,
Foretelling that his pride and power must quickly meet their doom,
For England's brave old Admiral again is on the seas.

A cheer then for our gallant tars, a blessing, and a prayer,
For those who quit their native land to nobly do and dare,
Encount'ring every danger, and each peril proud to share,
To prove the Lion must and shall be victor of the Bear,
Whilst England's brave old Admiral commands upon the seas.

PASSING FACES.

Sitting idly at my window, gazing on the busy street,
What a medley group of faces do my wandering glances meet!
Earnest, care-worn, thoughtful, vacant, aged, youthful, every kind,
Mark'd with every phase of feeling that can agitate the mind.
Like a panorama shifting, still they pass before my view,
Ever differing, ever changing, always bringing something new,
None but mystic hand Almighty could depict upon that space
Changes, limitless, and wondrous, such as mark the human face.
What a strange and fearful index to the vision would arise,
If the face reveal'd all workings of the brain unto our eyes!
But 'tis not so—though a mirror of the young and guileless heart,
Oft the face is but a visor masking hollowness and art;
And enough, perchance, is shown us of the hidden depths within,
For our souls would shrink and shudder if we saw each other's sin,
Saw foul thoughts, like slimy serpents, gliding o'er the fairest flowers,
Coming to us with their poison, in our gayest, brightest hours,
Till no man would trust his brother, for the dial-plate without
Ever would have finger pointing to some line of guilt or doubt;
And the language which is written of the thoughts which mock control,
Shows us what must make us ponder on the mysteries of the soul.

Children, like the winged blossoms, restlessly are fluttering by ;
Maiden forms float past, with love-lights charming the beholder's eye ;
By me agile youth is bounding, dancing like a sunny ray,
Whilst behind it age is creeping, like a dark cloud, on its way ;
Chariot-wheels are by me rolling, bearing on some lady-form,
Clad in rich and radiant garments, woven by a fellow-worm ;
Wearily come trailing after, with their haggard looks of woe,
Forms through whose soil'd rags the breezes with a biting bluster blow.
Full-blown wealth is stately passing, with an eye and brow of pride,
Scorning what is more than equal, decent labour at its side.
Empty folly, high ambition, modest merit, toiling worth,
Pure-soul'd penury, purse-proud meanness, all keep passing o'er the earth ;
Like a restless river rushing ever onwards to the sea,
Where is heard the ceaseless surging of a dread eternity.

Bountiful and great Creator ! Thou alone hast power to save,
Thou alone hast power to snatch us from the dark and foaming wave ;
Hearts and faces are before Thee spread like a wide-open scroll,
Every hidden thought and feeling that doth live within the soul,
We are all alike before Thee, weak and faulty things of dust—
Mercifully wilt Thou judge us—in Thy wisdom let us trust,

THE GARLAND OF LIFE.*

In youth we weave a garland of the brightest, fairest flowers,
Of buds of every scent and hue, from spring and summer bowers;
Then we revel in its fragrance, and we gaze with raptured eye,
And little think the loveliest flowers are earliest doom'd to die.

The primrose of our childhood soon outlives its little day,
The fragile snowdrop of our hopes will hasten to decay,
The daisy-buds of innocence all vanish from our view,
And the pure and modest violet droops its leaves of lustrous hue.

The tulip and the lilac-flower a little longer cling,
And the tendrils of the rose and pink abroad their beauty fling;
The vervain of enchantment, and the heart's ease, soon are gone,
Though the jasmine and the daffodil may yet awhile live on.

The wallflower, though it be the type of friendship in distress,
Falls from the wreath when come the days of pain and wretchedness;
The acacia, with its friendly buds, forsakes the hour of gloom,
And the honeysuckle fadeth with its incense and its bloom.

* The language of flowers, and emblematic garlands, are of very ancient date. The following are the definitions of the flowers alluded to:—Primrose, childhood; Snowdrop, hope; Daisy, innocence; Violet, modesty; Tulip, declaration of love; Lilac, first emotions of love; Rose, love; Pink, pure love; Vervain, enchantment; Heart's Ease, think of me; Jasmine, amiableness; Daffodil, self-love; Wallflower, fidelity in misfortume; Acacia, friendship; Honeysuckle, generous and devoted affection; Dead Leaves, sadness and melancholy; Weeping Willow, mourning; Amaranth, immortality.

We gaze upon the garland with a sad and tearful eye,
And muse upon the wither'd leaves that all about it lie;
They greet us as the emblems of our sorrow and despair,
And still hang around the willow-boughs that form'd the garland fair.

One only flower survives the buds of summer and of spring,
And telleth the repining heart that it to hope must cling;
The blessed amaranthine flower a boon to man was given,
To speak of immortality, and point the way to Heaven.

THE ALPHABET OF DEATH.

THERE is a meaning in the alphabet,
Which in my childhood could not reach my mind;
Then there was nothing which I need regret,
But now each letter to my heart doth bind
Some sad and solemn memory. I find
The name of some beloved one link'd with each
Great capital that caused my early tears.
The links of love, solder'd by lapsing years,
Have been dissever'd often with a shock
Like to the lightning's—all within its reach
Appear'd each earthly chain of life to mock,
And leave me desolate. My hopes and fears
Seem paralysed when I the past behold,
For those most loved are dead to me or cold

THE CHILDREN'S DITTY.

THERE is no meaning in the words I hear,
But there is joy unmeasured in their sound,
And laughter, ringing silvery and clear,
Is ever springing from that childish round.

No matter what the turmoil of the street,
No sounds discordant on those hearts can jar;
In ceaseless patter still career those feet,
And not a care those buoyant sounds can mar.

There is no music link'd unto that air,
And yet 'tis redolent of hope and mirth;
Its every note hath antidotes to care,
And recollections of the past have birth.

Who strung that jargon into uncouth rhyme?
It is the same, unchanged in every word:
How many loftier songs hath ruthless time
Destroy'd since first that nothingness I heard!

A cheering freshness, like the breath of spring,
Comes ever with it, for 'tis heard alone
From those whom mirthful hearts have taught to sing,
Whose songs oft cease when childhood's days are gone.

Oh, happy children! growing like the flowers,
Sing on unheeding, neither toil nor spin;
Manhood and wisdom bring with them their dowers,
But bliss like yours can never hope to win.

MORNING.

THE dawn is breaking—night's dark hours are past,
The murky clouds are spreading far and wide,
The twinkling stars are all departing fast,
For sunshine cometh in a golden tide
Of orient splendour, gilding with its beams
Hill, valley, hall, and cottage, plain, and streams.
The mist hath vanish'd, like a sinner's dreams,
And rose-hued cars o'er heaven's blue highway glide.
Flowers ope their chalices, and lift their eyes,
Dew-diamonded and odorous, to the skies.
There is no sound, save music, on the air,
There is no sight, but beauty, everywhere:
Parent of goodness! let thy children pray
That Thou may'st guard and guide them through the day.

MY SON HAROLD.

WRITTEN IN COMPLIANCE WITH HIS REQUEST THAT I WOULD MAKE HIM THE SUBJECT OF A POEM.

WITHIN a house, whose walls are brick.
Deny the fact who can—
There dwells a boy, who, if he lives,
Will one day be a man.

If you should meet this boy so strange,
You'll know him in the street,
For when he walks, he always will
Keep moving with his feet.

His eyes are very comical,
For wheresoe'er he goes,
They're always peeping right and left,
From each side of his nose.

I never heard that they fell out,
But friends they cannot be,
For though there's but a bridge between,
They keep not company.

His tongue is red, his teeth are white,
And pointed is his chin;
His jaws keep wagging up and down,
When they have food within.

His skull is thatch'd with light brown hair,
Just right above his ears,
And when he cries, from both his eyes
He's sure to drop some tears.

Upon each hand he's fingers five,
And he's as many toes,
And, sure as I am now alive,
They go where'er he goes.

Whoever finds one just like him,
Although not great my gains,
I promise them a great reward—
They may keep him for their pains!

SERENADE.

Wake, dearest, wake, the gentle breeze is creeping,
Softly 'tis singing and sighing 'mid the leaves;
Wake, dearest, wake, the night its dews is weeping,
Like a maiden's tears when her heart's dream she weaves.

Wake, dearest, wake, the moon and stars are shining,
Flooding the earth with a bright and dazzling stream;
But I see not thee, and my spirit is repining—
Night to me is dark when thine eyes no longer beam.

Drop me but a flower, and sun it with thy smiling,
Press it to thy lips, let it drink the fragrance there;
From thy cheek a blush, oh, let it be beguiling,
And the bud to me will be ever sweet and fair.

Grant me but a glance, though it be as lightning fleeting,
Speak but for a moment, in thy accents of delight:
Be still, oh, heart of mine! she answereth my greeting—
I see thee, love, I hear thee, love!—good night! good night!

THE LADY BERTHA.

'Twas the Lady Bertha sitting lonely in a lordly hall,
Whilst the summer sun was gilding all without the castle wall;
But her maiden heart was gloomy, and a dark and heavy cloud
Seem'd to weigh upon her spirit, and she thought upon her shroud.

Sir Wilfred had been absent from her for full many a dreary day,
And his prowess had been proven in full many a fierce affray;
But the tidings which had reach'd her of her brave affianced knight
Were as varied as the day-clouds, though as dark as those of night.

Suitors gallant, proud, and noble, had been dazzled by her charms,
And devised devices many to ensnare her to their arms;
Stratagems and glaring falsehoods, bann'd by all the powers above,
'Mid this vale of scheme and quibble, mortals say are fair in love.

Strange the tales the Lady Bertha by her suitors had been told,
How the knight had bow'd to beauty, or been won by sordid gold;
Some had said that he was stricken to the death on bloody field,
Others that, by numbers hemm'd in, he had been compell'd to yield.

On his miniature the lady fix'd her fond admiring eye,
And she said "Thou soul of valour, I for thee will live or die;
Honour sits upon thy forehead, truth is in thy every look,
And the cravens that would blast thee ne'er can I one moment
brook.

Would they seek to win me from thee by the tale thou art
estranged?
When the heart once loveth truly, well I know 'tis never changed;
If that thou art taken captive, captive still I cling to thee;
If thy body hath been slaughter'd, still thy spirit lives for me."

Scarce had spoke the Lady Bertha when a shape stood by her side,
And a dear voice stirr'd her tresses, "I have come to claim my
bride!"
Joy, surprise, and sweet confusion, mantled o'er the lady's face,
As she started, and was folded to that form of youth and grace.

Need I tell the sequel to you?—unto all it must be be plain,
That she told him knights had woo'd her with devices false and
vain;
How he by his noble prowess slanderers conquer'd and defied,
And unto the holy altar bore his true and peerless bride.

These are rhymes not idly written—falsehood is of small avail,
Whilst in hearts, where truth is living, soon shall happiness
prevail;
And whate'er the worldly scorners may in malice give to birth,
Truth in manhood, love in woman, still exist upon the earth.

I'LL TELL MY MOTHER.

Timid little Marian,
With her blooming beauty,
In an instant lured me
From the path of duty;

Nothing else I thought of,
  Nothing, and no other,
Though she cried, if I but touch'd her,
  "Don't!—I'll tell my mother!"

When she heard me coming,
  Straight she sought some hiding,
And broke out in laughter,
  Checking thus my chiding;
If I did but press her hand
  More warmly than a brother,
She said, and snatch'd her fingers,
  "Don't!—I'll tell my mother!"

When the love I bore her
  Could not be dissembled,
And our lips encounter'd,
  How she blush'd and trembled!
That *one* kiss she forgave me,
  But, when I stole another,
She cried out, yet not loudly,
  "Oh!—I'll tell my mother!"

Mine I said she must be,
  Without more denying,
For all night I slept not,
  And all day was sighing;
She must answer me with "yes!"
  That *one word* and no other,
She only sigh'd and whisper'd,
  "Pray don't tell my mother!"

THE DEATH OF RAGLAN.

A CLOUD lies heavy on the nation's heart,
For he, whose will sway'd thousands by a breath,
Hath felt the touch of the destroyer's dart,
And sleeps unvex'd within the arms of Death.
The honour'd comrade of that iron man,
Whose name struck terror into every foe,
Hath fallen, but fell not in the battle van,
For pale disease hath laid the hero low.

Not where the cannon, with its awful tones,
Thunder'd above the plains of blood and strife,
Were yielded up the soldier's parting groans,
But meekly, calmly past the hero's life.
Frothing and foaming as the furious wave,
Dashing in hurtless spleen against the rock,
So slander sank in dark, oblivious grave,
Whene'er it sought his deathless fame to mock.

Calm when the conflict raged around he stood,
No thoughts ignoble e'er disturb'd his life;
With brow serene he look'd on fire and blood,
And seem'd the genius of a righteous strife.
The sun-stain'd soldiers on his hallow'd bier
Did sorrowingly their earnest glances bend,
While down each rugged cheek fell many a tear—
They mourn'd his loss as chieftain, father, friend.

The belching batteries of the foe were still'd,
When pass'd along the mournful cavalcade,
And savage hearts with reverent awe were fill'd,
And silent tribute to his valour paid.
We have his treasured dust, now sleeps he well,
The sounds of earth can startle not or cheer;
Heaven's trumpet only shall dissolve the spell,
When comes its summons to the warrior's ear.

THE EAGLE AND THE ROSE.

Uprouse ye, sons of England,
And fight the fearless fight;
Your fathers, in the olden time,
Struck ever for the right.
Their lion hearts, their ships of oak
Did evermore prevail,
And you, who are their children true,
May die, but must not fail.

Uprouse ye, gallant sons of France,
To succour and to save;
You yet have your Napoleon
To animate the brave.
The chivalry, that lived of old,
Within you is not dead:
The name of France must ever prove
A sound for foes to dread.

The Roses bloom in England yet,
The Eagles fly in France:
Where'er the bird and flower are seen
Their soldiers will advance,
Then on with bayonet and ball
Against the Russian foes,
And be your war-cry, in the fight,
The Eagle and the Rose!

NAPOLEON.

My early youth was haunted by a dream
Of great achievements, and of victories won;
And one bright presence 'midst them all would gleam—
It was the image of Napoleon.

The world was ever ringing with his fame,
And what seem'd marvels, when he spoke were done;
And royal cheeks grew blench'd at the dread name
Of the great kingmaker, Napoleon.

The burning desert, or the death-like snow,
That others check'd, to him were barriers none;
Where'er he will'd, there did his legions go,
And none held back, when led Napoleon.

The pride of empires fall beneath his glance,
As melteth ice before the shining sun;
Princes were playthings for the realm of France,
Sway'd by the sceptre of Napoleon.

A shadow fell upon his glorious path,
And, for brief time, the mighty man was gone;
But he return'd, in grandeur, strength, and wrath,
And once again reign'd great Napoleon.

Again the world was ringing with his name,
Again his veterans dream'd of battles won;
And bright as ever, on the scroll of fame,
Shone the escutcheon of Napoleon.

Once more he parted from his high estate,
Again dark shadows gloom'd before his sun;
Though powerless exile closed his mortal fate,
To fame eternal pass'd Napoleon.

And years roll'd on—another exile stood
On England's shore, unfriended, and alone;
Yet in his viens swell'd the heroic blood
Of him, the first, the great Napoleon.

He cast his keen and eagle glance around,
He felt a prince, though subject lived not one;
His form was here, his thoughts on other ground—
France had his heart—he was Napoleon.

He heard of strife in his beloved land,
Of perils which his spirit did not shun;
So he return'd, and soon a serried band
Rush'd to the standard of Napoleon.

Again in France the eagle takes its flight,
Flasheth the sabre, thundereth the gun;
And foemen listen, with a wild affright,
To know that yet there reigns Napoleon.

England and France now dear communion bind,
  France hath its firm and princely-hearted son,
England its daughter, with her royal mind—
  England Victoria, France Napoleon.

Long may the union last—on fields of fame,
  Where glorious deeds of chivalry are done,
May heroes greet with equal joy each name—
  Cheer for Victoria and Napoleon!

THE FLOWER OF FRANCE.

Beautiful Eugenie!
  Lovely flower of France!
Guarded round with graces,
  Arm'd with smile and glance;
Hearts and voices bless thee,
  Over all the land;
Good thoughts hover near thee,
  Like an angel band.

Beautiful Eugenie!
  Lovely flower of France!
Not as France's Empress
  Thou do'st men entrance;
Nature with thee blended
  Such resistless power,
Thou wert born an Empress—
  Conquest was thy dower.

Beautiful Eugenie!
  Lovely flower of France!
Virtue, truth, and charity,
  Thy beauty doth enhance;
Priceless jewel is thy love,
  Thou do'st wealth impart,
Richer than an empire's is,
  To him who sways thy heart.

Beautiful Eugenie!
  Lovely flower of France!
Never need attend thee
  Musket, sword, and lance;
True and gentle womanhood
  Round thee sheds its rays;
Meekness quells all enemies,
  And the slayer slays.

Beautiful Eugenie!
  Lovely flower of France!
Whilst thou livest and bloomest,
  So may love advance;
May proud France's lily,
  And fair England's rose,
Flourish till there breathes not
  One that calls them foes.

HIDDEN GRIEF.

THERE is a grief for every heart
  The world doth never know,
A sorrow that we ne'er impart,
  A deep, though silent woe.

Upon the lip may sit a smile,
  The tongue have words of mirth,
And wit to laughter may beguile,
  And yet in gloom have birth.

The rose in sunny light may bloom,
  Where all around is fair,
And none who drink its rich perfume
  Will know the worm is there.

The flashing stream in joy may glide,
  Nor tell of woe beneath,
And none will dream its waters hide
  Madness, despair, and death.

We look around, in envious mood,
  On beauty's lustrous eyes,
And reck not that her solitude
  Is dimm'd by tears and sighs.

Oh, could we know each bitter care
  Which other breasts have known,
More lightly should we learn to bear
  The grief which is our own.

Too little thought to God is lent,
  Too much to all below;
If more the mind on Heaven were bent,
  More weak were earthly woe.

THE SHAKSPERE FESTIVAL.

WRITTEN FOR AN AMATEUR PERFORMANCE DINNER, GIVEN TO THE AUTHOR AND TWO OTHER FRIENDS, DECEMBER 1, 1847.

A MIGHTY spirit of the past,
Upon our hearts a spell hath cast,
  And call'd us here to-night,
To pay a tribute to his fame,
To offer homage to a name
  That fills us with delight.

The beacon of our feast shall be
The heir of immortality—
  Shakspere, the matchless one,
Who peopled earth, and wave, and wind
With deathless creatures of the mind—
  The subjects to his throne.

He summon'd, from the "vasty deep,"
A motley host to laugh and weep,
  To counsel and to cheer:
And now *we* call, and not in vain—
At once a spiritual train
  Seem to assemble here.

Jack Falstaff, with his racy wit,
At this our revel now doth sit,
And mad-cap Hal appears;
Whilst the fourth Harry on him looks,
Though well the prince his glances brooks,
With more of smiles than tears.

Hotspur now isues his commands,
And spirits, ready to his hands,
Respond unto his call;
But quick he sends them to their doom,
His "great revenge" hath ample room
And "stomach for them all."

Worcester and trusty Westmoreland
Can now each grasp a friendly hand,
And Douglas, too, is calm;
Northumberland looks blandly on,
Well pleased to see his gallant son
Hath found for care a balm.

If Owen Glendower now should tell
He frameth ditties "lovely well,"
He shall not be "put down"—
We'll hear the wizard Welshman sing;
And Mortimer, the would-be King,
May spend, not wear, a crown.

Francis may cry "anon, anon,"
And Poins may medicine Sir John;
And Bardolph's meteor nose,
The while of sack he takes his fill,
May shine on Peto and Gadshill,
With its perpetual glows.

Sir Richard Vernon here may boast
Of Harry and his warlike host,
And, perhaps, with truth, may say
He saw them, wild as the young bull,
Wanton as goats, of spirit full,
As is the month of May.

Sir Walter Blunt may learn to-night
To ape the King, but not in fight;
The carriers will have fled,
Without the aid of lantern's ray,
Yet be in time to find their way,
With candle, to their bed.

But soft! the striking of the clock,
And not the crow of morning cock,
Hath scared the train away;
And now, again, I look around,
And see the table is but crown'd
For things of mortal clay.

One hallow'd goblet let us drain
To him who form'd the shadowy train
Of the bright vision gone;
One goblet to our SHAKSPERE's name,
The bard of universal fame,
England's immortal son!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

Spirit, that speakest in the moaning wind,
Art thou the shadow of the happy past,
The ghost of joy, that ridest on the blast,
Telling of desolation to the mind?
I listen to thee till my very heart
Is almost pulseless with the agony
Of old remembrances. Around me start
Glad sounds of laughter, hush'd for evermore;
Hopes that were broken, aspirations high,
Faces of beauty, forms that buried lie,
Kindred and friends, departed to that shore
Where only happiness can never die.
Teach me, O God, comfort and hope to find,
Even in the moaning of the sad-voiced wind.

THE SHADOW OF DEATH.

An awful shadow seems about me flying,
Unseen, impalpable, with noiseless wings;
It seems to whisper of the dead and dying,
And o'er my spirit saddening influence flings.

It haunts me when my laugh sounds of the lightest,
And all around imagine me most gay;
It clouds my feelings when the scene is brightest,
And beaming eyes are lit with merry ray.

I think of those who knew me in life's morning,
When every nerve to rapture's pitch was strung;
When joy and hope were all my thoughts adorning,
And nature, like my life, look'd fresh and young.

What dreams we had of days that were a-coming,
What sunshine rested on our future hours;
We roam'd like bees, for ever gaily humming,
And gather'd sweetness from all kinds of flowers.

Where are those co-mates, glad and buoyant-hearted?
I look around me, and I find not one;
Some in the dawning of their days departed,
Some lived to manhood's noon, but all are gone!

And even in their lives how were they scatter'd!
Distance or fate had made them kin no more;
Some lived to see their hopes all dead and shatter'd,
Whilst some through life a charm'd existence bore.

At times I marvel why God here hath left me,
When worthier far have hasten'd to decay,
Whilst I, though time of many hath bereft me,
Have blessings still to cheer me on my way.

Like a deep bell, in solemn sadness knolling,
Come ever and anon upon mine ear
Tidings of death, and frequent, 'mid the tolling
A small voice whispers, "Thou abidest not here!"

I hear them speak of numbers who have perish'd,
When the sought shore hath burst upon their sight,
And all the hopes, which long their hearts had cherish'd,
Were whelm'd at once beneath the waves of night.

I hear them tell full many a painful story
Of sad disasters, scaring all the land,
Of shiver'd limbs, and bodies crush'd and gory—
Yet never doubt the wisdom of Thy hand.

I hear of children and of parents dying,
Of mourners weeping round the couch of pain;
But Thou I know canst soothe all human sighing,
And never issuest Thy decrees in vain.

Some pass from earth like lights that shoot from Heaven,
One moment seen, then vanish'd is their ray;
To some, long lingering hours of pangs are given,
Ere fades their light into Thy perfect day.

But what is that which we call "time?" Great Father,
A speck of dust compared with all of Thine;
No tiny mortal mind may hope to gather
One glimmering glimpse of that which is divine,

We only know Thee in Thy works of glory,
In all we see, and think, and feel, and hear;
And in Thy Book, where we may read the story
Of deeds that make us glorify and fear.

Away then, awful shadow!—I will banish
All that is sad and fearful from my soul;
I feel the terrors of thy presence vanish,
At thoughts of Him who made and rules the whole.

The eye of Him who marks "the sparrow's falling,"
Dwelleth for ever on each form of dust:
So let me then prepare to hear His calling,
Thankful to live, but meeting death with trust.

VALEDICTORY LINES.

ADDRESSED TO JENNY LIND ON HER VISIT TO AMERICA.

Young heritress of love and song,
  Go forth upon thy way,
Where myriads will around thee throng,
  And hail thy coming day;
Go, like the morning, pure and bright,
  In joy and sunshine go,
And flowers of beauty and delight
  About thy path will grow,
And prayers shall follow in thy track,
And shield thy bark from waves and rack,
And guide thee on to that far land,
Where thou wilt every heart command.

Fair herald from a realm divine,
  We know thy mission here;
We know the hallow'd task is thine
  To dry affliction's tear,
To cheer the homes of grief and pain,
To bid the hopeless hope again,
To bid the hungry eat and live,
To give where none before would give,
To spread abroad, o'er every land,
The bounties of thy liberal hand,
And, therefore, do we bid thee go
Wherever dwelleth human woe.

Not for thy place of mortal birth
  Did Heaven thy presence send;
Thou wert a denizen of earth,
  O'er many climes to wend;
Thou wert like light, and dew, and air,
A thing to gladden everywhere;
And temple gay, and sacred fane,
Alike have heard thy angel-strain
Come clear and ringing to the heart,
And bidding thoughts unblest depart.

'Tis not to domes of princely state
God sends his ministers of fate;
The Saviour of the world was laid
Beneath a manger's lowly shade,
And often have the lists of fame
Been brighten'd by a peasant's name;
Fate laughs at pomp and high degree,
And genius needs not ancestry:
So wert thou destined thus to shine,
The grace and glory of thy line,
And from thy home, like leaf fraught dove,
Take wing with charity and love,
And see the world's wide tribute paid
To thee a simple Swedish maid.

Go forth, then, gentle pilgrim, go,
  Thy brow with wreaths of triumph twined,
And make the hearts of millions glow
  Like those where thou art now enshrined;
Pour on the rapt and ravish'd ear
  Thy soul's rich tide of matchless song,
And joy through many an after year,
  Shall to the listening hosts belong;

And thou shalt be, as thou hast been,
The meek-eyed spirit of each scene,
A wandering visitant of love,
Vouchsafed to cheer us from above,
An angel that hath deign'd to stray
From regions of unfading day,
To scatter melody, and bless
The darken'd homes of wretchedness.

Depart, then, noble heart and true,
And, as thou journeyest onward, bear
A nation's warm and fond adieu,
A nation's gratitude and prayer,
The thankful orisons that rise
From swelling hearts to tearful eyes,
Devoted love that, more than fame,
Will link dear memories with thy name,
And, as thou goest on thy way,
Invest thee as with sacred ray,
And ever guard and hem thee round,
As one on heavenly message bound,
Until accomplish'd is thy stay,
And angel voices call away;
And this their tidings then may be—
The choir of seraphs waits for thee!

ON SEEING AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER OF MILTON'S.

CAN this be glorious Milton's writing? These the lines
Traced by the great and worshipp'd bard who sang
Of Eden lost! Methinks upon the hallow'd scroll there shines
A light divine, as if from thence it sprang,
Like circling halo o'er the heads of saints. Has thy hand,
Saint of the poet's calender, been laid
Upon the paper that I gently touch?
Yes, here thy fingers moved, or ere the shade
Of darkness fell for ever o'er the land.
For thou did'st look on heav'n, whose light was such
As blinded thee to earth and mortal sight:
Thou did'st behold, and all below was night;
But from thy night of worldly blindness came
The quenchless sun of thine immortal fame.

DARKNESS AND SILENCE.

A POETICAL ADDRESS, WRITTEN FOR THE MANCHESTER SHAKSPERIAN SOCIETY'S PERFORMANCE, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, LIVERPOOL, APRIL 25, 1851, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE LIVERPOOL EYE AND EAR INFIRMARY.

THE stars were blotted from the face of night,
The moon was hurl'd from out her bark of light,
The meads and vales had lost their garb of green,
The rivers flash'd not in the noon-day sheen;

No cheerful heralds usher'd in the day,
No sun sent forth its animating ray;
The arching skies had lost their smiling hue,
Funereal shrouds had dimm'd their placid blue.
Still on the gale the balm of flowers was shed,
But all the beauty of their leaves had fled;
O'er earth and Heaven was spread one sombre pall,
And death-like darkness brooded over all.
Who shall dispel the chaos, whose the call,
At sound of which the awful veil shall fall?
You are the wizards, you possess the power
To bless the darken'd with a priceless dower;
Give but your aid, but issue your command,
And to the rescue come the mind and hand,
Nerved and directed by tried skill and thought.
By them, through Heaven, shall wondrous deeds be wrought;
The sun again shall pour its radiance down,
And tree and tower shall wear a gladdening crown.
That act to all must bring most true delight,
Which cheers the poor, and gives to blindness sight.

The earth was hush'd in silence, rushing streams
At times came coursing through the sufferer's dreams,
And gentle voices, whispering sweet and low,
Came, like soft music heard long years ago;
But to the waker all was blank and drear,
No voice of nature ever reach'd the ear;
The hapless mother gazed upon her child,
But heard no accents when it prattling smiled;
No household converse to the mind now came,
As when of old, close gather'd by the flame,
Cheer'd by the dancing blaze and glowing ray,
Parents would gossip of the by-gone day,

And canvass'd o'er the hopes, joys, care, and strife,
That make the history of domestic life.
The link of words no longer form'd the chain,
And friendly sympathy was snapt in twain;
Music was still'd, devotion lost its tone—
From hall and temple had their influence flown.
Who can lift up the bruised and sickening heart?
Who can once more the words of joy impart?
Many now gather'd here have means to bless
The piners in unspoken wretchedness.
Your timely ministry perchance may pour
The flood of sound upon the soul once more;
And the bright memory of such deeds will cast
An ever-haunting halo o'er the past.

We who have wander'd from our neighbouring sphere,
Now humbly crave indulgent audience here.
Untaught by long experience, we would claim,
Not the high meed which makes the veteran's fame;
We ask from you the censure, or the praise,
Due unto those who spend their anxious days
Where Commerce rules, and only leave its reign
To succour those who droop in want and pain.
Speaking his language, who could speak for all,
In Shakspere's name we venture here to call,
His was the lore design'd for every heart,
Fain would we here with truth his lines impart;
But 'tis in vain, and if we win applause,
We know 'twill be for Shakspere and our cause.

SONNET. — SUMMER EVENING RAIN.

THE rain with liquid music greets the earth,
Daintily pattering among the leaves,
And hanging diamonds on the cottage eaves;
Odours unknown are springing into birth;
The flowers look like a maid who weeps, not grieves,
Her fair cheeks wet with love's delicious tears;
Or like young eyes, o'erbrimm'd with laughing joy.
The small pools lying in the rustic lanes,
Glisten afar like polish'd crystal panes,
And, nearer seen, a mirror each appears;
The birds pour forth their joyful vesper lays—
God-garb'd, the rain doth not their forms annoy:
So let my heart 'neath Nature's temple raise
A grateful song, harmonious with praise.

I SIT BESIDE HER IN THE HALL.

I SIT beside her in the hall,
I gaze upon her face,
And while she sweetly smiles on all,
No smile for me I trace;
I seek the presence I should shun—
Alas, how hard his lot,
Who cannot choose but cling to one
Who heeds, who loves him not.

I breathed my passion in her ear,
With fervent look and word,
And as I spoke, 'mid hope and fear,
Unmov'd my tale she heard;
And then she told, with alter'd look,
That all must be forgot—
Her chilling glance I could not brook—
Alas, she loved me not.

I dreamt of her at dead of night,
Her lips to mine seem'd prest,
My soul was fill'd with love's own light,
I clasp'd her to my breast;
I ask'd if she would be my bride,
And bless'd my happy lot;
But when we reach'd the altar's side,
She said she loved me not.

I do not blame her just decree,
Tis meet that we should part,
No ray of hope remains for me—
Another claims her heart;
Yet still I linger where she dwells,
I cannot quit the spot,
Though all I see and hear but tells
She heeds, she loves me not.

TO MARIAN.

LIKE to a rose just bursting into bloom,
Or like a violet shrinking from the sun,
Or like a pale star, shining 'mid the gloom,
To cheer the drooping heart, and guide it on;
Oh, such art thou—a being form'd to bless,
Gladdening my spirit with thy loveliness.

Fair as the white dove, when, upon the wing,
It floatheth slowly through the sunny air;
More sweet thy breath than when from flowers of spring
The gentle winds the balmy odours bear:
My bark of hope, when worldly tempests rage,
My fount of joy amid life's pilgrimage.

Bright eyes have glanced on me, and I have been
Caress'd by beauty, in the festal hall;
Yes, I have mingled in the joyous scene,
When it did seem the young heart's carnival:
Perchance my features may have worn a smile,
And yet my spirit hath been sad the while.

I had imagined—it might be in dreams,
Or 'twixt a dreaming and a waking thought,
When to the mind oft come mysterious gleams
Of things and shapes with past and future wrought—
I had imagined one whom I could love,
And with my memory that bright form I wove.

I nurs'd that beauteous image of the mind,
And it was with me in the banquet hour;
Amid the festive group I sought to find
That form created by the fancy's power;
I found it not, and then I turn'd aside,
Yearning for that which ever seem'd denied.

Fair form, sweet being, I have found thee now!
That blessed moment ne'er can I forget,
When, after fading of the day's proud glow,
Thy maiden beauty first my fond gaze met;
I saw at once the image long enshrined
Within my heart, and fashion'd by the mind.

The stars were out upon that lovely night,
And the white clouds were sailing up on high,
And the moon glided in her bark of light,
With virgin majesty athwart the sky:
Star, cloud, and moon, oh! what were those to me?
My love, my Marian, I but thought of thee.

Thine eyes are dearer than the stars of Heaven,
Thou art as pure as is the virgin moon,
Thy course more bright than that of white clouds driven,
Like silver isles, in the night's pallid noon;
The spell, the charm, for which, in musings lone,
My spirit pined, is all around thee thrown.

My waking dream of bliss, it cannot fade;
The love, the light that liveth but in thee,
E'en when the dust upon mine heart is laid,
Shall be unquench'd in its idolatry:
Change, death, and worm, ye are but for the clay—
The soul, the spirit, cannot know decay!

THE SONGS OF ENGLAND.

THE Songs of England! who their might shall tell,
The strong deep influence which their sounds impart?
Like magic charms they in the memory dwell—
The birds encaged within the human heart,
Whose voices oft in saddest moments start,
Calling before us many a vanish'd hour
And forms beloved, who by their minstrel art
Entranced our spirits with a spell of power.

The Songs of England! they the heart have cheer'd
Of the lone sailor on the billowy sea;
When through far climes his vessel hath been steer'd,
The simple words of some old melody
Have brought unto his mind his wanderings free,
When in his boyhood he was wont to roam
By winding dale, and over pleasant lea,
Through the green precincts of his native home.

The trees no more are branching o'er his head,
He hears the creaking of the corded mast,
The rocking plank re-echoes to his tread,
And in his ear fierce howls the chainless blast—
Instead of plains around are waters vast;
Unto his spirit childish memories creep,
And all unmann'd he dreameth of the past,
Listening the song that lull'd him to his sleep.

The Songs of England! they have oft inspired
To deeds of glory, and of lofty aim;
The warlike youth hath at their sound been fired,
And fervent rush'd to gory fields of fame,
To find an early death, or win a name:
More potent than the trumpet's breath, they fan
The heroic spark till it becomes a flame,
And songs are chanted in the battle-van.

No more the minstrel roams from hall to hall,
And with impassion'd fingers sweeps the strings;
No more at tilt and courtly festival
In praise of war and lady fair he sings;
No more the knight upon his charger springs,
Breathing a love-lay to his damsel true,
Whilst on the breeze her snowy scarf she flings,
And waves with kiss-fraught hand a last adieu.

No more we hear the plaintive serenade
Breaking the stillness of the drowsy night,
Whilst at her casement stands the timid maid,
Listening the sounds with trembling delight,
And ever and anon, in wild affright,
Thinking she hears some kinsman's angry words—
The strain hath ceased, and in the silver light
Dark forms appear—she hears the clash of swords.

Those times have fled, but still we have the song,
Gladdening our bosoms as it did of old;
Still it delights the aged and the young,
Arouses still the timid and the bold.

When summer's sun hath tinged the hills with gold,
The lowly peasant sings amid his corn,
And when stern winter pincheth him with cold,
The Christmas ditty makes him less forlorn.

The mother singeth to her smiling child,
The grandsire to the urchin on his knee;
The mourning heart is oft of grief beguiled
By the low words of some sweet melody;
And when to scenes of social mirth we flee,
And forms we love are gather'd all around,
Still doth the song improve our hours of glee,
And joy grow sweeter at sweet music's sound.

The exile, wandering 'neath a foreign sky,
Hummeth a snatch of some remember'd song,
And tears of sorrow dim his drooping eye,
As fancy revels long-lost scenes among;
The patriot pours his soul's full tide along,
And in the stream of song it floweth free;—
England! thy bards shall never plead for wrong—
Their themes are virtue, truth, and liberty!

THE POET'S COUNSEL.

ADDRESSED TO A YOUNG GIRL WHO REQUESTED THE AUTHOR TO COMPOSE SOME LINES FOR HER.

Now, Matilda, silent be,
Whilst a poet speaks to thee;
Leave thy frolic for awhile,
And attend without a smile,
Scarcely thirteen years have fled,
Little maiden o'er thy head,
Yet four thousand times the sun
His daily course of light hath run,
And four thousand times the moon
Hath lit up the night's dark noon;
And each day and night we see
Is full of things of mystery;
Every day and every hour
Speaks to us of God's great power;
Every minute that doth wing
Will some awful lesson bring;
Not the smallest space of time
But is fraught with truth sublime.
If we do but think aright,
All is grateful to the sight;
Every season of the year
Something brings our hearts to cheer.
Thus, then, I to thee will say,
Let but goodness guide thy way,
And in every month thou'lt find
Something pleasant to the mind.

January, with its snow,
Will not bring a thought of woe;
February, dark and chill,
Thee with nought of gloom shall fill;
March may blow upon thy form,
But thou wilt not heed its storm;
April with its smiles and tears,
Shall have more of hopes than fears;
In the blushing month of May
Thou shalt dance, and laugh, and play;
In the flowery days of June
Thou may'st sing a merry tune;
In July's bright golden hours
Thou may'st sport amid the bow'rs;
August, with its varied leaf,
Shall not have one shade of grief;
And September unto thee
Shall of joy a harvest be;
October—month when thou wert born—
Shall not be to thee forlorn;
Though November spreads its pall,
Evergreens it hath for all;
And December, cold and drear,
Brings us merry Christmas here.
Therefore wilt thou always find
Something pleasant to the mind,
If thou wilt but act and be
As the poet counsels thee.

TO MY WIFE.

Thy cheek is pale with many cares,
  Thy brow is overcast,
And thy fair face a shadow wears,
  That tells of sorrows past;
But music hath thy tongue for me—
How dark soe'er my lot may be,
I turn for comfort, love, to thee,
  My beautiful, my wife!

Thy gentle eyes are not so bright,
  As when I woo'd thee first,
Yet still they have the same sweet light,
  Which long my heart hath nurst;
They have the same enchanting beam
Which charm'd me in love's early dream,
And still with joy on me they stream,
  My beautiful, my wife!

When all without looks dark and cold,
  And voices change their tone,
Nor greet me as they did of old,
  I feel I am not lone;
For thou, my love, art aye the same,
And looks and deeds thy faith proclaim—
Though all should scorn, thou would'st not blame,
  My beautiful, my wife!

A shadow comes across my heart,
And overclouds my fate,
Whene'er I think thou may'st depart,
And leave me desolate;
For as the wretch who treads alone
Some gloomy path in wilds unknown,
Such should I be if thou wert gone,
My beautiful, my wife!

If thou wert dead, the flowers might spring,
But I should heed them not;
The merry birds might soar and sing,
They could not cheer my lot.
Before me dark Despair would rise,
And spread a pall o'er earth and skies,
If shone no more thy loving eyes,
My beautiful, my wife!

And those dear eyes have shone through tears,
But never look'd unkind,
For shatter'd hopes, and troubled years,
Still closer seem'd to bind
Thy pure and trusting heart to mine.
Not for thyself did'st thou repine,
But all thy husband's grief was thine,
My beautiful, my wife!

When at the eventide I see
My children throng around,
And know the love of them and thee,
My spirit still is bound

To earth, despite of every care:
I feel my soul can do and dare,
So long as thou my lot dost share,
My beautiful, my wife!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SODOM.

Shrill sound the cymbals, and the glad harps ring,
The light foot boundeth, and sweet voices sing,
And beauty's brow is bound with coronal,
And lights are gleaming in the pillar'd hall;
Laugh follows laugh amid the festive throng,
And this the burden of each swelling song—
"We hold our revel through the dark-hour'd night,
Nor will we sever through the morning's light."

Sin is upon that city, and the brand
Of God's high vengeance, soon will sweep the land;
The eye of brightness and the lofty brow,
The form of grace, the fair cheek's rose-like glow,
The young and hoary, void of faith or trust,
Blacken'd and sear'd, shall soon be with the dust;
Soon shall th' Almighty, with o'erwhelming flame,
Destroy at once that city's pride and shame.

A crimson glory spreading o'er the east,
Hath call'd the wakers from the dance and feast;
And now the heavens assume a fearful stain—
Red, deeply-red, as is a battle-plain.
Now like a furnace seems the vaulted sky,
A car of fire each cloud that meets the eye;
A burning shower, like dazzling gold, swift comes,
As though the stars had left their far-off homes.

Shrieks burst from all, and shouts of wild amaze;
The flames descend, and towers and temples blaze;
The mighty roofs of palace and of hall
Upon the heads of crowded victims fall;
Some to the darkling caves of earth repair—
In vain—the wrath of Heaven o'ertakes them there;
Some in the waters seek to find a grave—
The fire consumes them—it hath dried the wave.

The flames have ceased, the sky resumes its hue,
The breezes sigh, and falls the evening dew;
But where that city—where its power that shone?
Ask the strewn pillars, ask the crumbling stone!
From fallen relics of its greatness past,
The dull smoke mingles with the rushing blast:
And this the fate of Pride and Sin's abode—
This a dark record of the wrath of God!

SERENADE.

Oh, Marian! Marian! think of the hour!
Night throws her veil on the tree and the flower,
But affection's pale beacon, the moon is above,
And yet thou art sleeping, oh, Marian my love!

Oh, Marian! come from thy chamber of rest,
For the queen of the stars is enthroned in the west,
And, under thy window that looks on the grove.
I wait for thy coming, oh, Marian, my love!

Roses are sparkling with dew silver-bright,
Violets are breathing their sweets to the night;
Then wake, oh, awake, that thy lover may prove
His true heart's devotion, oh, Marian, my love!

Rise, dearest, arise! and thy casement unclose,
Let me look on that cheek, like the leaf of the rose;
All around, sweet, is silence, below and above,
Save my voice as it calls thee, oh, Marian, my love!

Oh bliss! now I see, by the moon's witching light,
That fair form approaching so dear to my sight:
Haste! haste! the slight casement that shrouds thee remove,
And appear in thy beauty, oh, Marian, my love!

THE OUTCAST.

THE sun is shining clear and bright
On Sabbath's holy morn,
And sounds of bells, that call to prayer,
Upon the breeze are borne;
The birds are rushing through the air,
With gladness in each lay,
And pleasant is the passing breeze—
It is the month of May.

And onwards lovely maidens pass,
In many-hued attire,
While wandering eyes are on them turn'd.
Their beauty to admire;
And rosy children dance along,
With looks and words of glee—
In sooth it is a sight of joy,
Their happiness to see.

But who is he that sits alone,
So abject and forlorn?
Around his face hang matted locks,
His clothes are soil'd and torn;
Like cloud of gloom, that floats athwart
A fair and sunny sky,
He is the sole dejected thing
That meets the gazer's eye.

His glances beam with restless fire,
That suffering cannot dim,
And Nature with her gifts hath been
Most bountiful to him;
For vainly with his ragged garb,
The outcast seeks to hide
The gracefulness and strength of form,
Which make a parent's pride.

One gives him food, and now he eats,
With ravenous delight,
Then looks around him with a scowl
Of wild and fierce affright;
Like young and savage animal,
That fain would bear away,
To some secure and far-off haunt,
His long-sought scanty prey.

Who were his parents, what hath been
The outcast's early fate?
Though o'er the earth he wanders now,
Forlorn and desolate,
Perchance some gentle mother's eyes
Have gladden'd at his birth,
While she has pray'd that his might be
A course of bliss on earth.

A father may have nursed the babe,
And kiss'd his brow and cheek,
And gazed on him with yearning love,
He found it vain to speak,

And cherish'd the deluding hope,
Which sprung within his breast,
That he might long be spared to guard
The child he sang to rest.

Oh! what may be the future lot
Of that unhappy boy?
No cheerful home, no pictured books,
Will make it one of joy;
No soft and spotless couch of down
His weary limbs will press,
And in his hours of pain will come
No parents' fond caress.

His passage through the world may be
Like that of oarless bark,
That tosses, 'neath a stormy sky,
Upon the ocean dark;
And vainly may he strive a kind
And sheltering port to win,
Till whelm'd beneath the gloomy surge
Of sorrow, and of sin.

Great God! I humbly offer up
A fervent prayer to Thee,
For these the helpless little ones,
That cluster round my knee:
Oh! may'st Thou prove their comforter,
Their guardian and guide—
Though outcasts from the home of man,
Oh! take them to Thy side.

RICH AND POOR:

A POETICAL ADDRESS, WRITTEN FOR THE SHAKSPERIAN SOCIETY'S ANNUAL PERFORMANCE, AT THE THEATRE ROYAL, MANCHESTER, APRIL 4TH, 1851, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE MANCHESTER AND SALFORD LYING-IN HOSPITAL.

From heaven's bright portal streams the light on all,
On rich and poor the joyful sunbeams fall;
Light on the dark and wretched hovel gleams,
Light on the neat and cheerful cottage streams,
Light to the proud and wealthy mansion comes,
Light dazzling shines above the palace domes;
Light gilds the sovereign lady of our land,
Whose sway of love doth every heart command,
Whose gracious meekness glorifies her sphere,
And even deigns to lend a lustre here!
The same pure rays doth God to each impart—
Alas, how different come they to the heart!
Where squalid want and ragged misery pine,
Where on the soul no sun of joy doth shine,
The golden splendour of the glorious day
Seems but to mock them with its flashing ray;
Scarce even hope to them its comfort brings,
But floateth by, and sadly droops its wings;
There is no music in the babe's first cry—
Its feeble wail is answer'd by a sigh.
In the poor mother's hour of pain and gloom,
No minister of life attends the room,
No skilful hands are there to aid and cheer,
But all is helpless, agonised, and drear;

'Mid racking pains, and minds with anguish torn,
The heir of poverty and tears is born:
So falls the night upon that home of sorrow,
So breaks the light upon the coming morrow.

Oh! ye who dwell where famine never comes,
With haggard eyes to glare upon your homes;
Children of plenty, born where joy and hope
Beam 'mid the radiance of your horoscope,
Where needful aid with tender care attends,
And earnest whispers break from anxious friends;
Ye who grow up like prized and beauteous flowers,
Blooming through life in sweet and pleasant bowers,
Think of the dawning of the lowly child,
Cast, like a weed, to wither on the wild;
Live, and be happy, all earth's blessing share,
Live and be thankful; but, in pity, spare!
So shall you find the bounties by you given,
Made steps to bear you, angel-led, to heaven;
So shall you be true followers of the creed
Of Him who came to comfort those in need,
Who walk'd the earth as mortal, yet divine,
To bless and save with charity benign,
Whose course on earth was granted but to prove
The heavenly origin of peace and love,
Love, shrinking not from want and suffering's breath,
But triumphing amid disease and death!

In love's true spirit at this hour we ask
All present here to aid us in our task;
We ask you by the tie which ought to bind
In strongest links each class of human kind,

To help and succour woman in distress,
To aid with blessings that shall doubly bless,
For charity with mercy, twin-born, lives,
And blesses him that takes, and him that gives.
Thus come we ever to his wondrous lore
Whose words of wisdom on all subjects bore,
Our worshipp'd master, in whose page we find
Nature's great truths in every sentence shrined.
Our world-claim'd Shakspere by all ranks was taught,
And from all classes inspiration caught;
For him gush'd forth the mind's most truthful springs,
From lips of artisans and sceptred kings;
Freely to him did rich and poor impart
The varied secrets of the human heart;
He knew the great and universal tie
Of man to man was love and sympathy.
Shadow'd and shelter'd by his deathless fame,
We ask for help, in honour'd Shakspere's name,
Help for the needy—and for us some share
Of kind indulgence for the task we dare!

FIRE FANCIES.

Musing I sit by my quiet hearth,
And the wild wind sighs without,
And the leaves are toss'd by the fitful breeze,
And I hear the creak of the bending trees,
As they quail in the stormy rout

My household is hush'd in a calm repose,
For my children slumbering lie,
And my wife is engaged most silently,
In some labour of fragile mystery,
With an earnest and downcast eye.

Strange things appear in the changeful fire,
The offspring of heat and flame,
Dark frowning towers of the days of eld,
And shapes such as waker hath ne'er beheld,
And creatures without a name.

Before me rises a beetling crag,
And a cavern dark and dim;
And by the mouth of that yawning cave
There lieth a deep ensanguined wave,
And beside it a monster grim.

Now the fall of a fiery avalanche
Hath scatter'd the gloomy scene,
And I gaze on a bright and glowing land,
Where it seems as some glorious spirit band
Might dwell in the brilliant sheen.

Brighter and brighter the landscape glows,
Like the breaking of heavenly day;
And scarlet and gold are the splendid flowers
That dazzle and gleam in the crimson bowers,
'Neath the still increasing ray.

I think of the time of my faded youth,
Of my childhood's fabled days,
Of the visions wild, and fancies vast,
And the lovely spells that were round me cast
By imagination's maze.

They have vanish'd, as falls before me now
The blacken'd and sinking fire;
The halo of fancy hath from them fled,
They have fallen around me as cold and dead
As the embers which now expire.

Yet not like them, for a hope now springs,
From the depths of my panting soul,
That a light from the ashes of death shall rise,
And cleave its way through the arching skies,
To a bright and lasting goal.

TWO SONNETS:

WRITTEN ON MEETING A FRIEND, AFTER AN INTERVAL OF TWELVE YEARS.

TWELVE chequer'd years have pass'd since last we met!
The gulf of death hath closed o'er hopes and fears
Of myriad hearts—the sun of life hath set
On many eyes, which I remember yet
As joy-beams in my path—reproachful tears
Are well-nigh blotting out this idle rhyme,
When I look back upon the morning time
Of my existence. Oh, how vainly spent
Were life's young energies! In manhood's prime—
Falsely so called—the mystic veil is rent;
But 'tis too late—my dreams have vanish'd now.
And thou, though we so long have dwelt apart,
Can'st well define why, with a sadden'd brow,
I tell to thee the feelings of my heart.

This is strange greeting; but I know thy life,
Even as mine own, hath not been lined with flowers:
To journey on, with thorns and briers at strife,
Have been, too oft, alike our mutual dowers.
We both at times have sought the muse's bowers,
And found brief respite from our daily cares,
In dalliance sweet with darling poesy,
Steeping in silver song the winged hours.
But duties stern have warn'd us that our powers
Were given to cope with harsher destiny.
Have we obey'd the warning—have not tares
Too often grown where golden fruit should be?
We know the answer—let us journey on—
By strength of will great deeds may yet be done.

A MORNING DREAM.

ADDRESSED TO MY YOUNGEST CHILD.

I HAD a dream, dear child, that thou wert dead;
I saw thee lying in thy snow-white shroud;
I could not speak, thy mother sobb'd aloud;
I thought that I no more should hear thy tread
Pattering within my room at early morn;
Thy artless prattle all was hush'd and fled,
And I felt desolate and quite forlorn.
My memory smote my heart until it bled,

And every trifling word or look unkind,
Which I had ever said or shown to thee,
Came like a haunting spectre to my mind,
For thou wert now a faultless babe to me.
I woke, and through my window pour'd a tide
Of sunlight—thou wert laughing by my side!

THE CHRISTIAN'S GOOD NIGHT.

Good night! good night!—it is my last!
These mortal lips will speak no more;
My pilgrimage on earth is past,
I journey to another shore,
A land of joy, and love, and light,
Where Christians need not say good night.

Good night! I go not, as of old,
To troubled dreams and restless sleep;
Calm shall I slumber 'neath the mould,
Whilst you, perchance, may muse and weep:
Oh! why should sorrow fill your breast
For those who slumber with the blest?

Good night! the suffering and the pain
Which are of earth I leave with you;
Gladly I quit the false and vain,
To seek the glorious and the true:
I only grieve that you will be
Still struggling with your destiny.

Good night! the words I never spoke
To those in whom my heart had trust,
But what I fear'd, ere morning broke,
They might be with the silent dust,
And o'er my yearning spirit cast
Another memory of the past.

Good night! oh! what a shining band
Of angels seem to float around,
And beckon me to that sweet land
Where beauty evermore is found,
And every form and every face
Are radiant with immortal grace.

Good night! amid the thronging host
That now around my couch are come,
Again I see the loved and lost,
That once made earth their transient home:
Meek, beautiful, and purified,
They bear no taint of worldly pride.

Good night! I can no longer stay!
My sight is powerless now and dim;
That vision cannot look on clay,
Which hath beheld the seraphim;
Dark is the earth, but Heaven is bright—
Good night! a fond a last good night!

AN APPEAL FOR THE ARTISAN.

God made the earth for all:—the pleasant fields,
The waving tree that luscious fruitage yields,
The tender herb, the odour-giving flower,
He gave to man, an universal dower.
He placed no barrier to the poor man's tread,
For each alike His bounteous gifts were spread;
For all mankind He form'd the verdant plain,
And fed its greenness with sweet dews and rain—
For all created meadow, grove, and hill,
The dancing streamlet, and the murmuring rill;
At His command the forest-monarch stood,
And proudly tower'd above the stately wood.

In that pure time when earth was fresh and young,
Ere sin and sorrow into birth had sprung,
Man walk'd erect, in glory and delight,
And all was beauteous unto mortal sight;
The rivers raced in sparkling joy along,
And fearless birds swept by with happy song,
The quiet lakes like crystal mirrors lay,
Reflecting back the splendours of the day,
Or faintly imaging the azure skies,
When studded o'er with myriad starry eyes:
Hatred and death were not—beneath one shade
With gentle lambs the mighty lions play'd;
But now a curse came withering through the air,
And man first felt the horror of despair;
From paradise our guilty parent fled,
His race for ever doom'd to toil for bread;

And yet, though banish'd from his Eden-home,
He still was free o'er verdurous paths to roam;
God shut not out fair nature from his eyes,
He hung no smoke-wreaths o'er the arching skies;
Labour and death were blended in the ban,
But earth's green beauty gave a joy to man?
The blushing flowers still smiled upon the plain,
And sent not forth their fragrant breath in vain;
The golden fruit still shone through leafy gloom,
And man drank rapture from the breeze and bloom.

Shall we, the creatures of a later age,
Make darker still this earthly pilgrimage?
Shall man pass on ungladden'd to the grave,
For ever toiling, like a pent-up slave?
Shall he for ever cast around his eyes,
And only gaze where dingy chimneys rise?
Shall nought the ear of pale-faced labour greet,
Save ceaseless noises of the busy street?
Heaven wills not so. Oh! ye who have the power,
Stand nobly forth! let all partake the dower
Which God hath given; let generous thoughts have birth,
And generous deeds spread gladness o'er the earth;
Let footsteps stray where babbling waters run,
And silver fountains glitter in the sun;
Let maid and lover breathe the tender tale,
Not in the smoke, but in the breezy vale,
Whilst o'er their heads a shade the foliage weaves,
And mocks their murmurs with its whispering leaves;
Let him whom sickness bows for vigour seek
Where purer gales may fan his pallid cheek,
And he shall quit his long-prest couch of pain,
To feel the warm blood thrill through every vein;

Let age and childhood 'mid sweet scenes appear,
Where birds flit by, and skies are bright and clear;
Let youth disport upon the verdant ground,
Where healthy games and playful strife abound;
Let rich and poor mix freely in the throng,
And pass with smiles and pleasant words along;
Let lofty wealth forget that it is great.
And honest toil think not of lowly state;
Let all combine with hand and earnest will,
And England shall be MERRY ENGLAND still.

THE GIN PALACE.

I STAND within a wide and lofty room,
Whose roof is fretted o'er with rare device,
Rich with the painter's and the gilder's art;
The walls are cover'd with full many a scene
Of love, romance, and war, on land and sea;
Mirrors of price reflect the gazer's form,
And pillars bright, and burnish'd chandeliers,
And moon-like lights shed brilliance over all,
The place might be some temple of delight,
Form'd to give joy to proud and wealthy man;
But 'tis accursed—and I could almost deem
The lamps were demon-heads that call'd to sin,
Or lights that lead to darkness and despair—
The pictured walls seem dabbled o'er with blood,
Drain'd from the fountains of the human heart.
Look on the inmates of that splendid place!

With sunken eyes and cheeks emaciate,
And forms enveloped in foul rags, not clad,
They crowd around, and ask the drink of death—
The drink of poverty, disgrace, and shame.
The glittering, gorgeous casks are ranged around,
Mark'd with the names of various deadly draughts;
Some sweet to taste, in operation slow;
Others strong, burning, maddening, swift—all sure.
Behold yon female, young, but worn and wan,
With swimming eyes and inarticulate speech,
The widow of a drunkard—she did seek
Comfort from that which all her hope destroy'd—
To drown her sorrows in the liquid fire
That flames and sparkles in the crystal glass—
That scorching lava of the human soul,
Which bears more ruin in its burning tide
Than e'er was vomited from out the jaws
Of those terrific mountains which have whelm'd
The pride of cities with their horrid spawn.
Look on yon figure grimed and sear'd with toil—
Gone is the self-esteem which once was his,
Based on his strength of limb and skilful hand;
No more with swelling heart he thinks of home,
And of his household treasures boasting speaks;
No more with joy he views his children's forms,
And hears their prattle with a fond delight;
No more they come when sounds his welcome voice,
And cling around him with hilarious shouts;
No more they list, with anxious ear, the clock
To tell the hour which brought their parent home,
Whilst at the sound their mother's beaming eyes,
And pleasant smiles, illumed her quiet face,
As quick aside her work she threw, and rose,
With busy action, to prepare the meal,

The simple meal, which cheer'd the son of toil.
That house for him hath lost its wonted charm;
Of household treasures he no more can boast—
His children's forms are clothed in ragged garb,
Their youthful cheeks have lost their roseate hue,
And at his voice in tears they trembling fly;
Instead of fond caress descends a blow,
And reckless curses stop their cries for food.
With haggard cheek his suffering, trembling wife,
The cheerful evening meal no more prepares—
An empty cupboard mocks and grieves her heart;
And even if the means were hers to spread
The fare of old before her husband now,
Too well she knows the drunkard's taste would spurn
The simple beverage with an oath of scorn.
Away with thought! fill high the glass again!
The demon-palace hath a blaze of light,
And crowds of victims quaff the drink of death;
Some grasp each other's hands, in maudlin mood,
And vow eternal friendship, which endures
The draining of another glass; and then
The friends are turn'd to fierce and bitter foes,
And blows are interchanged and words of hate.
Some in the ears of heedless strangers breathe
The secrets they had treasured up for years;
Some scatter round, with hands profuse, the coin
Which is not theirs to spend—they dream not then
Of stony prison-walls and gloomy cell,
Ere long to be their portion; or perchance
A dreary exile to a convict's home,
Where they must live in chains a life of toil.
Away with thought! it is a glorious scene,
At which the fiends might clap their hands for joy,
And hold in hell a feast to celebrate

The happy tidings that a host of guests
Were paving for themselves a broad highway
O'er which, with headlong and infuriate speed,
They might rush madly, in uncheck'd career,
To the eternal regions of the damn'd.
There beauty without virtue stalks about,
The painted herald of her own disgrace,
Making strange mockery at her fallen state,
Her lips polluted with foul words of crime,
And changed the very nature of her sex.
There is the mother with her shrivell'd babe,
Pouring the poison in its crying mouth;
There is the beldame, with a trembling hand,
Lifting the potion to her blacken'd lips;
There is the beggar, spending doled-out alms
With a free spirit and a liberal hand;
There is the lurking thief, with wandering look,
Strengthening his courage for the nightly prowl—
Away with thought! it is a glorious scene!

ZAIDEE.

Timid and most gentle Zaidee,
I have watch'd thee 'mid the throng,
Graced by many a lovely lady—
Ladies beautiful and young:
They were deck'd in robes of splendour,
Thou wert clad in simple garb;
But thine eyes, with beamings tender,
Pierced my heart like winged barb.

Still the arrow there is lying,
And I cannot turn away,
But must say, though nigh to dying,
Wound me with another ray;
Kill me with thine eyes of beauty,
I will hail so sweet a death,
And will bless thee, as a duty,
Zaidee, with my latest breath!

To thy face the blush advances—
Flowers, though mute, of love can speak—
And my wild, impassion'd glances,
Have sown roses on thy cheek.
Shall I dare to pluck them, dearest,
And their hues in kisses steep?
Tell me, Zaidee, why thou fearest?—
He who plants may surely reap.

THE PEOPLE'S PRAYER.

God of the universe! oh, hear our cries,
And soften the oppressor's harden'd heart;
Teach him to listen to our sorrowing sighs,
And act a wiser and a nobler part:
A famish'd people in their anguish groan,
And every air is laden with their moan.

The very sunbeams, raining down from Heaven,
A dazzling mockery seem around to fling;
The summer-breeze across our pale brows driven,
Beareth no joy upon its balmy wing:
The skies are beauteous, and the earth is fair,
Our hearts alone are fill'd with gloom and care.

The waving blade is verduring the plain,
The gentle flowers are diamonding the earth;
The lark soars upwards with a joyous strain,
And luscious fruit is blossoming to birth:
The lakes are sparkling, and the streams are bright—
Our souls alone are veil'd in sorrow's night.

The earth o'erflows with beauty yet untold—
The shadowy twilight and the blush of morn:
The burning mid-day with its light of gold,
And myriad stars that in the night are born,
All, all are full of loveliness and Thee—
Oh, when shall man with joy Thy wonders see!

Thou source of happiness and life to all!
Giver of plenty to this favour'd earth!
Teach Thy proud sons to listen to the call
That comes in vain from faint and suffering worth;
Teach them to feel the toil-worn mourner's sighs,
And still his children's sad and hungry cries.

Let not the poor the great and wealthy find
More pitiless than is the desert-brute—
The savage tiger preys not on his kind:
Oh, let Thy Spirit in their souls take root,
So that again upon this pleasant isle
Prosperity may shed its glorious smile.

Thou madest man the image of Thy form,
To bear awhile the ills of earthly life;
Let him not sink beneath a fellow-worm,
Crush'd by a lot of sorrow and of strife;
Grant him to walk with buoyant heart and tread—
Bless him with coin for toil, and give him bread.

THE LITTLE SPRITE.

My home is the home of a little sprite,
Which haunteth my presence by day and night;
His voice hath a tone of the wildest glee,
Which comes o'er my heart like a witchery.
Scarce ever at rest—like the changeful air,
He frolics and gambols everywhere;
Now, as a lamb, in the green meadows found;
Now wantonly rolling on dusty ground;
Now merry as wild bird flitting along,
Mine ear he greets with a snatch of song;
Now he has climb'd to forbidden shelf,
And he plays me a trick like a fairy elf,
And I turn to chide, and look wondrous wise,
But he laughs as he meets my angry eyes,
And I smile at his arch and joyful look,
As he shows me his prize—a pictured book.
With a face grotesque, and a scorn of time,
Like the painted imp of a pantomime,
No scene from his whims and freaks is free;
His moods are as vane-like as moods can be,

As many as harlequin's suit hath dyes,
Or the hues of an arch of the showery skies.
And now, with a dwarfish sword and shield,
The carpetted floor is his mimic field;
Now he beats a tattoo on the tiny drum;
Now he dances about with a bee-like hum;
Now he chases the top, or the slender hoop,
With a gleesome shout, and a merry whoop;
Now tired with his noisy romp and play,
Toys are hurl'd with a careless hand away;
Now mounted aloft on his little chair,
He uses his infant skill to rear
The painted cards in a structure light,
And marks its growth with an earnest sight;
From the table upspring the paper walls—
A cry of joy and the fabric falls:
As the air-built mansions of men decay,
And fade at the breath of their judgment away.

My darling boy, oh, my frolicsome sprite!
Thou art dear as the captive's gleam of light;
As to storm-tost sailor the sight of land;
As a sinner saved to the angel band.
No sorrow or boding fear hast thou,
But glad and serene is thine open brow;
As the sparkling bubbles that float on wine,
To thy lip springs up every thought of thine;
An echo art thou, for each trivial word,
Which thy ear drinks in, from thy tongue is heard;
And questions ask'st thou, in simplicity,
Which the wisest are puzzled to answer thee.
May'st thou brightly and gaily through life pass on,
As a mote through a beam of the mid-day sun;

May thy years be from sin and pollution free;
May no shadow of guilt ever rest on thee;
May the attributes of thy heart and mind
Pass through every ordeal—pure, refined;
And, oh, may death open the path to thee
Of a glorious immortality.

THE OFFERING.

I CAN but, as a lowly pilgrim, bring
A simple offering, lady, to thy shrine,
Yet such poor gifts as to thy votary cling—
My heart, my lyre, and changeless faith are thine.
Rich gems, and gold, thine offerings may have been;
Instead of these, I give my deathless love;
For costly coronal, a wreath of green;
For pearls, the flowers amid its verdure wove;
I have entwined a lily in my wreath,
Deeming thee pure as is its stainless hue;
A rose, less fragrant than thine own sweet breath;
A violet, emblem of thine eyes' deep blue;
Though worthless now, richer these gifts will be
Than gold or gems, when look'd upon by thee.

MANCHESTER.

And this, then, is the place where Romans trod,
Where the stern soldier revell'd in his camp,
Where naked Britons fixed their wild abode,
And lawless Saxons paced with warlike tramp.
Gone is the castle, which old legends tell
The cruel knight once kept in barbarous state,
Till bold Sir Launcelot struck upon the bell,
Fierce Tarquin slew, and oped the captives' gate.
No trace is left of the invading Dane,
Or the arm'd followers of the Norman knight;
Gone is the dwelling of the Saxon thane,
And lord and baron with their feudal might;
The ancient Irwell holds its course alone,
And washes still Mancunium's base of stone.

Where once the forest-tree uprear'd its head,
The chimney casts its smoke-wreath to the skies,
And o'er the land are massive structures spread,
Where loud and fast the mighty engine plies;
Swift whirls the polish'd steel in mazy bound,
Clamorous confusion stuns the deafen'd ear,
The man-made monsters urge their ceaseless round,
Startling strange eyes with wild amaze and fear;
And here, amid the tumult and the din,
His daily toil pursues the pallid slave,
Taxing his youthful strength and skill to win
The food for labour, and an early grave:
To many a haggard wretch the clanging bell,
That call'd him forth at morn, hath been a knell.

But lovely ladies smile, in rich array,
Fearing the free breath of the fragrant air,
Nor think of those whose lives are worn away,
In sickening toil to deck their beauty rare ;
And all around are scattered lofty piles,
Where Commerce heapeth high its costly stores—
The various produce of a hundred isles,
In alter'd guise, abroad the merchant pours.
Learning and Science have their pillar'd domes ;
Religion to its sacred temples calls ;
Music and Art have here their fostering homes,
And Charity hath bless'd and sheltering halls ;
Nor is there wanting, 'mid the busy throng,
The tuneful murmurings of the poet's song.

VISIONS.

I DREAMT that thou wert a beauteous dame,
Who lived in the days of yore,
And I thought that a myriad of suitors came,
And knelt thy charms before :
Then I look'd on a brilliant tournament,
And I heard the trumpets' strain,
And a number of gallant knights were bent
To strive on the martial plain ;
There was a laurel crown, and the favour'd knight,
Who bore that prize away,
Might claim the hand of thy beauty bright,
On the eve of that joyous day ;

And I thought that I was a warrior bold,
And I won the laurel crown—
'Twas dearer to me than a wreath of gold—
At thy feet I laid it down.

Again I dreamt, and methought that I
Was a proud young cavalier,
Who lived in the glance of his loved one's eye,
And thou wert she most dear;
We dwelt in the sunny land of Spain,
And a thousand gallants strove
The heart of thy virgin breast to gain,
Yet thou gavest to me thy love;
And I came to thy balcony's jutting shade,
By the light of the moon and star,
And I warbled a pensive serenade,
To my lightly struck guitar:
I bore thee away in the dreamy night,
To the holy altar's side,
And there, in thy garments of snowy white,
I made thee my blessed bride.

Once more I dreamt, and I thought me dead,
But my spirit left its clay,
As a captive bird its cell, and fled
Beyond the star-paved way;
And I met thee there in those realms of light,
With thy shining eyes and hair,
Enrobed in a halo of glory bright,
The fairest 'mid angels fair.
We wander'd those heavenly scenes among,
In the shade of celestial groves,

And our voices swell'd in a sacred song,
And we talk'd of our former loves!
We sigh'd for those friends who remain'd on earth,
From pleasures so sweet and pure,
And our gladness, that in the soul had birth,
We knew would for ever endure.

I breathe to thy beauty my true heart's sigh,
And thou seem'st to my waking gaze,
As fair as thou wert to my dreaming eye,
When a nymph of the olden days;
And I love thee as well as I loved in my dream,
When I thought thee a maiden of Spain,
And sung, in the light of the starry gleam,
To my sweet guitar a strain.
Though the dazzling pageants of vision have fled,
The star of my dreaming is here,
And though fancy's illusions around it were spread,
'Tis as fair—to my soul 'tis as dear:
If the spirit of life from my bosom should flee,
And unto yon far heaven stray,
Though bright as the heaven of my dream it should be,
'Twould avail not if thou wert away.

OH! DOST THOU REMEMBER THOSE MOMENTS OF GLADNESS?

Oh! dost thou remember those moments of gladness,
That faded away like a dream of delight,
And left us to pine o'er their absence in sadness,
As we muse o'er bright visions in darkness of night;

That joy was a blossom my pathway adorning,
Too rich in its odour and beauty to last,
As the flower which has birth with the light of the morning,
And dies when the day and the sunbeams have past.

Loved voices cheer'd us, and laughter was ringing,
More merry than bells in the gay bridal-hour;
Time o'er our heads was as rapidly winging
As ever it flew o'er a love-haunted bower;
Thine eyes were twin-orbs that were beaming with splendour,
More bright than the stars when the clouds they peep through;
But oh! their pure light was so witching and tender,
That to me they seem'd violets sprinkled with dew.

Enchanting the tones in my ear thou wert breathing,
Mine was a bliss that my tongue could not speak,
For the tresses of beauty thy fair face enwreathing,
The wandering breezes swept over my cheek.
Blest moments at times from our cares we may borrow,
That years of our life we would give to recall;
But, oh! in my course through this valley of sorrow,
Those moments with thee were the sweetest of all!

MARGARET.

Margaret is young and fair,
With eyes, whose joyous rays
Are brighter far than diamonds are,
And lovelier to the gaze.

You may have look'd on eyes, whose hue
Was witching, and dissolving blue;
Or jet black eyes, whose dazzling fire
All those who saw must needs admire;
But woman's glances ne'er beam'd yet
More soft than those of Margaret.

Lily pale is Margaret's cheek,
  And yet surpass'd by none;
For if for beauty's blush you seek,
  It dwells that cheek upon.
Oh! who can look upon her smile,
And feel his soul unmoved the while?
Or mark her lips of love unclose,
And give to view the shining rows
Of pearl in beds of coral set,
And not adore fair Margaret?

Margaret's hair, like streams of light,
  Doth o'er her white neck flow,
And twines, in yellow ringlets bright,
  Around her polish'd brow:
Each silken lock, each curling tress,
Glows like a star of loveliness;
Her voice is like a bow, whose dart
Is sure to sink into the heart;
Who once has seen, can ne'er forget,
Or cease to love young Margaret.

CHRISTMAS MUSINGS.

THE frost is abroad — there is silence around,
For the snow, like the shroud of a corse, wraps the ground;
The moon looks as quiet as maid in a dream,
And the stars seem to shiver with cold as they gleam.
The wayfarer hurries along on his track,
As swift and as still as the flight of the rack;
And as some dark river that ne'er hath a rest,
The passions of man hold their course in his breast,
And slander, and discord, and envy, and hate,
Are triumphant by turns, like the demons of fate:
Whilst at times come the spirits of peace, hope, and love,
On their white wings upborne, like the olive-fraught dove;
And the Angel of Death, and the Angel of Life,
Still onward career, in perpetual strife.

'Tis the time when our musings should backwards be cast,
To resolve that the coming shall better the past;
'Tis the time when we hear the lone year's dying knell,
And we feel that some hope with that sound bids farewell.
To our thoughts with what bitterness memory brings
The hours that flew by on the fleetest of wings,
When the cup sparkled bright, and the jest rose on high,
But to leave nought behind save resolve and a sigh;
The aspirings come back that were cherish'd in vain,
And can never take root in the spirit again.
'Tis the season when peace in our souls should abound,
When our homes should be bright though 'tis dreary around,
When anger, and pride, and revenge should depart,
And meekness and charity reign in the heart;

'Tis the time when He came who was lowly and mild,
With the powers of a God, and the form of a child,
To teach, amid sufferings, this lesson divine,
That those who are greatest are ever benign,
That gentleness, goodness, forgiveness, and love,
Are things prized the most by our Father above.

Oh, who can look back on the years that are past,
And think that our earth-born affections can last?
Like the leaves of the forest-tree falling away,
The friends of our youth and our manhood decay,
Till the heart seems a wither'd and desolate thing,
That can never again know a summer or spring,
And we feel life's warm tide growing chill in our veins,
Like a stream which is fetter'd in winter's dark chains.
We may gaze with an eye of devotion and pride
On the form that has clung through all ills to our side,
But we know that the spirit may vanish away,
And leave us but cold and inanimate clay;
We may pledge our true faith to the friend beloved well,
But we know there is one hath a mightier spell;
We may press to our bosom the child we love best,
But we know not how long in our arms it may rest;
We may gather about us the circle we prize,
And drink in delight from their lips and their eyes;
Our hearts may re-echo their laughter with glee,
Whilst we feel 'tis a blessing to live and to be,
But the thought will return that each moment may bring
The decree that will shatter and sever the ring;
We may cherish fond hopes, we may dream of high deeds,
We may sow in the womb of the present our seeds,
But the fond hopes may fade, and the high deeds may fail,
And the seeds we have sown may be strewn by the gale;

For the Angel of Death ever goeth his way,
And smites as he listeth the young and the gray;
He laughs at the monarch, and smiles on the slave,
As his sceptre he points to his palace—the grave.

Oh, what were existence if earth were our goal,
If the Angel of Life had no power o'er the soul,
If the loved ones who leave us should never appear,
To welcome and bless in a happier sphere!
But He who came down from His home in the skies
Hath told that the dead from the grave shall arise—
That man shall exist in a glory divine,
That splendour unceasing around him shall shine.
We shall meet with the friends of our manhood and youth,
And the being who blest with her beauty and truth;
We shall see the young cherub we held on our knee,
We shall hear the sweet voices once ringing with glee,
And slander, and discord, and envy, and hate,
Shall have ceased to exist in that heavenly state,
And all things shall be, and shall live, and shall move
In gentleness, goodness, forgiveness, and love.

Then gather, ye dear ones, around me to-night,
The fire on our hearth burneth cheerly and bright;
There is health on your cheeks, there is joy in your eyes—
Let the sound of your innocent laughter arise;
And thou, too, my love, with thy "bonnie brown hair,"
And thine eyes which are lustrous, despite of thy care,
Come gather, come gather—nay heed not the din—
If 'tis winter without, it is summer within.
To night we'll have frolic, and story, and song,
And our deeds shall be careless as though all were young.

Let the spirit of thankfulness dwell in each breast,
For the sorrows o'ercome, and the blessings possest;
Let our faith be fix'd firm in the Mighty and Just;
Let us praise and be glad, let us hope, let us trust.

THE AYRSHIRE MAID.

CAN I forget that golden day,
When first I saw thy form of grace,
And gazed upon the smiling ray,
That dwelt, like sunshine, on thy face?
Oh, no! thy memory with me dwells,
As light that gilds the clouds of care,
And many a fond remembrance tells
Of thee and muse enchanted Ayr.

The trees were clad in brightest green,
The sunny waters danced along;
No shadow frown'd upon the scene,
But all was clear, and glad, and young.
It was the hopeful month of May,
And every branch held blossoms fair;
Spring-loveliness around us lay,
But nought more sweet than thee had Ayr.

Music's most silvery tones were heard,
When thou did'st breathe the poet's line,
And honied o'er seem'd every word
That pass'd those virgin lips of thine;

A magic mingled with the rhyme,
  Which gain'd from thee a beauty rare,
For as some spirit of the clime
  Wert thou to me in verdant Ayr.

Farewell! we ne'er may meet again,
  Young dweller in a far-off land;
Yet, when thou roam'st thy native plain,
  Think thou of him who press'd thy hand,
And, as he met thy dewy eyes,
  Breathed for thy future bliss a prayer:—
Oh! oft within my heart will rise,
  Fond thoughts of thee and beauteous Ayr.

THE FLIGHT OF TIME.

"And must we die so soon?" I heard one say,
  With beauty smiling on her gentle face,
Like light on rose-leaves, when the sun's warm ray
  Woos morn with kisses to its soft embrace.

"How fast time flies!" the lady said, and sigh'd,
  "Each hour with swifter wing it rushes on;
Dawn, noon, and eve so closely seem allied,
  The day is scarcely ours ere it is gone."

Time rushes on—the golden links of life
  Are broken one by one from off the chain,
And yet we cling to earthly care and strife,
  And dread to leave the ties that still remain.

Time rushes on—affection fades and dies;
The love we thought corruptless falls to dust;
The light of friendship, like a meteor flies,
And crumbled at our feet lie faith and trust.

Time rushes on, and, like a child at play,
In search of flowers o'er many paths we roam,
But darkness comes upon our little day,
And we are wanderers far away from home.

Time rushes on—we turn our gaze above,
And though on earth the darkening shadows fall,
Like cheering ministers of hope and love,
The eyes of heaven seem watching over all.

We see the types of that unchanging land,
Whose flowers are deathless as the starry ray,
Where Time can wave not his destroying wand,
And night can dim not the immortal day.

We see and feel the universal God,
His presence moveth with us everywhere;
Springing in bloom and freshness from the clod,
Or breathing bliss and fragrance in the air.

Time rushes on—and well it is so; here
We are but labouring at a transient task,
Ere we are call'd from this uncertain sphere,
To more than we could hope for, crave, or ask.

To more than we could hope for, if we live
Not as the denizens alone of earth,
But as the creatures God hath deign'd to give
The glorious heritage of second birth.

Oh, let us meekly, then, but firmly, try
To do His loving labour, to us given,
So that we cannot grieve too soon to die,
When death on earth is but to live in heaven.

LINLITHGOW PALACE.*

Oh, fair Linlithgow! there thy palace stands,
Proud in its ruins, noble in decay;
And, as in vision, I behold those bands
Who trod thy halls in time long past away:
Princes, and lovely dame, and gallant knight,
Again come thronging to my mental sight.

Well might the royal lady of Lorraine
Look on thy walls with an admiring glance,
And truly say that eye might seek in vain
For ought so kingly in the realms of France;
Even as thou art, thou rear'st thy lofty head,
And state and glory seem around thee spread.

* The Palace of Linlithgow was the birthplace of Mary, Queen of Scots, and combines that fine taste and true magnificence which distinguishes all the Scottish palaces erected by the House of Stuart. It was an observation of Mary of Lorraine, Queen of James V., that the King of France had not a palace comparable with that of Linlithgow. It stands upon the margin of a beautiful lake, which on the east washes the base of a gently sloping hill. The author beheld the palace on a delightful summer afternoon, when the grey ruins, contrasted with the golden radiance of the lake, and the bright green verdure surrounding it, made the scene one of a most romantic and enchanting character.

Thy beauteous lake is placid as of old,
The lapse of years hath wrought no changes there;
It sleeps before me, with its waters cold,
Gilt by the sun, unstirr'd by passing air,
Like something pure, by holy Spirit blest,
Where not one trace of human change could rest.

Oh, human change!—Oh, worldly strife and hate!
At those dread words my memory recalls
One who was doom'd to an untimely fate,
Who first saw light within those palace walls;
One who was form'd in hall and bower to shine,
The hapless daughter of a princely line.

Thou ill-starr'd monarch! Scotland's fairest flower!
Nor wit, nor grace, nor beauty thee could save;
The blood of kings, nature's most lavish dower—
Nought could preserve thee from a bloody grave.
On England's maiden queen a stain doth lie,
That thou by her decree did'st headless die.

Palace, farewell! thou should'st be as thou art,
A stately, desolate, and mournful pile;
A thing to raise sad memories in the heart,
And cause mankind in bitterness to smile,
To think how vain are pride and power below,
To save from pain, and strife, and death, and woe.

SLEEPLESS FANCIES.

I hear no sound—mine eyes are veil'd by night,
And yet I lie upon a sleepless bed,
Tossing with wearied frame and aching head,
Longing to gaze upon the dawn of light.
The stream-like hours seem frozen in their flight,
Whilst, like swift meteors, thoughts athwart my brain
Follow each other in a chase most vain;
And now I start and shudder in affright,
Poised on the edge of cavern deep and dim.
Now wild-flowers bloom, and waters kiss my feet,
But when my lips the cooling wave would greet,
Gone is the brook, and flowerless is its brim:
Grant me, oh, God! sweet sleep and happy dreams,
Or let me look upon the morning's beams.

THE RESTORATION OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

A high born and a beauteous crowd
Fills balcony and tower,
To look upon the gay and proud,
On England's banish'd flower;
Strange sounds of joy are on the air,
And many a plighted maiden fair.

With throbbing heart and smother'd sigh,
Gazes with an expectant eye.
And waits for him to her most dear,
Her brave and courtly cavalier.

Banners are streaming to the breeze,
And brazen trumpets ring,
And shouts—yet not alone of these
Thinks the returning king:
His thoughts are straying from the scene,
From what IS NOW to WHAT HATH BEEN;
When death hung o'er the royal head,
And far from throne and home he fled,
His sceptre but a broken brand,
A rebel ruler o'er the land!

And where is he whose arm of might
Ruled with an iron sway?
Gone like a troubled dream of night
Before th' approach of day;
The feeble heir he leaves behind,
Reft of his father's giant mind,
Lost, dead to glory and to fame,
Inherits but his father's name:
Like a small water's hidden course,
Obscure, though ocean be its source.

They come, they come, a noble throng,
The loyal and the true,
And now the monarch glides along,
Girt by his chosen few:
But many eyes will look in vain
To find, amid that splendid train,

The kindred forms that left their home,
With banish'd royalty to roam,
That clung to him they could not save,
Their recompense—an exile's grave!

Spring-buds on every path are strew'd,
A sweet and lovely group,
As virgins brought from solitude,
In the world's gaze to droop;
And prancing chargers paw the ground,
Scattering those pale young blossoms round,
And snowy plumes are fluttering by,
Pure as the white clouds of the sky;
And nod, and smile, and wave of hand,
Are welcoming that joyous band.

All, all is bright and glorious now,
No traces of the past;
But thus it is with all below,
Where nought is doom'd to last:
One moment dark, the next all bright—
Alternate bloom, alternate blight:
The son of sire struck headless down,
Now call'd from banishment to crown:
A fitting type of human state,
Sad record of a monarch's fate!

EVENING.

Long have I loved thee, pensive, pale-brow'd Even;
And o'er my spirits at thy hour will steal
A soothing calmness, which 'tis sweet to feel—
Methinks thy reign to hush our woes was given.
Sometimes imagination wild will stray;
And I have thought each golden cloud the car
Of Heaven-crown'd angels, who in glory lay,
And look'd on mortals from their height afar;
And I have thought their breath might be the breeze
That bows the roses, with its gentle sighs—
The stars, the beamings of their radiant eyes:
But fancy's strange and wayward flights were these—
Like to the pageants of a glorious dream,
Scared by rude voice when comes the morning's gleam.

YOUTH'S RETURN.

I awoke in the depth of a starless night,
And gazed on my darken'd room;
I was as one struck down with a blinded sight,
And doom'd to a world of gloom,
Or as a spirit hurl'd from a realm of light,
Or living man in a tomb.

Oh, my soul had been bathed in a blissful dream—
My youth had return'd again;
Like the spell-broken rush of an ice-bound stream,
The blood coursed through every vein;
Free from sorrow and care did my bosom seem
As a sunny ray from stain.

Beaming eyes, that were dimm'd not by sorrow's tears,
Were mirror'd within mine own;
Blessed voices discoursed to my ravish'd ears,
With joy in each loving tone;
And my soul breathed in converse, for doubts and fears
Were things to my heart unknown.

On my cheeks and my temples the soft breeze blew,
With a fresh and a balmy breath;
Brightly green were the leaves that above me grew,
And fragrant the flowers beneath;
Blithely singing, the wild birds past me flew—
Nought told of decay or death.

Affection again o'er my bosom had power,
In its first delicious spring,
When woman appeareth a heavenly dower,
And love seems a holy thing,
Pure and chaste as the dew on an opening flower,
Or dust on the butterfly's wing.

I awoke, and my blood it was thick and cold,
For the vision'd forms had past,
And as well might mine arms have sought to enfold
The fitful and moaning blast;
Long, long, on those cherish'd and loved ones of old
Had the grave's damp earth been cast.

The stillness is broken by my child's low sighs,
My spirit has ceased to pine;
I think of my children's love-fraught eyes,
And the bliss that still is mine;
And fond thoughts, sweetest wife, in my heart arise,
Which tell of the truth of thine.

THE LAKE OF INTEMPERANCE.

I HAD a vision—it was not of night,
But came unto me in the day's full noon.
Methought I gazed upon a horrid lake,
Whose banks no shrub nor herbage green e'er deck'd;
No tall tree lifted up its branching arms,
But all was naked, barren, black, and bare;
The birds that hover'd o'er its surface fell,
And powerless sunk within its noisome wave;
Wild beasts of prey, with ravenous rage athirst,
That came and of its baleful contents drank,
With jaws of foam and red and glaring eyes,
Howl'd forth a yell of agony and pain,
And madly fled into the woods again.
Inscribed with characters that each might read,
Huge gloomy banners floated all around,
Bearing the words, "Whoever drinks must die!"
Yet still did crowds press onwards to the banks,
Still onwards roll'd a dark and living flood.
Beauty and ugliness, and youth and age—
The sinewy ruffian, with a form erect,

And hoary villany, with shoulders bent,
And trembling limbs supported by a staff;
Those who had scarcely pass'd the teens of life,
And yet display'd a wrinkled, hollow cheek;
The mother with her infant in her arms,
A babe that ne'er had borne a father's name;
The shapeless cripple 'tween his crutches slung;
The soldier, who had toil'd 'mid smoke and blood,
The ill-paid victor of full many a field;
The limb-shorn sailor, who, in many a fight
Had help'd to feed the monsters of the deep;
The wretch whose conscience mock'd him like a fiend;
The man who had endured the world's hard gripe,
And he who had oppress'd the suffering poor;
The labourer, reckless because freely paid,
And he whose toil scarce furnish'd him with food—
A motley and a miserable band,
The throng press'd forward to the deadly lake.
Some on the dreadful words a moment gazed,
And, with a shudder, would have turn'd again,
But those behind impell'd them fiercely on,
And they bent down, and pale and trembling drank,
Moderate at first, and then a deeper draught.
Some doff'd the greasy coverings from their heads,
And fill'd them with the element of death;
Some bared their feet, and thus were goblets found;
Some scoop'd the liquor with their bony hands,
And some, with visage red and eyes inflamed,
Greedily plunged their heads into the stream,
Taking a beastlike attidude to make
Themselves more loathsome than the loathliest brute.
Then came a scene unpaintable by pen,
Of horrid revelry and discord wild;
Laughter which with a shriek was strangely blent,

And loud unmeaning shouts, half rage, half joy;
Dances uncouth, and impish leaps in air;
Freaks most fantastic, rude and apish tricks;
Features distorted into hideous forms,
Some twisted by the agony of pain,
The dread forerunner of an awful death,
And others in a frightful mockery shaped,
To scorn and ridicule e'en life's last throes.
Ungovernable discord reign'd, and feuds
Savage and furious toss'd about the throng,
Till it became a storm of human bearts,
A dark tempestuous sea of fleshy waves.
The son upraised his hand against his sire,
And struck the giver of his life to earth;
The daughter with the mother warfare waged,
And sisters wreak'd upon each other blows,
And, like twin-Cains, brother with brother strove;
Old friends encounter'd, and, with wolfish looks,
Seem'd as they now would rend each other's hearts;
Some threw their arms aloft in stupid glee,
And others reel'd along with bat-like eyes;
Some sought to look profoundly grave and wise,
Then broke into a laugh, they knew not why;
Some strove, and vainly strove, to utter speech,
Their lolling tongues swell'd to a wordless mass;
Some crept along with weak and childlike tread,
And sunk, down-trodden, crush'd by myriad feet.
Death walk'd amid the ranks, and numbers fell,
In black, unsightly heaps, when waved his arm.
Some died with hand uplifted high to strike,
And some with curse half utter'd on their lips,
And howls and groans and imprecations deep,
In place of prayers, their parting breaths gave forth.
Still did the work of death go swiftly on—

In heaps they perish'd—oh, more blind than flies
That taste and die around the poison'd cup;
And still they onwards came, and still they drank,
And downwards fell and miserably died.
My heart grew sick—I could not longer gaze:
Just then a voice made whisper in mine ear—
"It is no baseless vision thou hast seen,
Take warning from the lesson, and depart;
If thou wouldst learn the name of yon dark lake,
I breathe it now—it is INTEMPERANCE!"
I turn'd amazed—nought living could I see—
I look'd again, but lake and all were gone!

ALBERT AND GERALDINE.

"I'LL meet thee, love, when sun has set,"
Said Albert to his Geraldine;
"When with night's dew the flowers are wet,
And in the sky the moon is seen.

"I'll meet thee by the ruin'd tow'r,
Beside the well-known spreading tree;
Adieu, my sweet, thou know'st the hour—
Thy lover there will waiting be."

Away the youthful Albert went,
O'er hill and vale and flowery glade;
Yet still, though on his footsteps bent,
His thoughts were with his lovely maid.

How slow to Geraldine seem'd time!
As, musing in her lonely bow'r,
She thought the clock would never chime
The long-expected meeting hour.

At length, upon her listening ear
Th' appointed signal sweetly rang:
To meet the youth, by far more dear
Than words had told, she lightly sprang.

The crimson sun had glided down,
And earth was wrapt in sable shroud;
The pale chaste beamings of the moon
Were shaded by an envious cloud.

Soon reach'd the maid the spreading tree—
No Albert!—much she wonder'd where
Her lover loitering could be—
She search'd the tower, nor was he there.

The wind came sighing through the trees,
She look'd around, and all was lone,
But, borne on by the passing breeze,
She heard a low and feeble groan.

Her bosom now with fear throbb'd fast,
And yet she thought her fears were vain;
It might be but the moaning blast—
But hark! she hears the sound again.

She call'd the courage to her heart—
The guileless heart may claim its aid—
And from her clouds the moon did start,
As though to cheer the beauteous maid.

She pray'd aloud to Him above.
Whose wondrous eyes' all-seeing pow'r,
Looks on the virtuous with love.
In gladness, or in sorrow's hour.

Her prayer was heard, and as she knelt
An humble suppliant to Him
Who guards the innocent, she felt
More firm of heart, more strong of limb.

She rose, and once more on the wind
There came a groaning low and faint;
With glance of dread she sought to find
From whence arose the sad complaint.

With noiseless step she traced the sound,
And lighted by the moonshine wan,
She saw upon the dew-starr'd ground
A pale and bleeding dying man.

She gazed that fearful sight upon—
"Oh, God! my Albert's form!" she cried:
Thus spoke the youth, with feeble tone,
"My Geraldine, my destined bride!

"Kind Heaven, I thank thee, that I greet
My Geraldine or ere I die,
And yet 'tis bitter thus to meet
My fate by dastard treachery.

"As on I came, in blissful mood,
The glare of burnish'd arms reveal'd,
In the thick covert of the wood,
One who had wish'd to lie conceal'd.

"I heeded not, still pass'd along,
But as I onwards gaily prest,
Forth from his shade the ruffian sprung,
And plunged a dagger in my breast.

"I fell, and fix'd my eyes upon
My murderer's face, and his dark brow
A fiend-like joy was pictured on—
'Twas Rodolph struck the fatal blow!

"There, Geraldine, my rival stood,
His hands with living crimson dyed,
His dagger reeking with my blood,
And thus exultingly he cried:

"'There, dreaming, youthful doter, lie,
The earth a pillow for thy head,
Thy music be the night-wind's sigh,
The grave shall be thy bridal bed!'

"This said, the traitor quickly flew—
But, oh, farewell! faint beats my heart,
And on my brow the clammy dew,
The chilling damp of death doth start.

"Yet think not that this is to me
Moment of agony—in death,
The form my soul adores I see,
My love receives my latest breath!"

He ceas'd—away his spirit sprung,
Lifefess was he, the gay and proud;
As if to mourn for one so young,
Again the pale moon sought her cloud.

Oh, mournful is the tale I tell!
And well the maiden's heart might break;
Upon her lover's corse she fell,
And kiss'd his wan and ice-cold cheek.

"He's gone from me, the good, the brave,
Who ever dear in life hath been;
I lived for Albert, and his grave
Shall be the grave of Geraldine!"

Her white arms round his frame she twin'd
Then for her love the maiden died,
And faithful, true in death reclin'd
Young Albert and his destin'd bride!

A PROLOGUE,

WRITTEN ON BEHALF OF THE INDIAN RELIEF FUND, FOR A CONCERT GIVEN IN THE NATIONAL SCHOOL, ACCRINGTON, NOVEMBER 13TH, 1857.

Sad cries of anguish come across the wave,
Which speak of many a dark, unhallow'd grave,
Of many a loved, and dearly worshipp'd form,
Untimely, foully, given to the worm;
Struck in the pride of youth and beauty's might,
Or sent in manhood's strength to endless night.
Not by the hand of red and bloody war
Have fallen our countrymen in realms afar;
Not where disease abroad mysterious cast
Its fatal spells upon the lurid blast,

But where the cruel, base assassin trod,
And wreak'd his vengeance in the face of God.
No oaths to him were sacred, nought could bind
The hellish depths of his distorted mind;
His soul incarnadined with human blood,
Nought pure or holy in his pathway stood.
The cherish'd names of mother, child, or wife,
Could nought avail amid the dastard strife;
Nor age, nor sex, his fiendish hate could quell,
But all alike in his mad fury fell:
All ties that should subdue the human heart,
By miscreant hands were rudely torn apart.
The husband, with a wild and frenzied brain,
Saw her he loved before him worse than slain,
Or lived to look upon his treasured child
By fierce barbarians murder'd or defiled.
Mothers beheld their infants snatch'd away,
To savage monsters a defenceless prey:
All hideous shapes by which a death is found,
These men-shaped monsters dealt and scatter'd round.
But retribution soon shall be at hand,
For English hearts are beating o'er the land,
To aid their brethren o'er the wide-spread wave,
To cheer, to animate, assist, and save;
And deeply, surely, shall the recreant foe
The English soldiers' gory vengeance know,
In ages yet to come, the moaning gale,
Shall speak the woes of Cawnpore's awful wail:
Already Campbell, Havelock, lead them on
To fields where vengeful triumph may be won.
Delhi hath fallen!—'mid triumphant cries,
Above its walls the British standard flies;
And many a deed of dark and dire affray,
Shall mark the victory of each bloody day.

But yours to-night is a more grateful task:
Whilst from your bounty we a trifle ask,
To aid the destitute and suffering band
Of those left mourning on a foreign strand,
Music around shall pour its cheering strain.
Oh, would such sounds could dissipate the pain,
Of those who sadly on a far-off shore
The bitter memory of the lost deplore;
But 'tis in vain—their ears have heard a knell,
Which bade to hope and happiness farewell.
Yet let all here on this auspicious night
Think that their presence makes some path more bright,
And know that they may gladden if not bless
Those who now pine in want and wretchedness.
Your timely kindness shall to them reveal,
That kindred hearts for all their sorrows feel.

THE MAIDEN'S FATE.

It was Sir Hugh, the baron bold,
Rode out at break of morn,
With hound, as though to chase the deer,
And glittering bugle horn.

He rode o'er hill, he rode o'er dale,
He rode o'er barren moor,
And sprung o'er crags where horse and hound,
Had never been before.

The morn was fair, the sun shone forth,
The rivers flash'd like gold,
And all was gay that met the eye
Of the joyful baron bold.

Oh, it was not so much to chase the deer,
Or to brush the dew away,
That the baron had left his downy couch,
And mounted his courser grey.

The baron he loved a maiden bright,
Yet she was of lowly race,
And he rode to meet her at break of day,
As though he had follow'd the chase.

The baron he spurr'd his goodly steed,
And rode with might and main;
And when he had ridden a mile or two,
A deer sprang o'er the plain.

Then drew the baron his fatal bow,
Swift flew the feathery dart;
The arrow it miss'd the bounding deer,
But it pierc'd his true-love's heart!

The knight he leap'd from his foaming horse,
And clasp'd unto his breast
The dying form of the lovely maid,
And her cold, cold lips he prest.

"And must thou die, mine own true love?
And art thou slain by me?
Thou wert my life, my hope, my all,
And I have murder'd thee!"

The knight return'd unto his hall,
A changed and sorrowing man;
And never from that hour a smile
Pass'd o'er his features wan.

TO A LITTLE BOY,

WITH A SMALL VOLUME.

SMALLEST presents sometimes prove
Tokens of the greatest love,
And the future often brings
Great events from trifling things.
May this token be to thee
A green spot of the memory,
Telling of that happy day
When all the world before thee lay,
And meadow green and sky of blue
Seem'd ever beautiful and new,
And every flower thou did'st behold
Was far more prized than coin of gold;
And thou did'st ever breathe and move
Beneath thy parents' gaze of love.
Oh! may thy manhood's heart and brow
Be free from pain and cloud as now;
May all thy hours of care and grief
Be, like this tiny volume, brief;
And may thy days of true delight
Be, as some goodly missal, bright

With costly hues and tints of gold,
And shapes all beauteous to behold,
Each pointing out the blessed way
Which leads to an immortal day.

TO A LITTLE GIRL,

WITH AN ILLUSTRATED BOOK.

Trifle though this volume be
Take the gift I offer thee.
Though no costly jewels shine
Round this little book of mine,
It the messenger shall be
Of the love I bear to thee.
There are thoughts upon its pages
Which will live in after ages;
There are sown the seeds of good,
Which may yield thee mental food,
Giving comfort to thy mind
When the world doth prove unkind,
And the hearts thou now dost trust
Slumber in the silent dust.
Emblems thou wilt find of flowers
Gather'd in poetic bowers,
Which will ever to thee speak
In a language pure and meek.
May thy soul be vestal-white
As silver lily's cup of light;

May the modest primrose be
A type of thy simplicity;
On thy cheeks be roses seen,
In thy heart the evergreen;
Be thy love the snowdrop flower,
Blooming in the wintry hour,
Beautiful and truthful still,
Though all around be drear and chill.
Oh! let me prophecy for thee
That thou wilt good and virtuous be,
And ever keep within thy mind
The innocence of youth enshrined;
And may God's blessing be thy dower,
And cling to thee till life's last hour!

FAITH AND HOPE.

I DREAMT that I once more was young,
No shadowy past was there;
Like roses hopes about me sprung,
And all was fresh and fair;
No boding fear, no thought of gloom
Within my heart had birth;
The flowers of life were all in bloom,
And gladness fill'd the earth.

Clear was the dawning of each day,
Joy came with morning's beam,
Like molten gold the sunshine lay
Upon the crystal stream:

The moon came gliding out at night,
Brightening the azure sky,
And flooding earth with waves of light,
In dream-like mystery.

May-buds were twined round everything,
The future smiled on all;
Nature was ever in its spring,
A lengthen'd festival;
Childhood's sweet laugh an echo found
Within my buoyant heart;
The whispering leaves, the fountain's sound
Did thoughts of bliss impart.

No more to lure my wandering feet
Earth's blossoms cheer me on;
No more the dawn with joy I greet,
The spells of night are gone;
But o'er my soul there comes a breath
Which causeth flowers to bloom
Whose scent gives fragrance unto death,
And beautifies the tomb.

ON A DEAD FRIEND.

Oh! lasting will thy slumber be,
A long and dreary sleep;
The once proud form that now I see,
Is but a soulless heap:

Thou may'st be happy, yet, for me,
I cannot choose but weep;
The life that charm'd hath pass'd away,
We may not even keep thy clay.

Paleness is on thy high-form'd brow,
And on thy sunken cheek,
While vanish'd is the ruby glow
From lips which used to break
In pity's tones to drooping woe,
And in joy's hour would speak
In rapturous mirth to all around,
And double pleasure with their sound.

Those eyes which glow'd of late with light,
Nought more on earth will view;
Without is darkness on thy sight,
Within is darkness too;
All, save the truly pure and bright,
May Death claim as his due;
The inborn spirit is not his,
It seeks a better world than this.

The leaves that form the summer's shade,
Do fade in autumn's sway;
The flowers by spring's soft breathings made,
When winter frowns decay;
The mower cuts the waving blade
In its green pride away:
Another spring doth them relume,
A spring will burst the darksome tomb.

Thy soul is where the sinless are,
  Thy clay but for the grave,
As far above is placed the star,
  Whose shadow's in the wave:
Thy soul from care and woe is far,
  Then how could I e'er crave
That thou below might'st longer be?
Vain prayer—soon may I dwell with thee!

THE ANGEL AND THE FIEND.

When earth receives the young and helpless child
Fresh from its Maker, taintless, undefiled,
No vicious taste within its bosom lives,
It seeks for nought but that which Nature gives,
And the sweet fount of the maternal breast
Lulls to a placid and a dreamy rest.
Visions—of what?—its gentle sleep beguile,
And light its features with unearthly smile;
The Angel that presided o'er its birth
Attends the infant guest's first years on earth;
All that it sees wears an enchanted hue,
And Heaven seems shining through the arch of blue.
Joy comes when winter with keen breath appears,
Joy lives with the young months of smiles and tears,
Joy is when summer calls to cooling bowers,
Joy with the autumn's dun and golden hours.
When all athirst the wanderer seeks the spring,
The hovering Angel fans it with its wing,

Blesses the beverage simple, pure, and good,
And sends the draught rejoicing through the blood:
But Heaven recals the Angel, and it flies
To seek another mission from the skies.

Now comes the Fiend to the unguarded youth,
And demon falsehood battles with the truth,
Poisons the mind with visions foul and dim,
And blights the influence of the seraphim.
Aloft the tempter brandishes his prize,
The damned cup where sin and misery lies;
The sparkling liquid lures the victim's lips,
And tremblingly the drink accurst he sips.
Now to a deeper draught the wretch is won,
And the Fiend laughs and flies—his task is done!
Earth smiles no more in loveliness and bloom,
And the blue skies assume a face of gloom;
Joy nevermore the varied seasons bring,
Vainly now flows the health-imparting spring;
Rabidly mad, afar the victim flies,
And fills the air with howls and maniac cries.
One burning passion enters in his soul,
One deadly craving mocks at all controul:
He asks but drink, for that yields up all ties,
For that humanity and friendship dies,
For that becomes the doom'd degraded man,
A thing all hearts must loathe, all tongues must ban.
But hark! what sound of joy breaks o'er the land!
Around, about is form'd a serried band—
A band of dauntless, never-tiring men,
Within whose souls the Angel lives again,
And guides them onward in a holy war
To drive the Fiend Intemperance afar:

Arm'd in the right they ceaseless strive and plead,
And with an energy that *must* succeed.
Aid them with means, example, voice, and pen,
To win redemption for their fellow-men;
Bring succour, brothers, to the noble band,
And join them as they journey through the land;
Strike strongly with them till the shackles fall
That hold the body and the soul in thrall:
On to the rescue of the drink-bound slave!
Save him from sadness, madness, and the grave!

BRANDY AND WATER.

A CHAUNT FOR A DRUNKARD.

Brandy, brandy, brandy,
  Ever morning, noon, and night,
For the fire is always burning
  Which the spirit keeps alight.
With eye-balls ever aching
  I shun the glare of day.
And from food, however dainty,
  I with loathing turn away;
Wife, children, friends, and brothers,
  All are hateful to my sight,
And from books and pleasant pastimes
  There hath faded all delight;
My bed is scorching lava,
  And all slumber from me flies,

For my room is throng'd with demons,
All with mocking mouths and eyes:
Now they seize me and they bind me
With a red-hot iron chain—
Brandy, brandy, brandy!—
They are piercing through my brain!

Water, water, water!
Oh, the sweet and soothing well,
Which I sought in days of childhood,
In the green and quiet dell;
How its memory brings before me
Those serene and happy days,
When, through mingled light and shadow,
Flash'd the sun with joyous rays!
Then to food, however homely,
Buoyant health would zest impart,
And for all shapes that were human
There was love within my heart.
My days were all elysian,
And my couch was lightly prest,
For glad thoughts, like happy angels,
Seem'd to woo me unto rest;
Then I rose up in the morning,
Free from weariness and pain—
Water, water, water!
Cool my fever'd heart and brain.

Save me, save me, save me!
From this horrid life of woe,
From this madness of the drunkard,
From this worse than hell below,
From the scorn and the contumely
Of my wiser fellow-men,

From this craving that consumes me,
Like a wild beast in a den!
All respect, affection, friendship,
I have barter'd, and for what?
For deep draughts of liquid poison,
And a shunn'd and beggar'd lot.
Oh, Christ Jesu! in Thy mercy,
Quench the fire that burns within;
Give me power to quell the demon
That hath steep'd my soul in sin;
Give me back the olden gladness
Of my sober days again—
Water, water, water!
For my fever'd heart and brain!

THE SHADE OF SHAKSPERE.

A MONOLOGUE, TO BE DELIVERED IN CHARACTER.

WHAT marvels come before my dazzled eyes?
What forms are these that to my vision rise?
This temple to my wilder'd brain doth seem
Some structure fashion'd in a poet's dream;
A fitting home for shapes that ne'er can die—
Immortals springing from mortality!
How different all since last I saw the age!—
No scenic aid illumined then the stage;
No mimic streets and mansions met the view,
Making the poet's fiction seem the true;

No architectural skill the pile design'd,
And shed around the charm and grace of mind;
All classic taste and decorative art
Then from the drama were as things apart.
Strangely transform'd are manners, style, and dress;
Change is with all save woman's loveliness:
In her sweet features still mine eyes can trace
The blushing roses of our English race,
Pure, fresh, and fragrant, as when Britain's queen
In vestal majesty lit up the scene.

Now crumbled seem these walls, and on my sight
There bursts a blaze of intellectual light;
The wondrous things, of genius born, abound,
And spirits, legion-like, are thronging round,
Spirits that have destroy'd both time and space,
And drawn together all the human race,
Till my poor Puck's engirdling round the earth
Is thought by them a feat of ease and mirth,
And fancies born in realms of the ideal
Are shamed and distanced by the true and real.

And who now sways the drama's mighty school?
Whose province is it o'er the soul to rule?
Who holds the mirror up to nature now?
Whoe'er he be, to his great power I bow.
Let me but hear the proud and treasur'd name
Which now my country consecrates to fame.—(A Voice:
"Shakspere!")
My name!—I dream—methought a sound was heard
Which my aspiring soul with glory stirr'd.
Doth Shylock still brood vengeful passions o'er?
Lives yet the lady married to the Moor?

Still do the forms at times to being spring
Of Denmark's prince, and Lear, the discrown'd king?
My love-sick Juliet, and sweet Rosalind,
Macbeth, and she who sway'd his wavering mind—
Do these, and other creatures sketch'd by me,
Still hold an influence o'er man's destiny?—
If it be so, my earthly aim is won,
And all I lived and hoped for now is done.
May some great master of the world of thought
Yet come to teach what I have left untaught,
And, by the mighty attributes of mind,
Refine, enlighten, elevate his kind,
Till all the nations of the earth shall be
Endow'd with wisdom, love, and charity.
So farewell, world, till that high time, and then
Let Shakspere look upon thy race again!

SONNET TO———.

The names and deeds that fill life's calendar
  Rush on my spirit like a stormy rack,
As memory wanders deviously and far,
  And gathers records from each way and track,
Where we have rambled. Fancy sees a band
  Of men unwarp'd by faction-heated time,
  Followers of science, nature, taste, and rhyme;
Heart-speakers, frank with look, and voice, and hand.

Where are they now? Death's hollow voice replies
For many. Thou, my friend, art with me here.
Long may it be or ere thy household ties
Shall shed for thee the bitter, hopeless tear.
Long may'st thou live life's blessings to impart,
With power as boundless as thy liberal heart.

LIFE AND DEATH.

We grieve that life is brief, but 'tis not so,
Compared to life's affections; they expire
Long ere the hearts they dwelt in lie in dust.
Friend after friend anon keeps vanishing,
As leaves forsake a tree. Some fall away,
Snapp'd by a blast, in the bright summer hours;
Some linger with us till the autumn comes,
But when the sap hath fail'd the trunk is bare.

Oh, blessed time, when, in the days of youth,
We held discourse with uncheck'd thought and tongue,
And soul had free communion with soul,
Vowing firm friendships, which 'twas fondly deem'd
Would be eternal; but how vain the thought,
And vain the word "eternal," when 'tis link'd
With aught that e'er existed but for earth.
It is the emblem of all time, intact,
Unlimited, unperishing, and we,
Whilst here, the motes that float within its light,
And cannot grasp the beams impalpable;
The children of a day, with every shade,
However transient, we are left in gloom.

The diorama of the chequer'd past
Again unfolds itself unto my view,
And flashes brightly on my mental sight,
Though to my outward vision all is dim.
One of a childish group, I roam along,
By flower-lined brooklets, and o'er daisied paths;
By hedges green, where buds of blue and gold
Point to the spots where sable berries grow,
The prized and luscious fruit of infancy.
What dreams were ours, what hopes of future years,
In which our lots would be combined in bliss!
Alas! they vanish'd, like the wandering lights,
Which leave their followers in the dark morass.

The scene is changed, the steps of life are trod,
Which lead us on from childhood unto youth;
The dawn of manhood gleams upon our path,
And the vast coming looms upon our hearts,
Though not a cloud is on our spirits cast,
For hope within us burns with radiant light,
And shows a clear and sunny way through all.
Our voices ring with buoyant tones of health,
And, in the fulness of our untried strength,
We laugh the warnings of old age to scorn.
We gather round a band of kindred souls,
We share the revel, quaff the sparkling draught;
Quick flies the repartee, high swells the song;
The jocund hours flit unregarded by;
We set the world and all its cares at naught,
And hurl defiance in the teeth of fate.
What can prevail against our serried ranks,
What can disturb the phalanx of our might?—
A few short years, and we are scatter'd—where?—
Never again each other's gaze to meet.

Manhood arrives, and time, with vice-like grasp,
Keeps tugging with us to the house of worms,
And still we talk, and plan, and hope, and dream,
And lay out projects that a hundred years
Would fail to ripen to maturity.
We seek no more the mid-day's leafy gloom,
Where, in our youthful prime, we loved to stray,
And converse hold, on themes of hope and love,
With one who was the starlight of each thought,
And beauty with all aspirations blent.
We gather round the blaze at eventide,
And stretch our palms, and rub our shivering knees,
And with our cronies hold discourse on gold,
And war, and commerce, and affairs of state,
And lay down dogmas that can never fail
To work regeneration for the age,
And heal the wounds of our distracted time.
But self is ever at the root of all—
The warm affections have become all iced,
Love is corrupted, friendship but a name.

The form is shrunk, and bow'd with care and years,
And wails and shivers in the passing breeze.
Like an old tree, amid the wintry storm,
Sapless and hoary do we meet the blast,
Leafless and bare— the friends of life are gone.

The taper glimmers in the darken'd room,
The groans of anguish fall on hireling ears;
The breath hath fled, the weary eyes are closed.
Then the cold clay is pack'd within its chest,
The sable train, and mocking plumes appear,
The dues are paid, the mumbled prayers are said,

The heavy earth is rattled on the lid,
And poor mortality is seen no more.

Such is our short existence—we are gone—
Our most dear kindred hold their mourning feast,
And rake among the savings of the dead,
And read the disposition he hath made.
Then, with their faces most devoutly long,
Hold up the cambric to their tearless eyes,
Or mutter bitter jibes, within their teeth,
On the testator—as the case may be.

And is this all?—Is this man's destiny,
Made perfect and complete by God's own hand?
It cannot be—if it were so, than man's
A happier lot the forest monarch hath,
Or the striped tenant of the jungle's lair,
The eagle soaring proudly towards the sun,
The monster of the great unmeasured deep,
The wild steed of the desert, or the lark
Singing its morning anthem in the sky.
But it is not so!—with the spirit lives
The undying essence Heaven implanted there,
To bear it through the ordeal stern of earth,
And thence to waft it to its first glad home,
Where soul with soul shall commune, and for ever,
And night fall never on the cloudless day.
The dreams of childhood prove this truth divine,
The first affections of the human heart,
The aspirations of the poet's mind,
And that high genius which, through science, holds
Converse with sun and moon, and untold stars.
The mind, progressing ever, round us spreads
Continual wonders, from a source divine.

Thus may it be until this lower sphere
Shall so abound with heavenly attributes,
That Paradise shall once more be on earth,
And man shall feel himself so near to God,
That, even here, with spirits may he speak,
And know immortals ere he sleep in death.

INFANCY AND AGE.

I stood between the lapse of time,
The coming and the gone,
And gazed upon two forms unlike,
And yet the two were one;
The passer would have look'd on them,
And seen resemblance none.

The first was pure and very fair,
Without a spot or stain;
Its eyes were full of dreamy light,
Its face unpinch'd with pain;
The world and all its many cares
Had lived for it in vain.

Its little lips had never striven
To speak a single word;
Its ears unto its mind convey'd
No language that it heard;
It lay within its downy nest,
Like young and unfledged bird.

No hair on its smooth head was seen,
  No teeth its mouth within;
A dimple mark'd its cheek of bloom;
  Its smiles to smiles did win
Those who had pass'd through many years
  Of sorrow and of sin.

The other form which met my gaze
  Was helpless as the first,
And yet had pass'd through all earth's ways,
  The brightest and the worst.
The helplessness which now it felt
  Was painful and accurst.

It had been sear'd by worldly cares,
  Its energies were spent,
Its limbs their agile strength had lost,
  Its once proud form was bent;
Its toothless jaws moved up and down,
  And mumbled as they went.

Its eyes were fix'd on vacancy,
  Their light was cold and dim,
And from its lips had pass'd away
  The smile of seraphim;
The world had wrinkled o'er its face,
  And paralysed each limb.

The very hair had left its crown,
  Its head was smooth and bare,
But stolidness, not innocence,
  Now did its features wear;
It was a thing to look upon,
  And make the heart despair.

And yet not so—the self-same soul,
Which lived in that pure thing,
Had dwelt within the frame through all,
And lent its dove-like wing
To bear it through its pilgrimage,
To meet its heavenly king.

And so the spirit ever is
With all that's human blent;
It lives with us in infancy,
And when the form is bent:
Oh, God! if earth the spirit sways,
Judge us by our intent.

DREAMING AND WAKING.

I WALK in dreams—I waken in the morn,
And find myself all crippled, weak, and sad,
Shut out from my companions, faint, forlorn,
With not a thought to make my spirits glad.

I see bright visions, bound with joy along,
'Mid pleasant scenes, the gayest one of all,
Singing a buoyant and a hopeful song—
I wake to bear despair's unceasing thrall.

I see in slumber cheerful faces round,
My wife and children in a group of glee—
I wake to feel that pain my limbs hath bound—
In me the cloud that dims their fate they see.

I climb the hill, I tread the verdant field,
I pace the valley, dare the rushing stream—
I wake once more—naught doth the morning yield
But agony, and memory of a dream.

I mingle with my happy fellow-men,
I blend with them in converse, as of old—
I wake to dread that fate for me again
Will ne'er break down the barrier stern and cold.

Upon my soul there shines a gleam of hope
To glean some golden ears in fields of fame—
The morning brings a darken'd horoscope,
Blighted aspirings, and an unprized name.

Oh, Christ, our Saviour, though I have not bow'd
At pompous shrines, with crook'd and mocking knee:
I humbly pray, amid a sinful crowd,
My erring spirit may find rest with Thee!

TEARS AND SMILES.

Tears and smiles make up our life—
Tears greet our life's first morning,
Heralds of long years of strife,
Of woe, joy, hate, love, scorning.

And the memory perhaps is there,
Of that region telling,
Where, untouch'd by earthly care,
The soul first had its dwelling.

Other tears, that speak of grief,
  Adown our cheeks are streaming,
When of bygone pleasures brief
  Our after-life is dreaming.

Sad and yet delicious tears
  Oft fall before the altar,
When the bride, 'mid love and fears,
  Finds her young bosom falter.

There are tears that gem the eye,
  'Tis when, in hearts of sadness,
Kindness stills the mourner's sigh,
  And woe transforms to gladness.

Angels, perhaps, may weep in heaven,
  Amid their untold blessings;
For to them the power is given
  To witness man's transgressings.

Good men fade in bliss away,
  Deep peace their hearts beguiling;
Smiles about their features play—
  They see the angels smiling.

Joy most holy is above,
  All other joys excelling,
When souls, tried by sorrows, prove
  Still worthy their first dwelling.

Let us hope that though we come
  To earth with grief and weeping,
Our tried souls may find their home,
  And smiles light our last sleeping.

THE BROTHERS.

AN INCIDENT OF THE CRIMEAN WAR.

THEY met together, at the dark grave side,
Which held their father's cold and mouldering clay;
And each to each in words of wrath replied,
And then they hurried from the spot away:
Two brethren, in the same old homestead bred,
With bitter hate they from each other fled.

And years roll'd on, and those two never met,
Hatred no more they to each other bore;
And naught could teach their spirits to forget
The homestead and the orchard, where of yore
They clung in love around the parent knee,
Or gather'd fruit from the old apple-tree.

Seas had between them roar'd—and now they stood
On gory Redan's war-encircled height;
Around them raged a storm of smoke and blood,
And yet, reveal'd unto each other's sight,
They felt, amid that deadly hope forlorn,
As they had felt in childhood's early morn.

Between them lay the dying and the dead,
But each grasp'd eagerly his brother's hand;
Upon their souls there was no thought of dread,
Their hearts were girt with the old filial band;
And passing each his hand across his brow,
Brother to brother spoke, "And is it thou?"

Brief was the time allow'd, yet who shall tell
The thoughts of old that through their memories past?
The life of youth came o'er them as a spell
Of bright illusion on their being cast:
They saw once more the old tree's pleasant shade—
The playmate dear, the cherish'd village-maid.

And they rush'd on—one fell in bloody fight,
The other turn'd and saw his brother slain;
Inflamed and madden'd with the horrid sight,
He sped like demon to the strife again:
Yet nevermore in peace, or on war's plain,
Came happiness unto his heart again.

THE ORIEL WINDOW.

By the oriel window—
A steed was at the gate—
Stood two youthful lovers,
As if pair'd by fate;
Fair and gentle lilies,
Silver'd by the moon,
Pallid as a dream-flower,
And the rose of June,
Peer'd through the oriel window.

By the oriel window
Deepest vows were heard,
By the youthful lover—
Sobs, but not a word

From the blushing maiden
  Broke upon the night;
But no words she needed
  To confirm that plight
Pledged by the oriel window.

By the oriel window
  Shields and scutcheons gleam'd;
Portraits stern look'd on them,
  Broider'd banners stream'd.
Noble was the maiden,
  Noble was the youth—
Youth and beauty whisper'd
  Naught but joy and truth,
By the deep oriel window.

By the oriel window
  Soon a voice was heard
As of loud lamenting,
  And deep anguish stirr'd.
One went forth to battle,
  And soon found a death,
Which was most to wail for?—
  She who drew her breath
By the old oriel window.

By the oriel window
  Of our love and hope
Gaily do we map out
  Some bright horoscope;
Sudden death or battle
  Oft the vision mars—
With the hopeful future
  Ever comes and jars
Thoughts of the oriel window.

WHERE SHALL THE DEAD FIND REST?

WHERE shall the dead find rest?—the graves are full—
The city church-yards have a sated maw;
The sexton's spade no more turns up the skull,
Whilst he with laughs and jibes knows nought of awe.
The dead-stones are not trampled by the tread
Of careless passers by—around is shed
The spell of quietness and calm repose,
Such as should mark our being's earthly close.
Give me the stillness of the country green,
The summer sunlight with its golden sheen,
Or the white snow above my wintry rest,
The type of nature in her ermine vest,
When all unstain'd and vestal cold appears,
The harbinger of joy's forthcoming years.

FORGIVENESS.

IN the night I lay awake.
O Christ Jesu!
Tend and guard us for Thy sake—
Thou and the holy virgin!
I saw the moonshine shimmering through
The window-panes of misty hue,
And all without was dim with dew,
Grass and the flowers.

I heard the night-wind howl and shriek,
O Christ Jesu!
To my soul in mercy speak,
Thou and the holy virgin!
I thought the night-wind spoke to me,
Like sinner in his agony,
And then I saw the cross and thee,
All gore ensanguined.

I thought on all my by-gone sins,
O Christ Jesu!
And demons mock'd me with their grins.
Thou and the holy virgin
Came sailing 'twixt me and their sight,
And all of gloom was turn'd to light;
Moonlight and stars were but of night,
For all was glory.

I look'd on ancient Bethlehem,
O Christ Jesu!
I saw full many a priceless gem,
Thou and the holy virgin
Claim'd as a tribute all divine
To lay before your lowly shrine,
Whilst o'er you gleam'd the east star's shine,
With heav'nly splendour.

I saw the child to manhood rise,
O Christ Jesu!
I saw attracting all men's eyes
Thou and the holy virgin;

I saw mankind from woe redeem'd,
Whilst from thine eyes full mercy gleam'd,
And god-like, sweet forgiveness stream'd
For ev'ry sinner.

Slumber did on mine eye-lids fall,
O Christ Jesu!
A halo seem'd to rest on all,
Thou and the holy virgin.
My heart was cleansed at once from grief—
I knew, of sinners though the chief,
That Thou could'st give my soul relief,
Christ and Saviour!

YOUTH AND AGE.

My morn and noon of life, alas! are fled,
And with them all the joys and charms of life;
Behind me stands a wall built of the dead,
Before me are the waves of storm and strife.

Behind me forms of buried beauty lie,
Young eyes whose joyous light is quench'd for ever,
Cheeks that have lost the rose's blushing dye,
And voices whose glad sound shall greet me never.

Before me move a grey and aged crowd,
With haggard cheeks and looks of care and woe;
No mirth is theirs, no bearing free and proud—
Like way-tired wanderers wearily they go.

The charmed light that lit their life is gone,
No dazzling future lures them on the way;
The sun of hope hath from their pathway flown,
And left them but a feeble, cheerless ray.

And I walk with them, as those walk'd of old,
Who left behind their home of fruits and flowers,
To seek forlorn, in lands all strange and cold,
At best a shelter, but no pleasant bowers.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy,"
And gilds all objects with celestial rays,
Whilst from our age the golden beamings fly,
Fled too the angels of our early days.

The spells have gone from fiction's fairy page,
The glory from the earth and from the sky;
Sunshine departs, but shadows cling to age,
And sternly real all that meets the eye.

Playmate and friends fade from us one by one,
Vainly each vacant place we seek to fill;
Alas! the feelings of the heart are gone—
Friendship gives place to interest cold and chill.

'Twere worse than death to coldly creep along,
And drag at every step the lengthening chain,
Were not the hope within our spirits strong
That all we've lost will soon be ours again.

MY COUNTRY.

My country! I am proud of thee, thy fertile hills and dales,
Thy rivers wide, thy meadows green, thy calm and quiet vales;
Thy stately trees, thy turrets high, thy castles old and grand,
That stand, like ancient warriors, to guard their native land.

I love thy fair and blue-eyed maids, whate'er their rank may be;
Naught care I where their lot be cast—it matters not to me;
The same pure blood flows in their veins, and mantles in each face,
And high and low, and rich and poor, have just as much of grace.

But best I love thy hardy sons, the swart and stalwart bands
Whose lot has been to think and do—the men of brains and hands;
With them doth England's greatness live, and in their forms I trace
The pioneers of all that tends to glorify their race.

At their command goes panting forth the monster-god of steam,
And men and merchandize rush by like phantoms in a dream;
But demon-vessels speed along their dark tempestuous path,
Though adverse wind, and rain, and storm surround them in their wrath.

Man speaks to man, though myriad miles their space should intervene,
And ocean-waves a watery wedge may interpose between;
Now manlight rivals moonlight in its warm and brilliant flow,
And earth's inventive genius bathes the earth in genial glow.

I sicken at the aimless talk of those who legislate,
And meet to represent, but spend their time in endless prate;
Who vainly speak of what they call the people's sacred right,
And sacrifice to private pique the truly pure and bright.

But I will hope the time will come when those who make us great
Shall have the influence, which is theirs, to rule and guide the state;
When men of mind shall burst the bonds which hold us now in thrall,
And honest industry and art shall triumph over all.

REDEMPTION.

In quiet beams of bliss the morning breaks
And glorious showers of crimson, blue, and gold,
Pour o'er the earth with joy-awakening streaks,
Whilst flowers their glad and stainless eyes enfold.
The earth seems spread for joy and happiness,
As nought of woe were meant for scenes like this.
Oh! why was man alone thus doom'd to know
That which to lowlier objects is denied?
Why was he mark'd recipient of woe,
Tasting of anguish in the hour of pride?
This seeming slight should cause his heart to glow—
By human agony the Saviour sought
The bloody triumph which redemption brought.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

Rose of the starry garden of the sky,
Thou fairest gem in heaven's radiant mine;
Bright Peri of the night, whose laughing eye
Is glancing ever with a joyous shine,
Like a young virgin's, glad but tremblingly;
Chief handmaid to the lovely lady-moon,
Bathing thy beauty in the sky's blue river,
Oh, I could gaze on thy pure smiles for ever;
But thy light passes, as our life too soon,
And night already hath o'erpass'd its noon;
The storm-winds float around me with sad wail,
Hush'd in her covert is the nightingale,
The dim clouds shadow thee, and on the spray
The rain drops dash—farewell! I must away.

OH, THINK'ST THOU I REMEMBER NOT?

Oh, think'st thou I remember not
The vows pledged at thy shrine?
Oh do'st thou deem thyself forgot,
When flows the sparkling wine?
Amid the song, amid the dance,
Thine image dwells with me;
Each fairy form, each thrilling glance,
But tells my heart of thee.

The lays I breathe are all thine own,
For thee I touch the lute;
Had not thine eyes upon me shone,
Its tones had aye been mute.
Oh, thou hast been the star that shed
Its kindly light on me;
When hearts grew cold and joy had fled.
I found no change in thee.

FANTASIES.

We are not old for ever—o'er the heart
There comes at times a rush of spring-tide joy;
From the bright morning of our life a breath
Creeps 'mid the once green leaves, that now in death
Lie in our bosoms. Once again a boy,
We feel the hopes and joys around us start,
That lured us onward with a mocking beam,
The sun sheds glory on each brook and stream;
We drink delight from every passing breeze,
And hear sweet music murmur through the trees,
That bend with luscious fruitage. Then blue eyes,
And bell-like voices wilder us again,
Alas! they come and vanish—fantasies,
That leave behind far less of bliss than pain.

THE GOLDEN DAY OF YOUTH IS GONE.

THE golden day of youth is gone,
And shades of night have gather'd round;
I stand to muse and gaze alone—
My morning mates no more are found;
Some pass'd away at dawn's pure time,
Some left me with the noontide's ray,
But, long ere rang the evening chime,
The whole were scatter'd far away.

Some roam'd to bright and distant bowers,
And gather'd many a fragrant gem,
Choosing, like bees, the sweetest flowers,
Which ever seem'd to bloom for them;
As insect pass'd on fluttering wing,
In thoughtless chase some hurried on,
And caught the fair and fragile thing,
But found its life and beauty gone.

Some sought the forest's tangled shade,
Where wild and thick the branches grew,
Until, so far their feet had stray'd,
No homeward path the wanderers knew:
Yet still, though day's glad hours have flown,
And over earth a shadow lies,
Unto the heavens my gaze is thrown,
And stars are shining in the skies!

THE GUARDIAN ANGEL.

WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION OF A PICTURE.

HAST thou, then, left thy fair and far-off home,
That bless'd abode where sun and stars look dim,
Where o'er the pathways blissful spirits roam,
And ever soundeth song of Seraphim?
Hast thou departed from the throne of Him
Whose rays of glory o'er his hosts are spread,
To dwell where sorrow doth her lone lamp trim,
Where flickering tapers light the sick man's bed,
And erring mortals weep for the immortal dead?

Oh, heavenly wanderer! where have stray'd thy feet,
In the dark labyrinths of this clouded sphere?
Hast thou sought out the desolate retreat
Where suffering virtue drops the bitter tear,
Or whisper'd comfort in the sleeping ear?
Hast thou brought warnings to the sinful mind,
And made it shrink from guilty deeds with fear?
Hast thou given light unto the worldly blind,
And made them bow to God, and help their stricken kind?

Thou standest now with one uplifted hand,
As though thou wouldst some counsel wise impress;
Thou dost not bear a rich and costly wand,
But flowers of pure and pallid loveliness;
A scarf of splendid dye floats o'er thy dress,
And thy light wings seem as if poised for flight.
Whom with thy presence hast thou deign'd to bless?
Why did thy angel-footsteps here alight?
Who feels the love that beameth from thy glances bright?

Most glorious visitant! forsake us not,
Hover above us in our troubled dreams.
Gladden, at least in vision'd hours, our lot,
And give our souls of Heaven imperfect gleams;
For even now the sweet, clear light that streams
From thy bright semblance flings a joy around;
And, as we gaze, a holier spirit seems
To live within us, as if we had found
A guide, our steps to lead where angel-guests abound.

A LEGEND OF THE HEART.

The lights have vanish'd one by one,
Till every taper's blaze hath gone;
The moonbeams through each casement creep,
And all seems hush'd in death-like sleep.

Young Imma lists with anxious ear,
But not a single sound can hear;
She leaves the chamber of her rest,
And couch of snowy white unprest.

With silent footsteps steals the maid,
And starteth oft, as though afraid
The beatings of her heart are heard,
That flutters like a captive bird.

With cautious step she treads each stair,
Her light foot dwells a moment there;
Around a hurried glance is thrown,
And then again she glideth on.

Now she hath pass'd the winding stairs,
And with a quicker pace repairs
Along the wide and high-roof'd hall,
Till she hath gain'd the outer wall.

The pale moon shines on dark green tree,
The low wind sighs its minstrelsy,
And, shaken from the shrub and flower,
The bright dew falls in silver shower.

She hurries on, the lovely one,
Around her form a mantle thrown,
Whilst pours the sweet-voiced nightingale
Upon her ear its mournful tale.

She passeth, as a star when driven
Along the cloudless face of Heaven;
Her fair hair floating in the wind.
Tree, shrub, and flower are left behind.

A bounding tread is heard, a rush,
And to her face upsprings the blush,
To earth are cast her fawn-like eyes,
Whilst to her arms a dear one flies.

Yes! they had chosen that still hour,
When all was hush'd in hall and bower,
To meet, no witness to their love,
Save gleaming moon that smiled above.

But who is he that meeteth there
That lady graceful, proud, and fair?
Why doth she leave her father's hall,
And steal beyond the outer wall?

The youth is one of low estate,
The maiden's sire is rich and great;
But what cares Love for high degree?
He laughs at wealth and ancestry.

Ever are secret raptures sweet—
The youth is at the lady's feet;
He poureth forth impassion'd sighs,
And readeth answers in her eyes.

Oh, would that you had never met,
For watchful spies are round you set;
The aged sire, in furious mood,
Is bent upon a deed of blood.

There comes a swift and winged dart,
Which cleaves its way through beating heart,
And he who lately blest her charms
Lies dead within the lady's arms.

And shall I tell the maiden's fate?—
She lived on long, though desolate.
Better had she been with the dead,
For reason's guiding-star had fled.

Though by her kindred guarded well,
When shades of night around her fell,
She ever left her father's hall,
And wander'd round the outer wall.

It is a legend of old date,
Which ancient gossips oft narrate,
And some who tell the mournful tale,
Say they have heard the lady's wail.

They tell that still her form is seen
Gliding the moon's white rays between,
That she may mourn the hapless fate
Of him who died through love and hate.

THE FATHER ON THE LOSS OF A TWIN-CHILD.

My child of love, I look for thee,
When night has chased the day;
Thy sister seeks thy father's knee,
But thou—thou art away:
Thy sister is but as a thing
That tells me of thy withering.

I hoped to rear you as twin-flowers,
Both springing from one bed;
But thou—the light of darkest hours,
My favourite one art dead:
The lonely bud still left to bloom,
Doth but remind me of thy doom.

I do not know how love doth start,
Yet when, at evening's fall,
I press'd thy form unto my heart.
I felt thou wert my all;

I saw thee innocent and fair,
And quite forgot my toil and care.

Oft does thy sister search around,
To find her playmate dear;
She looks—but thou no more art found,
She calls—thou can'st not hear;
And yet though thou no more art seen,
She scarce can tell what death may mean.

Few months have vanish'd since I heard
Thy accents form my name;
Oh, how I dwelt upon each word
That from thy young lips came;
I bless'd thee, and I had no fear
That I so soon should see thy bier,

Short time has pass'd since in my arms
Thou claim'dst a father's kiss,
And I did view thy infant charms
With all a father's bliss:
Alas! I dreamt not then that thou
So soon wouldst lie where thou dost now.

Sometimes when I have look'd upon
Thy sweetly playful face,
I've deem'd thou wert too fair a one
To dwell with earthly race,
Yet did not think so soon would roam
Thy soul from out its beauteous home.

So quick I thought thou would'st not fade,
So soon thy bloom be gone,

So very soon thy form be laid
Beneath the churchyard stone;
But life is like a taper's ray,
Which slightest breeze may waft away.

I do not weep to mourn thy fate,
For happier now thou art;
I weep that I am desolate,
And that we are apart;
I weep that life still keeps me here,
From thee, and from thy blessed sphere.

I will not cherish my despair,
And mourn thy loss in vain,
But live in hope to meet thee where
We may not part again,
Where friend meets friend, and parent, child,
Where joy by grief is ne'er defiled.

LINES WRITTEN IN ILLUSTRATION OF AN UNFINISHED DESIGN BY THE LATE HENRY LIVERSEGE.

Look thou upon this sketch, nor turn aside,
As from a thing unworthy of thy gaze.
To thee, perchance, this rude design may seem
Of trifling import—unto me it brings
A host of sweet, yet sad remembrances.
A crowd of images before me rise,
Like shadows call'd to life by wizard art.
The beings I behold are not of clay—

The breath of sickness hath no power to taint,
Nor years to bow them down unto the dust,
But age, disease, and death, leave them unscathed.
Some in the dawn of infancy I see,
And that sweet season will endure for ever;
The bloom of youth is on the cheeks of some,
And smiles light up their joyous lips and eyes;
No coming cloud will dim those looks of joy,
No thought of sorrow pain their youthful hearts—
Their bloom, their smiles, their joy will be undying.
I look on brows that years have furrow'd o'er,
On heads that Time hath silver'd with his touch,
But of the grave they dream not, and content
Dwells in their aged eyes—for them the tomb
May yawn in vain—they are not mark'd for death!
No beings see I of a mortal mould—
They are the creatures of an art divine,
And Painting gave them birth—he whose bold hand
Did fashion them, view'd them with loving eyes.
Oh, he was one whose soul outwore its frame!
Rich in the wealth of genius, he strove
To battle with disease—alas, in vain!
His hour had come—the artist perish'd young.
Then look upon this sketch, nor turn aside—
The lost, the gifted, hath impress'd it there.

The youth was one who woo'd the phantom fame;
And through the watches of the dreary night,
And in the splendour of the bright noon-day,
He, to the spirit whom he sought to win,
Pour'd forth his orisons. Long time in vain
He strove to gain his idol's favours—frowns
Were his only portion—undismayed,
The phantom still did he pursue. She smiled,

At length upon her votary, and call'd
The young enthusiast to her temple.
Up a steep mountain did she lead the way:
The path was difficult, and hard to tread,
Yet onward still he press'd, cheer'd by her voice.
The temple now was gain'd—joy flush'd his brow,
But, as he strove to enter, forth there stepp'd
A grisly spectre, and with bony hand
It stayed his progress. "Come with me," it cried,
"Thy race is run, thy visions at an end;
Fame thou hast won—'tis well—thou look'st on Death!"
And so he died, but not his memory:
Unto the world Fame trumpeted his praise,
And thousands own'd the magic of his skill,
And on the wonders of his genius gazed,
With boundless admiration and delight.
Fame soar'd aloft, and smiled; then link'd the name
Of LIVERSEGE with Immortality.

THE POET'S LOVE.

THE poet's love! the poet's love!
She is no high-born maid,
Nor is she of that lowly race
Who dwell in cottage-shade:
You see her not at festival,
But ever by his side;
She nurses but one wish, one hope—
To be the poet's bride.

She moveth not in gaze of man
With proud and stately tread;
She turneth not from humble suit,
With high and scornful head:
Her heart is pity's holy shrine,
And timid as the dove,
She glideth—meek, though beautiful,
The poet's chosen love.

How did he woo the gentle maid;
How gain her virgin heart?
He won her not with costly gems,
But with his minstrel art.
He woo'd her not in mazy dance,
Nor 'mid a festive throng;
He woo'd her in her solitude,
And charm'd her with his song.

She shares with him the laurel wreath,
Her beauty and her name
Are living in his glowing lines,
Blent with the poet's fame;
And is it not a prouder joy
Than wealth or birth can give,
To think, when we are with the dead,
Our memory yet may live?

And loveth not the maid to think
She hath beneath her sway
A child of sweet imaginings,
A master of the lay?

the son of wayward thought
er dear control,
he hath waked to love
oul?

e, she is not clad
and gay attire;
.an of gold around her neck,
to make strange eyes admire;
She hath no jewels 'mid her hair,
No ring with emerald stone—
She knows her lovely unto him
Who loveth her alone.

A HAUNT OF CHILDHOOD.

THERE was a meadow where, in days of old,
I loved to gather wild and simple flowers—
The snow-white daisies and the cups of gold
Were then to me the richest of all dowers;
There did I pass full many a summer's day,
Chasing at times some insect fluttering by,
Until aweary with my ceaseless play,
I threw me down amid the grass to lie,
And upwards gazed upon the azure sky,
Wishing that I to the white clouds could sail,
Swift as the birds that thither seem'd to fly,
And whose light wings I thought could never fail:
Oft have I craved, in after hours of pain,
For childhood's bliss and that green haunt again.

THOU ART FAIR AS THE MORNING'S FIRST BEAM.

Thou art fair as the morning's first beam, love,
Thou art pure as the bright silver moon,
Free from sin as a young infant's dream, love,
Far more sweet than the breezes of June.
Oh! I love thee, I dote on thy charms, love,
And with joy should I hail my last rest,
If I thought death but led to thy arms, love,
That my heaven might be thy fair breast.

The stars in their beauty may gleam, love,
From the brow of the calm summer sky,
But lovelier the light do I deem, love,
That shines in thy witching blue eye.
Oh! I love thee, I dote on thy charms, love,
And with joy should I hail my last rest,
If I thought death but led to thy arms, love,
That my heaven might be thy fair breast.

A FATHER'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF THE BIRTH OF A SON.

A child is born!—another claims my care,
And comes my sorrows and my joys to share;
Though with the world I wage unequal strife,
Yet do I welcome this new heir of life—

I welcome and I bless the little form,
Which lies enfolded in embracing warm,
Even as an unfledged bird in downy nest,
Clasp'd to that fount of love, a mother's breast,
Sleeping in sweet unconsciousness of all
The toil, the sin, the suffering, and the thrall,
Which may its lot beset in coming years,
And cause a bitter smile at childhood's tears,
Making the griefs of infant days to seem
As summer-clouds, or sorrows of a dream.
My heart grows faint—I sit and muse alone,
And inly ponder on its fate unknown:
Oh, will it be a flower of lasting bloom,
Or, sickening, sink unscathed into the tomb?
Will fortune's beams upon its pathway shine,
Or will its lot be clouded o'er as mine?
Will it e'er win a bright unsullied fame,
Or fade and die, nor leave behind a name?
Idly I seek to rend the veil away
Which Heaven doth wisely o'er the future lay;
Yet spare me, God, to guide its helpless youth,
And point the road to virtue and to truth;
Teach me to make it not unworthy Thee,
And keep its mind from all defilements free;
Make this weak babe thine own especial care—
I humbly ask—it is a Father's Prayer.

OH! LADY, LET ME WOO THEE.

Oh! lady, let me woo thee,
In the moonlight, pure and pale;
Let me whisper low unto thee,
When the birds have told their tale:
Oh! let me fondly speak, love,
When the heavenly eyes shine bright,
For the blushes on thy cheek, love,
Will be veil'd with silver light.

When starry roof is o'er thee,
In the holy calm of night,
I'll bless thee and adore thee,
As a spirit of delight;
My heart can know no sadness
When thy form and face I see,
For source of love and gladness
Is thy beauty unto me.

Then let us wander lonely,
'Neath the shade of spreading trees,
Where mine eyes can see thee only,
And naught cometh, save the breeze.
As insects burst their shroud, love,
And to sunshine wing their flight,
We'll leave the gloomy crowd, love,
And exist in love's sweet light.

LOVERS' TOKENS.

TAKE back the tokens of thy love,
  Since change is with thy heart;
I need not say how long I strove,
  Ere I with them could part,
Yet why should I retain a token
Of her whose faith and vows are broken?

Take back each fondly-cherish'd scroll,
  Fill'd with sweet thoughts of thine—
With eager eye and raptured soul,
  I've dwelt on every line:
I could not bear to look on now
The record of each broken vow.

My heart is not a woman's heart,
  And if I do not weep,
Think'st thou I mourn not thus to part?—
  My grief is all too deep:
Calmly the deepest waters flow,
Though many a grave doth lurk below.

I have not sought thee to reprove
  Thy young heart's fickleness,
I do not say I spurn thy love—
  No, still I can but bless;
I could not doom unto the flame
These records, for they bore thy name.

I sought thee not to tell thee how
I've sorrow'd—'tis my fate,
And grief is vain and fruitless now,
Thou'rt false, I desolate;
Thou still wilt laugh 'mid gay and fair,
Whilst I shall pine in lone despair.

I sought thee but once more to gaze
On her I've loved so true;
Once more to dream of other days,
And bid a last adieu:
'Tis past—my task is done—we sever,
And thou and I are twain for ever.

THE CHILD AND MIRROR.

CHILD, whose life is in its morn,
Dearly loved and youngest born;
Restless as a leaf at play,
When the wind makes holiday;
Now as joyant as a bird
'Mid the summer branches heard,
Then o'ercast with sudden grief,
Tearful, cloudy, light, and brief
As are the sunny showers that play
Around the advent of the May;
Fluttering aimless here and there,
Like "tuft of silver down" on air—
What has charm'd thee, darling, now,
Fixing wonder on thy brow?

Why, with smiling, strange amaze,
Dost thou silent pause and gaze?
Ah! now I see;—the mirror's face
Reflects a form of infant grace.
Thou laugh'st aloud with merry glee,
Because thine image mimics thee,
And to each move of lips and eyes
The little elf so quick replies.
Thou need'st not look behind to see
The solving of the mystery;
Thou need'st not clap thy tiny hands—
Another self before thee stands.

Oh! would the creature imaged there
Might always be as free from care,
Might always have a cheek and brow
As free from sorrow's stain as now.
Thine hair may be as white again,
Thy searchings after truth as vain,
Thy locks as thin upon thy brow,
Thy feet may totter e'en as now,
And thou may'st be as nigh the land
Where thou hast left the angel band,
Now thy spirit, pure and bright,
Is redolent with Heaven's own light,
And music of those happy spheres
Perchance is lingering in thine ears,
And dimpling thy soft cheek with smile,
As dreams thy dove-like rest beguile.
My babe of love! I tremble when
I think of all 'twixt now and then—
Of what thy heart must know and feel,
Of what the future must reveal,

Ere thou, bow'd down with age and pain,
Shalt seek the mirror's face again,
And with a feeble foot and hand,
Before the truthful glass shalt stand.
But as I view thee, young and fair,
From my heart's depth there springs a prayer
That thou may'st gaze on wrinkled brow
As fearless as thou lookest now,
And know thy tresses, white and thin,
An emblem of the mind within.
Then to the mirror's polish'd face
Each furrow'd line will give a grace,
And lovelier than thy velvet cheek
Will seem thy features, wan and meek;
And on thy dim and fading sight
Shall burst a vision of delight,
And God the Sire and God the Son
Shall hail a spirit lost and won.

THE MEETING AND PARTING.

We met but once, and parted then for ever,
As ships encountering on a sunny sea,
One doom'd, perchance, to reach its haven never,
The other aye to glide on tranquilly;
Thou wilt be as the glad and prosperous bark—
My destined course is clouded o'er and dark.

We met and parted—in the bright hall ringing,
Thy laugh still sounds amid the young and gay,
Eternal blossoms in thy pathway springing,
For me—few flowers have deck'd my thorny way:
Of vanish'd joys my heart hath been the shrine—
Of words and looks—and, most of all, of thine.

I saw thee with the light of beauty shining
On cheek and lip, and flashing from thine eyes;
Around thy forehead silken curls were twining,
And thy breast heaved, but not with passion's sighs;
The buoyant gladness of thy spirit shone
In every glance, and spoke in every tone.

I felt the music of thy sweet voice stealing
Across my soul—I press'd thy lily hand;
Within my breast there sprung a joyous feeling,
And hopes, like shadows from the dreamer's land;
Blissful aspirings crowded to my brain,
And my heart throbb'd with wishes wild and vain.

A few short hours of gladness, and we parted,
Thou to be worshipp'd and with joy elate,
And I to muse on thee all lonely-hearted,
And sigh for one who reck'd not of my fate;
Thou to an honour'd and a happy lot,
I for content to seek, yet find it not.

I pour'd no vows unto thy youthful beauty,
I told not how my soul was wrapt in thee,
Nor sought to win thy pure heart from its duty—
I knew that thou wert not a mate for me;
I knew our different destinies must lie
As far apart as are the sea and sky.

We met and parted whilst the rose was glowing,
In bloom and loveliness, upon thy face,
Whilst light and joy from thy dark eyes were flowing,
And thou wert girt with every witching grace—
Ere youth's bright glories had been quench'd in night,
Or one dear charm had faded 'neath time's blight.

Had I thine image through long years have cherish'd,
And mark'd thy beauties vanish one by one,
'Till bloom, and grace, and every charm had perish'd,
Could I have look'd on thee when all were gone?
No, no! I shrined thee rich in maiden spell,
And breathed at once my first and last farewell.

THE DEATH DREAM.

I HAD a vision yesternight,
A melancholy dream:—
Within my chamber burn'd a light,
With faint and sickly beam;
And I for many days had lain,
Emaciate on a couch of pain,
And nights had pass'd away,
Nor slumber rested on mine eyes;
And I had pray'd, 'mid groans and sighs,
To look upon the day.

My feeble taper died away—
I mark'd it shine its last,
And felt that from my wearied clay
My soul would soon have past;
The moonshine crept around my room,
And silver'd each recess of gloom,
All things were cold and wan—
Faint shivering breath my lips went through,
My brow bore drops of icy dew—
I lay a dying man.

My sins came to my memory,
My frail thoughts every one,
And stood between high Heaven and me,
As clouds that hide the sun;
Words spoken in an idle strain,
Now lay like lead upon my brain,
Light deeds wore dark array;
My heart seem'd weeping tears of blood,
An inward agonizing flood—
I ask'd to live and pray.

Hours that had pass'd away, as flies
The summer's fleeting rack,
When all was bathed in pleasure's dyes,
Again came rushing back;
The beauty they had worn was fled,
The roses of my lot were dead,
But every thorn was there;
I feebly gasp'd "Oh, God, forgive!"
And still I ask'd to pray and live,
And—died in dark despair.

My vision ended not with death—
I gazed on sheet and shroud,
I heard my wife's convulsive breath,
My children sob aloud;
I saw myself in ghastly state,
I look'd upon the coffin-plate,
That bore inscription vain;
I still beheld the corse, though hid
Beneath the studded coffin-lid—
I saw the funeral train.

I saw the sexton with his spade
Prepare the clammy ground;
I saw the earth above me laid,
And heard its sullen sound;
I saw the mourners pass away,
I saw the stone placed o'er my clay,
And soon the careless tread,
And merry laugh and jocund word,
Beside the new made grave were heard—
None seem'd to reck the dead.

I look'd into each human soul—
My spirit had the power
To read all thoughts as on a scroll—
I saw my earthly dower;
I saw the weeds of hate and guile,
Where friendship's flowers had seem'd to smile;
I heard the serpent's hiss,
Where late I deem'd the dove had been,
For falsehood's glare had left each scene,
And bared each poison'd bliss.

I saw true worth in humble guise,
  Borne by oppression down;
I mark'd the loud pretender rise,
  And bear away the crown,
Which should have graced the modest brow
Of one whom silent thought did bow;
  I saw the deathless wreath,
Twined ready for the honour'd head
Of Genius, when 'twas with the dead,
  Undimm'd by envy's breath.

I read the hearts where guile was not,
  But friendship, truth and love,
Which neither word nor deed could blot,
  Nor from their purpose move—
The same in want and sorrow's hour
As in the days of wealth and power—
  All was unveil'd to me:—
I woke when came the morning's beam,
But to my dying hour that dream
  Will unforgotten be.

I LOVE THEE.

I CAN but breathe, my gentle love,
  In wild and simple song,
The name and beauty which should be
  Borne deathlessly along.
I ask no laurel for the lyre
  Which tells of love for thee:
'Tis but a record of the heart—
  A smile its guerdon be.

I love thee!—in those few sweet words
A hidden magic lies
And in my heart as their spell
A thousand glad thoughts rise:
And as the Parsee behold
His mystic symbols gleam,
E'en so the dear thought tells that thou
Smilest on my dreams.

I love thee!—still those words shall be
The burthen of my lay—
Thou art my star in sorrow's night.
My sun in pleasure's day.
I love thee!—even the very place
Where thou dost love to be:
All things thou lovest to look upon
I love, because of thee.

I love thee!—if, when far away,
I dwell on some sweet tone,
I listen but because the voice
Is like unto thine own;
And if I mark some sylph-like form
Move gracefully along,
'Tis but that it resembles hers
Who claims my heart and song.

I love thee for thy dove-like eyes,
And for each silken tress,
Thy rose-like cheek, and snow-white brow—
Thy all of loveliness.
I love thee! and so deep the spell
Entwined around my heart,
That e'er it cease to beat for thee,
Both love and life must part.

ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS.

My fancy wanders through the mist of years,
And by a cotter's ingle-nook I see
A bright-eyed boy, beset with ghostly fears,
Listening to tales of witch and glamoury.
Again I see that strange and high-soul'd boy,
Toiling a-field beneath inclement skies;
And now he breathes impassion'd words of joy
To one who lists with blush and downcast eyes.
I look once more—that youth is Scotland's pride,
And fills the world with his immortal song;
Yet is the bard his earthly meed denied,
And left to battle with contempt and wrong:
His voice is silent—all his praises spread,
And pay their tribute, for the bard is dead!

THE DYING BOY.

There was one feeble light
Within the chamber lone,
But it was all too bright
For what it shone upon;
That little taper's cheerless blaze
Beam'd on the wreck of early days.

Upon a couch there lay
A pale and dying boy;
And must he pass away,
In his spring-tide of joy?
Naught had he known of grief or care,
And must he die, the young, the fair?

The bright blue of the sky,
The glancing of the streams—
He felt 'twas hard to die,
For they were in his dreams:
Unto his heart fond memories crept,
He look'd around him, and he wept.

He cast a look around,
Well might the tear-drops start;
His failing eyes had found
A sight which wrung his heart;
His mother and his sire were there,
Two images of mute despair.

His mother bent to kiss
His cold and pallid brow;
It was to her a bliss,
Ay, e'en to kiss it now;
Age had not made her bright eyes dim,
Nor stolen her bloom—'twas grief for him.

One sad, one anguish'd tear
Burst from his father's eye;
He turn'd, he could not bear
To see his first-born die,
To see that thing of youth and bloom
Thus early destined for the tomb.

He ceased to weep, that child,
  He grasp'd his father's hand,
And on his mother smiled:—
  "There is another land;
Mourn not, dear parents, that I go,
For there is joy, and here is woe.

Weep not that to the skies
  So soon my soul is driven;
The earth hath many ties,
  But sweeter far hath heaven."
A glow had flush'd his cheek—it fled;
He ceased to speak—the boy was dead.

BIRDS ARE HEARD IN DAY'S BRIGHT HOURS.

Birds are heard in day's bright hours,
  But are silent in the gloom;
Bees caress the fragrant flowers,
  But they shun their faded bloom.

From the bough the leaf it flieth,
  When the summer's past away;
And the insect homeward hieth,
  When hath fled the sunny ray.

When my lot was all of gladness,
  Friends were ever nigh to cheer;
When arrived the day of sadness,
  Friends were far, but foes were near.

Nought could ever thee estrange, love,
Thou wert mine in darkest hour;
I have heart which knows not change, love—
It is now thine only dower.

I SAW THEE AND BLESSED THEE.

I saw thee and bless'd thee, thou beautiful one,
And pray'd that in sunshine thy life might glide on;
Like the child of a vision wert thou to my sight,
A being of gladness, of love, and of light;
As radiant thy cheek as the morning cloud's hue,
As lovely thine eye as the even's pale blue,
Far sweeter thy voice than the lute's mellow tone—
I heard and I bless'd thee, thou beautiful one.

I saw thee and loved thee, and pour'd in thine ear
The low whisper'd accents which told thou wert dear:
Thy glance sought the earth, and thy cheek had a glow,
And a crimson cloud pass'd o'er the heaven of thy brow;
A smile sunn'd thy features—in transport I prest
Thy bosom of snow to mine own throbbing breast,
And fondly I deem'd thy young heart I had won—
I heard and I bless'd thee, thou beautiful one.

I loved thee and bless'd thee, nor thought that thine eye
Beam'd alike upon all, as the stars from the sky;
I knew not the bliss, which thy kiss gave to me,
Might be tasted by all, as the flower by the bee:

Thou art as that fruit which enchanteth the eye,
Whilst ashes and dust 'neath its loveliness lie;
I know thou art faithless—my bright dream hath gone—
I mourn o'er thy falsehood, thou beautiful one.

TRIBUTARY STANZAS.

In the grey silence of the shadowy even,
When thoughts, like spectres, o'er the fancy come,
Of that dark mortal home
To which thy youthful form, dear friend, was given,
My sadden'd memory to the past will roam.

When clouds of sorrow gather o'er my heart,
Then would I turn for counsel unto thee;
And in my hours of glee
Fain unto thee would I my joy impart—
I deem thou livest—then know thee lost to me.

Back will those sweet and pleasant hours return,
When we discoursed of our aspiring dreams,
And what seem'd radiant gleams
Of a bright future in our hearts would burn—
Alas! to thee they were but meteor beams.

And she who woke a fond and fervent love,
The cherish'd object of thy secret flame,
Whose sweet and worshipp'd name
With many a pure and ardent strain was wove—
The beacon-light which lit thy dreams of fame!

Oh! should another her young heart inspire,
And woo with honied words and fond caress
Her virgin loveliness,
If spirits keep one trace of earth's desire,
One memory dear, thy shade will weep and bless.

But thou didst leave all earthy love and care,
Ere the fresh glory of thy spring-tide years
Was dimm'd by grief or fears;
Pure, fadeless bliss thy spirit went to share,
Whilst we who mourn have suffering, sin, and tears.

No bitter doubts weigh'd down thy soul to earth,
But trusting faith within thy heart was shrined,
Nor didst thou fear to find
Thy death the prelude to a glorious birth,
In the bright realms of the Eternal Mind.

Oh! well for thee that thou didst pass away,
Ere life's calm, happy morn had ceased to be;
A voice went forth for thee,
And the glad spirit left its bonds of clay—
The Father call'd a loved one to his knee.

ENGLISH SCENERY.

ENGLAND! thou hast, within thy wave-girt clime
Scenes of magnificence and beauty rare,
Too often scorn'd by thy ungrateful sons,
Who leave unseen thy lovely hills and vales,

And seek for pleasure 'neath a foreign sky.
Had I the means—had I the power to roam,
With uncheck'd footsteps o'er my native land,
Ne'er would my bosom know a wilder wish—
Where I was born there would I live and die.
Oh, can I e'er forget the deep delight
I felt when wandering, Derby, through thy shire,
Amid the glories of thy wondrous Peak!
There the grey mountain lifteth up its head,
And rears its giant form in sullen state,
Whilst by its base the subject waters creep,
And murmuring kiss the hoary monarch's foot.
There horrid caverns ope their yawning mouths,
Filling th' explorer's mind with silent awe;
And, pacing o'er their windings vast and dark,
He feels arise within his inmost heart
Thoughts of the power and mystery of God.
There you may wander through the ravine wild,
Where on each side frown down the savage rocks,
Like rugged monsters watching o'er the place,
Who ever and anon seem gathering round
To bar your further progress through the scene;
But onwards press, and pass the craggy gates—
Then on your gaze will burst a lovely vale,
With emerald fields and streamlets flashing bright,
Fair as the dawn of life, and fresh and pure,
Bathing its quiet beauty in the sun,
And looking like a fragment rent from Heaven—
This is the flowery Eden of the Peak!
There, too, is fierce and haughty Peverel's tower,
The tower which Scott hath hallow'd by romance,
Standing in ruins on its lofty cliff.
Wandering along by rivers' blossom'd banks,
Where golden glow-worms lurk like starry drops,

Still the hoar hills are guardians of the way,
And in the shadow of the twilight hour
Seem the proud battlements of armed knight.
Go, look on Chatsworth's fair and stately halls—
The gorgeous palace of a powerful Duke—
Standing amid a rich and wide domain,
And stored with all that wealth and art call forth
To decorate the dwellings of the great—
The sculptor's visionary forms of grace,
And marble statues of the mighty dead;
The bold creations of the painter's skill,
Canvas that glows with all the hues of life;
The curious wonders of the carver's power,
Display'd in quaint and marvellous device;
The high-roof'd temple lined with splendid tomes,
Fill'd with the thoughts of dead and living sage,
Of wit, divine, historian, and bard.
Go, gaze upon the lakes and fountains bright,
That cast their silvery wreaths upon the air,
Whilst fruits are bursting on the trees around,
And flowers and plants, of cost and beauty rare,
Are sending out their odours to the breeze.
Go wander through this gathering of delights,
Then leave the Paradise of modern time,
And seek old Haddon's grey and ancient halls,
That linger as a shadow of the past;
Tread for awhile its court-yard, moss-o'ergrown,
And look upon the venerable pile:
Then bend your footsteps through its spacious rooms,
Once throng'd with valiant knights and ladies fair,
And ringing with the laugh and revel-song.
The bluff retainers there no more are found,
No more the minstrel sings of dame and knight,
The sound of music long hath died away,

The banquet long hath ceased to load the board—
Vassal, and page, and dame, and knight are gone;
But breathes there not a melancholy tone
Throughout the old and desolated pile,
Which, like the voice of old affection, comes,
And leaves a gloom upon the buoyant heart?
Who that hath read the strain of youthful Keats,*
But "turns, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,"
The "thoughtful Madeline," who long ago
Fled on St. Agnes' eve into the storm?
Who does not think upon that casement high,
"All garlanded with carven imageries,
And diamoned with panes of quaint device,"
And shield that "blush'd with blood of queens and kings,"
And Porphyro who gazed upon the maid,
Nor moved nor spoke, "she look'd so dreamingly?"
Ascend the towers, and cast your gaze around,
Where Nature smiles as in the olden time—
The stream still goes rejoicing on its way,
The meadows still are sprinkled o'er with buds,
And birds are singing 'mid the branches green,
Or soaring upwards towards the azure sky,
Which smileth still as at Creation's birth.
Man's mightiest works are frail—the works of God,
Unchanged, behold his massiest structures fall,
And wanderers in some after age may roam
To look on Chatsworth's grey and broken walls,
Even as we gaze on those of Haddon now.—
Reader, if thou would'st leave behind the world,
The busy world and every thought of gain,

* Haddon Hall is said to be the scene of Keats's exquisite poem of the "Eve of St. Agnes."

To dwell amid the solitudes of life,
Direct thy steps to Monsal's quiet Dale;
It is in sooth a calm and beauteous spot,
A glorious vale far down beneath the rocks,
Where peace and bliss might undisturb'd repose,
And man forget the names of sin and hate.
The sun was setting when I first beheld
This loveliest of England's lovely vales,
And gazed into its depths with soul entranced.
I could not breathe—my very heart was still'd
By my intense and speechless wonderment,
And then I wish'd that there were fix'd my home,
So that my life might, even as the stream
That moved below me with a noiseless flow,
Pass on unvex'd unto its closing day.
The mountains were around it rude and high,
And rocks, in varied shape, were cluster'd thick,
Like demons gazing on a home of bliss,
That crime had shut for ever from their tread;
The rich, declining light lay on its turf,
And tinged the waters with a hue of gold;
The birds were warbling their glad twilight hymn,
The lambs were playing in the scented grass,
And on the banks of the fair river Wye
A lonely angler sat in lazy mood,
Patiently waiting for his finny prey.—
My blessings on the place! for it hath been
One of the shining lights on memory's sea,
And oft hath beam'd upon my troubled heart
When all around hath worn a garb of gloom!

THE BROKEN SPELL.

I LOVE thee not as once I loved, and yet I know not why;
It is not that the gladsome light hath vanish'd from thine eye:
It is not that the rose-like tint hath faded from thy cheek,
But the spell which bound my heart of old, it is in vain to seek.

The same pale ringlets cluster round thy spotless neck and brow,
And the form on which I've gazed so oft, hath grace and lightness now;
There is the same sweet eloquence blent with thy voice's tone,
But the nameless spell that won my soul, hath from thy beauty gone.

There was a time when dreams of bliss my spirit would entrance,
Whene'er I caught the brightness of thy sweet and loving glance;
And when I met thee, hope and joy lit up my brow and heart,
And sadness was upon my soul when came the time to part.

Now I can gaze unmoved, upon thine eyes' enchanting beam;
It causeth not within my heart a single blissful dream:
Upon my breast a chilling cloud for ever seems to lie—
I meet thee without transport, and I leave thee without sigh.

Thou seest change is with my soul, yet changest not in thine;
Around me still, as they were wont, thy snowy arms entwine;
In vain—as once it was, my love can never be for thee—
Thou art but verdure clinging round a dark and blasted tree.

Nay, tell me not of plighted vows—alas, it is in vain—
If worlds were mine, as then I loved, I could not love again;
My passion was too wild and strong, it burn'd too bright to last—
It was but as the lightning's flash—it shone, and it hath past.

Oh! would that I had known thee not, or thou hadst loved me less!
But it hath ever been my fate to curse where I should bless:
Adieu!—the world will brand my name—it recks not of my heart—
I loved thee once, I love not now—'tis meet that we should part.

LINES ON THE PORTRAIT OF A CELEBRATED FEMALE VOCALIST.

Child of the lûte-like voice, and sunny brow!
Sweet thoughts are with me, as thy type I see,
And blessed memories of the time when thou
Entranced my spirit with thy minstrelsy.

Surely within thy youthful heart there dwells
Some fount of melody, some hidden spring,
In whose pure flow gush forth a thousand spells,
Joy, grief, or pity, o'er the soul to fling.

Thou hast been foster'd 'neath Italian skies,
Where myriads doted on thy voice and smile,
And gay, and noble, breathed devoted sighs
To the young beauty of the sea-girt isle.

Maid with the violet eye, and swan-like mien!
When thou wert roving in a stranger-land,
Came there no thought of thine own valleys green,
Like visions form'd by some enchanter's wand?

Though proud and high-born listen'd to thy song,
And paid the tribute of their praise to thee,
Came not sad memories those bright scenes among?
Thine own dear land, oh, dwelt it not with thee?

HERE every voice that hail'd thee, gave it not
A joy, a rapture to thy banish'd heart?
Friends, dear familiar friends, HERE bless thy lot—
THERE thou of all were but a thing apart.

The young stag loves its own wood-paths to roam,
The quiet lamb its green and peaceful vale,
The fair flower droops if sever'd from its home—
And o'er thy soul its influence must prevail.

Oh, gentle minstrel, may no worldly blight
Cloud or destroy thy radiant loveliness;
Nor time, nor sorrow, dim thine eyes' glad light,
Nor blanch the brightness of one wreathing tress.

May'st thou through life pass as a breeze or bird,
With light, and joy, and music on thy way;
And may thy voice 'mid angel-tones be heard,
Singing the praises of eternal day.

A SUNSET SCENE.

HERE let us sit and gaze awhile
  Upon the golden west,
And watch the glorious sun go down,
  In robes of radiance drest.
How beautiful is all we see,
  The landscape and the sky,
And the glassy water, on whose face
  The wondrous shadows lie.

Behold yon bright and gorgeous mass,
  Yon strange and flashing piles
Of rainbow-colour'd clouds, that float
  Like angel-trodden isles;
And some are as huge diamond rocks
  By mighty heaven-quake hurl'd,
But stay'd whilst earthward in their course,
  Too priceless for our world.

And some appear like shatter'd gold,
  Unmatch'd in mortal land,
Yet cast in lavishment away
  By bounteous spirit's hand;
And round about them seems to flow
  A vast and dazzling sea,
Bright as the hopes within my heart
  When first I look'd on thee.

When first I look'd on thee, dear love—
Those words give memory wings,
And from the dim and perish'd past
A cherish'd hoard it brings;
Joys which have changed to sorrows now,
And dreams dissolved away,
And tones and shapes that seem'd of heaven,
Long hush'd and cold in clay.

But see, even as I speak, the scene
Hath lost its golden gleam,
And the round moon smileth in the sky,
With faint and saintly beam;
The flowers have folded their young leaves,
The birds' last songs we hear,
And now there rest upon the grass
A shadow and a tear.

A pensive calmness o'er us broods,
An odorous breath floats round,
And breezes creep amid the leaves,
Like hearts which rest have found:
Oh, that our close of life may come
As twilight's tranquil fall,
With faith's sweet incense in our souls,
And hope's pure moon o'er all.

TO A YOUNG POETESS.

We never met, perchance may never meet,
Mine eyes may never look upon thy face,
My voice with thine may ne'er hold converse sweet,
Yet fancy oft thy lineaments will trace.
And shall I paint thee beautiful, young maid,
With witching features and a form of grace,
And eyes where light hath made its dwelling-place,
And snowy brow, which silken tresses shade?
It recks not:—thou art beautiful to me,
For thoughts poetic live within thy soul;
And guileless words, which need not thy control,
Spring from a mind that free from taint must be:
The moon is loved because its beams are pure,
So thou hast beauty which will aye endure.

A DAUGHTER TO HER DEAD SIRE.

My father! thou art sleeping now,
Within the silent tomb;
With tearful eye, and clouded brow,
I live to mourn thy doom.

My sire!—oh, God, thou answer'st not—
Thou CANST NOT answer me;
Thy lips are mute—the voice forgot
That wildly calls on thee.

They ask me why, with bloom decay'd,
I droop and pine away:
Oh, well the cheek of her may fade,
Whose heart is with the clay.

My young mates tell me that my voice
Hath lost its joyous tone—
It hath—for how can she rejoice,
Whose cause of joy is gone?

Nor song, nor dance hath charm for me,
Their witchery all hath fled;
I shun them, and I ask for thee—
I scarce can think thee dead.

To festive scenes they bid me turn,
And chase my vain regret;
But sure 'twere better still to mourn,
Than all thy love forget.

Thou wert the beacon of my youth,
The star whose cheering ray
Shone brightly o'er the path of truth,
And turn'd from vice away.

The star is quench'd—the ray hath fled,
And dark and desolate
My path—and can I know thee dead,
And yet not weep thy fate?

I heard thee breathe the parting sigh,
I saw thee look thy last,
My lifeless sire!—alas, that I
Should say thy life is past!

I call, but thou do'st not awake—
In vain the tear-drop flows;
Nor voice, nor tear of mine can break
Thy dreamless, dark repose!

TO ———, ON HER MARRIAGE.

Say, do'st thou not remember well the time,
When, each a happy and a sinless child,
We loved to roam from morn 'till evening's chime,
By grove and glen to gather blossoms wild?
And twine the red rose in our flowing hair,
Two joyous creatures knowing nought of care?

The world seem'd spread before us, one bright scene
Of light and bloom, and trees and flowers and streams,
A sunny garden which was ever green,
For nought of gloom was mingled with our dreams:
Joy was around the present and the past,
And o'er the future hope its spells had cast.

A change came o'er our natures, and we smiled
To think of them, the dreams of other years,
When our young hearts by grief were undefiled
(Save that sweet grief which causeth childhood's tears),
And we believed the world held nought of pain,
And cherish'd wishes time had long proved vain.

We still were in the spring time of our youth,
And the world still look'd pleasant to the eye,
Though many a vision had been chased by truth,
And many a hope had blossom'd but to die;
New ties had bound us, and had found an end,
Yet still thou wert mine own beloved friend.

More sacred ties are twined around thee now,
Another claims thy duty and thy love;
Before high Heaven your lips have breathed the vow
To honour and to cherish—may he prove
Thy ark of refuge from the world's dark sea,
A joy, a blessing, gentle friend, to thee.

Be all thy wishes centred now in him,
Thy hopes and fears be ne'er from his apart,
So if his lot should for awhile be dim,
He then may turn unto thy changeless heart,
And find in thee, amid his sorrow's night,
A faithful guide, a lamp of quenchless light.

Our souls were never bound in that strong thrall
Which makes the heart yearn even to enchain
Each thought, each wish of its loved idol—all—
Blending with love at once a joy and pain;
My vows were never offer'd at thy shrine—
I wish'd thee happy, though no bliss were mine.

We grew together, and our friendship grew—
From child to maiden, and from maid to bride
I saw thee change—in every change as true;
So may that truth still in thy heart preside—
The husband of thy choice, oh, may he find
Change visits not the soul where he is shrined.

WHEN I AM LAID 'NEATH THE CHURCH-YARD STONE.

When I am laid 'neath the church-yard stone
Will friends e'er come to my grave at eve,
And speak of my deeds in a kindly tone,
Or o'er my memory silently grieve?
I do not ask for the dews of weeping
To fall on my lowly home of clay,
But the friends I love—I would have them keeping
Fond thoughts of me when I pass away.

When they are met in the festive hour,
I would not sadden one joyous heart,
No cloud of sorrow o'er them should lower,
Or rob their bliss of its lightest part;
But if some thought should be o'er them stealing
Of him who was wont their gladness to share,
Let them think each song and mirthful feeling
Would be joy to him could he join them there.

I would have them think, in their hours of sadness,
Of the solace they oft from his words had drawn,
When he told that a morn of light and gladness
On the gloomiest night would most surely dawn:
Should they vigils keep by their tapers' burning,
And hopes be around them like dead leaves thrown,
Oh, then would I have their remembrance turning
To the friendly heart that was once their own!

TO MY INFANT SISTER.

Artless little cherub fair,
With thy twining flaxen hair,
And thine eye so skyey bright,
And thy teeth so snowy white;
Ever be thine open brow
Free from grief and care as now;
May thy future ever be
Pure as this thine infancy.
Nestled in thy mother's breast,
Oh, how placid is thy rest;
Tell me, what doth now beguile
Thy witching features to a smile?
It must be a vision sweet
That thy dreamy gaze doth greet.
Are thy waking gambols blent
With thy slumber, innocent?
Or are things from man conceal'd,
To thy guileless mind reveal'd;
And the secrets of the sky
Open'd to thy close-shut eye?
Whatsoe'er its theme may be,
Such a dream age may not see.

Now is burst sleep's flowery thrall—
Thou art mirth and frolic all;
And the less than half-form'd word,
Flowing from thy lips, is heard;
And thy giddy laughter tells
Of the joy that with thee dwells,

As thou, careless, ramblest o'er,
With unpractised steps, the floor.
Thou may'st yet, fair child, possess
Richer share of loveliness,
Form more graceful, riper bloom,
In the days thou hast to come;
And the treasures of thy mind
May, by years, be more refined;
But thou ne'er wilt meet with bliss
Unalloy'd with woe as this.

When life's summer-hours are thine,
Sober autumn's will be mine;
When thy summer's past away,
I shall be in life's decay;
When thy autumn shall have past,
I may then have look'd my last.
Ne'er akin in life our lot—
Thou wilt live, I be forgot;
Or remember'd but by those
Who must soon seek like repose!
Thou must, too, seek that dark bourne,
To thy native earth return;
Then alike our state will be—
Death will deal equality;
That same sound which thee doth wake,
My repose will also break.

A mother's care now guides thee on,
Tells thee what to court or shun;
When she no more is by thy side,
Look to virtue as thy guide:
Thus thy course let virtue shield,
Ever to her precepts yield;

Thou may'st then look on the tomb,
Nor quail to meet its chilling gloom:
Thou wilt quit this earthly night,
To live in day of heavenly light.

THE LAST ADIEU.

A LAST adieu! since we must part,
Since we in love no more may meet;
Though ne'er can fade from my lone heart,
Remembrance of our passion sweet.

Adieu! I need not now recall
Those by-gone hours of parted bliss,
When thou did'st vow to love through all,
And seal thy vow with holy kiss.

And, oh, though slander's venom'd tongue,
Did tell that I was false to thee,
How could'st thou do me so much wrong,
As credit that which could not be?

But evil tongues can nought avail
To the warm breast that true doth love;
That heedeth not the slanderous tale,
Until its truth cold looks do prove.

And did my eyes e'er give one look
That did not of affection speak?
Or did harsh word thou could'st not brook,
In anger from my lips e'er break?

Oh, no!—I never breathed a sigh,
That was not fondly, wholly thine,
Nor ever did thy searching eye
Read aught but love for thee in mine.

Then must we part?—well, be it so!
Reproach, by me, shall not be spoken,
For if thou doubt'st, thou canst not know
The heart that thou hast almost broken.

A COUNTRY WALK.

My heart rejoiceth in the country green,
I feel the warm blood tinge again my cheek;
A holy influence broodeth o'er the scene,
And fills my breast with thoughts I cannot speak.
Afar off looms the dim and smoky town,
Where clank the mighty engines night and morn,
Where wealth hath smiles, and poverty a frown,
And pride and scorn 'mid heaps of gold are born.
There hate or sorrow prompts too oft the word,
Here hymns of gladness from each bough are heard,
And falls the sunlight rich and dazzling down,
Like streams of glory from God's radiant crown;
Here scornless Nature works her peaceful ways,
And tunes the soul to meekness, love, and praise.

TH' BALLIES.*

A TRUE LANCASHIRE STORY.

Aw'R stondin' by Dick Livesey heawse,
The Fleece i' Withy Grove;
His wife an' him wur foin' eawt,
So in aw thout aw'd shove.

An' theer, on th' sonded kitchen flure,
Aw seed Dick glooarin' stond,
Wi' face as red as th' kitchen foyar,
An' th' poker i' his hond.

Aw fix'd on Dick my awfo' e'en,
Aw ne'er had known to fail,
An' said, "Neaw Dick, lad, come wi' me,
An' drink a gill o' ale."

His yed it tumbl't on his breast,
An' th' poker tumbl't too;
Aw said, "Come, Dick, an' sit thee deawn,
An' dunno' be a foo."

* The Bellows.—The above bagatelle is the versification of an anecdote related of himself, at a social meeting, by a Lancashire author, whose skill in the vernacular idiom is well-known. The conclusion is somewhat altered from the original narrative, for the purpose of drawing a sort of moral. The verses were written merely for the amusement of a few friends; but, at the request of several admirers of the dialect, the author has included them in the present volume.

We seet us deawn, an' geet some drink,
When in Dick wife hoo sallies,
An' at my yed, wi' aw hur meet,
Hoo bang'd a pair o' ballies.

The ballies whistled i' my ear,
An' smash'd on th' aleheawse wall,
Or aw should ne'er ha' towd this tale,
Or stood beside my stall.

Aw fix'd on th' wife my awfo' e'en,
Boh fun it wouldno' doo,
So aw thowt aw'd tak mysel away,
If ho'od boh lemme goo.

My hure stood up, my pluck wur deawn,
Aw wackert cowd an' pale;
Aw thowt aw'd grope my way to th' dur,
Boh first aw swoipt my ale.

Dick wife hoo glooart, an' aw'r so feart,
Aw couldno' tak my wint,
Boh aw bolted into Withy Grove,
An' never look't behint.

So neaw aw'm safe—tak my advice,
An' keep fro' Dick's an' Mallie's,
For if yo goo 'tween mon an' wife,
Hoo'l split yer yed wit' ballies.

THE WORLD OF FLOWERS.

Yours is a pleasant world, ye gentle flowers,
Ye live 'mid light, and bloom, and sunny hours;
Your music is the soft wind murmuring low,
Which comes unto you with its sweet-voiced flow;
The golden bee, dyed by the sun's bright beam,
The butterfly, with wing of silvery gleam—
Those wanderers glad, fair children of the sun,
With kisses woo you till your sweets are won.

How much of beauty do your forms disclose!
But thou art queen of loveliness, thou rose,
And, when for simile the fond youth seeks,
His fair is told thy bloom is on her cheeks;
Ye violets, wet with morning's crystal dew,
Ye are compared unto her eyes of blue;
Ye primroses, to her pale tresses free;
Ye snowdrops pure, unto her chastity.

The village maiden roves at early morn,
To seek fresh buds her white brow to adorn,
And of your glowing hues and fragrant breath,
She for her temples weaves a living wreath:
The infant boy, less difficult to please,
Of hue unmindful, each by turns will seize,
Then form a nosegay, with admiring eye,
And to his comrades with his treasure fly.

[illegible]

[illegible]

THE EARLY LOST.

WHY for the buried should we weep,
The cherish'd ones who early died,
Departing to their dreamless sleep,
Ere aught had chill'd the heart's warm tide?
They left us when no cares of life
Had blanch'd the cheek and dimm'd the eye;
Ere years of sorrow, pain, and strife
Had hush'd the laugh and brought the sigh.

When wandering in the crowded street,
How vainly do we seek to trace,
In forms that oft our glances meet,
Some token of their wonted grace;
The locks, that danced in ringlets bright,
Are changed to tresses thin and grey,
And steps, that bounded with delight,
Can scarcely track their feeble way.

Voices have lost their buoyant tone,
All seems of joy and beauty reft;
The leaves and flowers of life are gone,
And wither'd boughs alone are left.
Then why should sorrow fill the soul
For those who died in youthful bloom?
They parted from this earthly goal,
To shrine bright memories in the tomb.

A FAIR FACE HAUNTS MY SOLITUDE.

A FAIR face haunts my solitude,
As beams of radiant light,
That through the captive's bars intrude,
To show his dungeon's night.

As clouds that gather over heaven,
To shroud its starry blue,
When by the passing breezes driven,
Let rays come streaming through.

E'en so thine eyes of heavenly ray
  Came beaming on my heart,
And clouds, that o'er my spirit lay,
  Thy presence bade depart.

The man of sin amid his dreams
  Hath glimpses of delight,
And Paradise before him gleams,
  To bless and mock his sight.

I gazed upon thy youthful bloom,
  Beheld, and thou wert gone;
I wander'd forth in darker gloom,
  To muse on thee alone.

Though shapes of loveliness may pass
  Across the mirror's face,
They leave no trace upon the glass
  Of beauty or of grace.

The image fadeth from the glass,
  As rainbows melt in air,
But thou within my soul, alas!
  Though absent, still art there.

SONNET TO ——

WRITTEN IN THE WINTER OF 1844.

Lady, as now I write, the snow-flakes beat,
With eddying whirl, against my window pane,
But wintry weather cannot chill the strain
With which, in friendly warmth, thy worth I greet.
Thy hours of life have only reach'd their spring,
And love and hope twine flowers around thy heart:
O may joy's roses bear for thee no sting,
And sorrow's blight be from thy fate apart.
A fellow-wanderer in the fields where fame
Oft lures its votaries with illusive spell,
Hath breathed, sweet lady, blessings on thy name—
He loves thee truly, and will guard thee well.
Peace to ye both!—my fervent prayers ascend,
That blissful spirits may your steps attend.

THE POET'S FATE.

What fate is his who wakes the lyre,
And breathes his soul in song?
It is to know his thoughts inspire
The bosoms of the throng.

It is to bear the worldling's pride,
And looks of envious scorn;
It is from all the wounds to hide
That poison'd shafts have torn.

It is to know that beauty's eyes
Rain splendour on his page;
To call to birth her smiles or sighs—
Such is his heritage.

It is to know his numbers live
Like day-beams in the heart;
To many hope and joy to give,
Which few to him impart.

It is to know that hall and bower
Are brighten'd by his lays;
It is to gain at length the dower
Of meteor-lighted praise.

It is to know the scroll of Fame
His deathless words will bear:
It is to live upon a name,
And banquet on the air!

MUSINGS AND MEMORIES.

I HAVE not lived a pamper'd, toilless life,
I have not couch'd in luxury and ease,
And pass'd my days 'mid menials and pomp;
My lot has been to suffer and to do,
To rack my spirit for the means to live,
To bear the frowns of iron-hearted men,
And congregate with those who loved me not,
With those who sympathised with wealth alone,
Shunning communion with a coinless man.
My lot has been to bear throughout the day
The taunts of many, ignorant and proud,
Rejoicing even in their very faults,
And seeking means each folly to display,
More foolish than the swan, which hides its feet.
My lot has been to feel unutter'd pangs,
And eat the wormwood of my bitter thoughts;
For who a bitterer misery can know
Than he who, deeply, keenly sensitive
To every word or look which speaks contempt,
Must meekly bear the insults and the sneers
Of those who ask for that he cannot give?
Oh, many an hour, and many a painful day,
Have I toil'd on with sad and bursting heart,
And sought at night the couch that brought no rest,
For sleep was only agonising dreams,
And every interval before mine eyes
The ghosts uprose of past and coming days:
Oh, who hath felt those moments of despair,

Those dreary, dreadful gaps in human life,
When doubts and fears erect their giant heads,
And on we travel o'er the waste of fate,
Whilst every fount of joy seems dry and void,
And not a gleam of sunshine lights the scene?
Who hath e'er had those plague-spots on his soul,
Who hath e'er pass'd such Erebus of woe,
And not bless'd God when broke the morning light?
Such my dark fate hath been—my children's smiles
Gave only sorrow to my aching heart,
Their cheeks of bloom, their pretty, pleasant ways,
Their buoyant forms, and careless, merry laugh,
That should have been my solace, were my grief.
I saw around me spring dear flowers of love,
And knew not when their blossoms might be nipp'd;
I saw them bloom and beautify my path,
And knew not when the spoiler's hand might come
To blight and scatter all their leaves of joy.
Those days have pass'd—the home of many years
Hath been abandon'd—I must seek anew,
In other paths, the means whereby to live;
With a small band of tried and constant friends,
To cheer my spirit and impel me on,
Be Hope my pilot, and in God my trust.
How to the memory things departed cling!
How the heart fastens on the ever-lost!
Softening each harshness, and investing all
With a subdued and melancholy charm.
Oft in my lonely musings, day and night,
Thoughts of that dwelling crowd upon my brain,
Bringing to my remembrance hopes and fears,
That in its walls alternate sway'd my mind,
And forms and faces, once familiar,
And daily seen, till they became as things

That were with my existence almost blent:
The wayfarers that trode the busy street;
The buildings that were ever in my view,
Till they became as though instinct with life—
Acquaintances I daily look'd to see;
The friends that there betimes sat at my board,
Partaking of my humble fare with smiles,
Whilst all was season'd by our social chat,
And observations sage on books and men.
Three of my babes there first beheld the light,
And twined their little arms around my neck,
Whilst in my heart a father's fondness grew—
That fervent love, which neither time, nor space,
Nor base ingratitude, nor guilty shame,
Can e'er subdue. All other ties may break—
The love of woman fades at times away,
And dieth even at a look or tone;
Friends may depart like flies with summer-hours,
When the dark winter of our lot comes on,
But strong affection, in a parent's breast,
Liveth for evermore, a changeless flower.
One of my cherish'd flock lies buried low—
Just as its little lips had learn'd to lisp,
And call with fondest accents on my name—
Just as it knew my step upon the floor,
And gladness fill'd its eyes at my approach,
The infant angel sought its native Heaven,
And left its parents sorrowing for its loss:
Its voice is unforgotten melody—it comes,
Like notes of breeze-woke harp, upon mine ear,
And, as a golden mist, its silken hair
And radiant eyes sail 'twixt me and the sun.
There some who call me friend I first beheld—
Connections dear with kindred minds were form'd—

Strong intellectual links, defying all
To crush or sever, save the hand of Death;
And there occurr'd events, whose hue must tinge,
Whether for good or evil, all my life,
Implanting in my mind fresh germs of thought,
And teaching me to study and explore
Rich veins of knowledge, hitherto unsought.
Farewell! thou home of many cares and joys!
I ne'er may cross thy well-known threshold more—
Though small the space that keepeth us apart,
'Tis as impassable as boundless sea!

THOUGHTS IN ABSENCE.

WHERE thou residest I may not reside,
And where I dwell thy destiny is not,
But in my heart will cherish'd thoughts abide
Of thee, whom naught can e'er from memory blot.

Together in our childhood's days we dwelt,
And shared together childhood's joy and pain;
Oh, bliss more pure in those gone times was felt
Than after-life may ever feel again.

May fate's decrees ne'er cause thee to repine—
May'st thou be happy, though afar from me;
A chequer'd destiny, alas, is mine,
One of my griefs to be apart from thee.

'Tis not alone cold friendship that we feel,
Nor the emotion of absorbing love,
But sympathy that words may not reveal,
A kindred nature with our beings wove.

Albeit another thy young heart doth claim,
Still may the tie that bindeth us endure;
Though he adores thee with a deeper flame,
He for thy welfare breathes no wish more pure.

The time must come when beauty will decay—
Should they prove false who pay thee homage now,
Then from those fickle ones, oh, turn away—
Mine is no dotage on fair cheek and brow.

United to thee by the bond of mind,
My prayers shall follow thee through good and ill;
Whate'er betide thee, thou shalt ever find
One breast unchanged, one humble haven still.

A BALLAD.

"Cast the gay robes from off thy form,
And cease thine hair to braid;
Thy love to thee will come no more,
He woos another maid;
And broken are the many vows
That he hath pledged to thee—
He woos another maid, and this
His bridal-morn will be!"

"False unto me! oh, say not so,
For if thy vale be true,
And he I love be lost to me,
I shall not live to rue:
If he do take another mate,
Before the holy shrine,
Another ne'er shall have my heart—
Death will be mate of mine!"

She cast the gay robes from her form,
And donn'd a snow-white gown:
She loosen'd from her locks the braid,
And let them droop adown:
She flung around her lovely head
The thin shroud of her veil,
To hide her fast descending tears,
And cheek as moon-ray pale.

With feeble, yet with hurried steps,
Unto the church she hied,
And there she saw the false of heart
Receive another bride:—
The bridal-pageant swept along,
Till all the train had fled—
Why staid the lone deserted one?
She slumber'd with the dead!

ON VISITING WORDSWORTH.

'Tis something to have listen'd to the sound
Of that great minstrel's voice whose art hath shed
Poetic glory on all things around,
Whose golden lines in lustrous mesh have bound
Hill, stream, and meadow, mount, and cliff, and lake;
Whose mighty mind hath crown'd each mountain's head
With splendour that will ne'er their heights forsake.
'Tis something to have stood beneath the roof
Where gentle Wordsworth draws his daily breath,
And to have gazed on him whose fame is proof
Against the lapse of time, decay, and death.
No boon more prized can memory bequeath
Than the dear record of that sacred hour
I spent in Rydal's spiritual bow'r.

LOVE RHYMES.

I NEED not say I think of thee
In sorrow and in care;
I need not say thou art to me
More dear than light or air;
As yields the rose unto the bee,
So thou each thought dost share.

Thou art the music of my life,
  Thou art my desert-stream,
My garden with sweet blossoms rife;
  Thou art a quenchless beam,
Shining upon my lot of strife—
  A haunting, glorious dream.

Even as a dark and orbless night
  Were I from thee apart;
As ship without a beacon-light,
  When rocks around it start!
As breaking of the morning bright
  Thy smile illumes my heart.

Up doth the soaring sky-lark spring,
  And singeth as he flies;
I cannot mount on rapturous wing,
  And cleave poetic skies,
For ever when of thee I sing,
  My song in murmurs dies.

If thou within the grave wert laid,
  No tears would flow from me,
That fountain of relief were staid,
  Dried would its sources be;
The sunlight from my sight would fade,
  Thy shadow should I see.

Without thee I should wander on
  With sightless mind and eye,
Or be as bird whose voice hath gone,
  Or flowers that scentless lie:
Beloved, we in life are one,
  Together let us die.

OH! WELL DO I REMEMBER.

Oh! well do I remember
The sweet and tender light,
Which beam'd of old in thy dear eyes,
Whene'er I met thy sight;
And still it beams,
In midnight dreams,
As beautiful as when
It met my gaze,
In other days,
In the lone and quiet glen.

Oh! well do I remember
Thy low and lute-like voice,
Which ne'er was heard unless to bid
My youthful heart rejoice;
Its silver tone
Hath from me gone,
I weep in loneliness;
The accents dear,
That bless'd my ear,
No more will ever bless.

Oh! well do I remember,
At twilight's shadowy hour,
Thy form of grace and loveliness,
My perish'd virgin flower:

Amid the gloom
Thy cheeks of bloom,
Like star-beams shine on me;
In dreams of night,
In robes of light,
Thy sainted shade I see.

Oh! well do I remember,
When mirth and song swell high;
I think of all the joy I've lost,
And turn aside to sigh:
I know 'tis vain,
This mournful strain,
This sorrow wild and deep;
No tears can more
Thy form restore,
Yet, ah! for this I weep.

GORDALE SCAR.*

My mind is haunted, Gordale, by thy form—
Thou hall of stone unbuilt by human hands,
Thou rocky temple of the living God,
Where'er I turn I see thee grey and old.

* Gordale Scar is one of the most grand and striking features of Yorkshire scenery. It is situated in Craven, and the approach to it lies between two stately mountains, dotted over with grey and rocky protuberances. A brook flows by your feet, and all around has a tendency to interest the eye, and calm the mind. But you are entirely unprepared for the vast stony chamber which suddenly bursts upon you as you turn an angle of the rocks. You seem at once shut out from communion with all but God himself, and feelings of devotion and admiration press upon you with an almost painful sensation.

If we could penetrate the far-off past,
What legends strange might cling around thy name:—
Thou art too solemn for wild fairy elves,
Too sacred for their gambols 'neath the moon;
Nor evil spirit ever haunted thee,
Satyr, nor gloomy spectre of the night,
But some good man, aweary of the world,
Might erst have made thee his calm hermitage,
Far from the sounds of tumult and of gain.
A holy quietness about thee lies,
Unbroken save by the sweet gurgling sound
Of silver water coursing down thy side.
Thou need'st no pealing organ's solemn tone,
Nor voice of psalm to strike us with deep awe,
But entrance made within thy unhewn gate,
And reverential worship fills the soul,
And silent adoration swells the heart,
Too mighty to be audible in words.
The mind seems paralyzed with wonderment,
And, as we rest upon thy stony side,
We almost feel as though some wondrous spell
Were changing us to nature like thine own.
Thy ceiling bears no carven imagery,
It is the Heaven's eternal dome of blue,
By day emblazon'd by the gorgeous sun,
By night with myriad starry lamps of gold,
And the moon's urn of white and lustrous light.
At times the lightning, like a curbless steed,
Heralds the thunder's melancholy roar,
And rushes o'er thee with its mane of flame;
But thou art still the same—in calm unmoved,
Unshakeable amid the wildest storm.
The towers and palaces of mighty kings,
With all the works which tireless science rears,

And generations that have plann'd and built,
And heavenward soar'd with great and godlike skill,
Will rise and fall, and crumble to decay;
But thou, wild temple, rugged, hoar, and old,
May'st keep thy form unchanged through countless years,
And meet time's frown with gaze almost as stern.
Farewell! thou place of many worshippers,
Thou ancient mentor speaking unto man,
And shaming down at once his boasting pride;
Thou earthly type of strength and power divine,
Where all who enter breathe an inward prayer,
And humbly bow their spirit unto God!

SIR OSRIC.

A BALLAD.

The sun had ceased to gild the tower,
And bright uprose the moon,
But the lady had left not her bower,
To view the light aboon.

The beauteous lady wish'd not now
To gaze on moonbeams pale,
Nor yet to feel upon her brow
The evening's fragrant gale.

For though she well did love to look
On moon and starlight clear,
Her place upon the tower she took,
To greet a sight more dear.

Her lord had been unto the war,
And she hoped, ere fled the night,
To see upon the hills afar,
His armour glancing bright.

Not long fair Rosalie did stand
Upon her station high,
Before she saw a gallant band,
With swiftness drawing nigh.

And waving proudly o'er the rest,
When they had reach'd the plain,
She saw a white and dancing crest,
In that most goodly train.

Now well she knew the noble knight,
Now fondly gazed on him,
Who rode on, like a glorious light,
That made all else look dim.

His signal-horn the warder blew,
For the massy bridge's fall,
And from her height the lady flew,
Unto the trophied hall.

She felt almost too much of bliss,
A joy she could not speak,
When her own true Sir Osric's kiss,
In transport, press'd her cheek.

Soon was the costly banquet spread,
The golden goblets gleam'd
And sparkling wine was flowing red,
While lamps of silver stream'd.

Loudly the minstrel's bright harp rang,
The high-born guests to please,
And bold Sir Osric's praise he sang,
And beauteous Rosalie's.

The guests were listening to the song,
When stain'd with dust and blood,
An armed stranger joined the throng,
And sternly 'mid them stood.

Upon the gallant chief he gazed,
With fiercely scowling look,
And thus Sir Osric, much amazed,
His unknown guest bespoke.

"What seekest thou, oh, stranger knight,
That thus, with angry lour,
Thou comest, like a chilling blight,
Upon our festal hour.

"If but a shelter thou dost crave,
Sit and partake our cheer;
The noble and the steel-clad brave
Are ever welcome here."

"Thy courtesy I will not brook,
Nor taste thy cheer, Sir Knight,
Though yet I have not food partook,
Since broke the morning light.

"I come from out thy foeman's band,
With peril thee I've sought,
Yet I have track'd thee o'er the land,
And danger set at nought.

"Beneath thy sword my brother died,
With deep and savage thrust,
And me, while battling by his side,
Thou madest to seek the dust.

"And, when I rose, an oath I swore,
That needful rest or food
My wounded frame should taste no more
Till hate was quench'd with blood.

"I swore that let our meeting be,
Whether at feast or shrine,
My sword should force the life from thee,
Or thou shouldst sever mine.

"As I did vow, now here I stand,
On thee to clear my fame;
If thou refusest, thee I brand,
And coward do proclaim!"

Up from his seat Sir Osric sprang,
Confusion reign'd around;
Where late the song of minstrel rang,
Did woman's shrieks resound.

"Quick, clear the hall," Sir Osric said,
"Such words I must not hear;
For wine, the blood shall now flow red,
Revenge thou shalt have here."

In terror all the ladies flew,
Sore wept sweet Rosalie;
But tears were vain, too well she knew
The combat now must be.

Each firmly grasp'd his weapon bright;
Where late the guests had been,
All glowing with a joyous light,
Was soon a warlike scene.

And long did they the battle wage,
With fierce and deadly heat;
The stranger fought with desperate rage,
The knight with courage meet.

At length a thrust Sir Osric made,
And made it not in vain—
He cleft with his good, trusty blade,
The foeman's heart in twain.

Triumphant shouts did shake the roof,
When ended this strange strife;
Again was discord held aloof,
And joyful sounds were rife.

Upraised their golden cups they held,
Loud burst the minstrel's lays,
And louder still his notes he swell'd,
In bold Sir Osric's praise.

BEAUTY'S MORN AND NOON.

I saw thee first a young and gentle child,
That ne'er had dream'd of sorrow or of sin;
By the world's taint thou wert all undefiled,
And fair without as thou wert pure within:
I almost deem'd that time would stay his wing,
Lest he should scathe so beauteous a thing.

Like the gazelle's thine eye was shy and bright,
Thy step was as the antelope's free tread;
Thou lived'st and moved'st in radiance and light,
And where thou wert a joy around was shed—
As some wild flower that springeth up in bloom,
And fills the breeze with its own sweet perfume.

I thought not that the world could e'er hold aught
More rich in beauty than thy form of grace,
And 'mid earth's loveliness in vain I sought
For aught so lovely as thy sunny face;
I saw and bless'd—for years we dwelt apart,
Yet still thine image linger'd with my heart.

We met again—thou wert a child no more,
I look'd upon a graceful sylph-like maid,
Such as was said to haunt, in days of yore,
The dreams of bard by fount and forest shade;
And childhood's charms had yielded one by one
To riper bloom, as stars yield to the sun.

She I beheld in life's enchanted morn,
Deeming naught lovelier e'er could bless thy sight,
Even as the day from the fresh dawn is born,
In her full noon of beauty shone more bright—
The palm of loveliness was still thine own,
Thou wert excell'd, sweet, by thyself alone.

THE FAREWELL.

Oh, fare thee well! heed not my sigh,
The offspring of a broken heart;
Mind not the dimness of mine eye,
Though from it burning tear-drops start;
Think not upon my sunken cheek,
Deem it consumption's slow decay;
Oh! look not on my form so weak,
Soon from the earth 'twill pass away.
I know thou art another's now,
Thou feelest now another flame,
Another claims thy lasting vow,
Whilst I alone am still the same—
Yes, still I love, as true, as well,
As when I press'd thy cheek,
And thy bright eyes would fondly tell
The love thou could'st not speak.
Still can I gaze upon that face,
That beautiful and gentle eye,
That fairy form, so full of grace,
Those cheeks which shame the roses' dye:

That face still seems so free of guile,
  That, doting still, again I seek
To find the glad, the sunny smile
  Which used to dimple that soft cheek;
But 'tis in vain—I see not there
  The welcome there was wont to be—
Thy blue eye still is bright, but where
  Is that dear glance which beam'd on me?
As from the youthful dreamer's mind,
  Visions of light and joy depart,
Passing, and leaving nought behind,
  Save what is pictured on the heart:—
So unto me thy lost love be;
  And should'st thou, in thy beauty's bloom,
When I am gone e'er think of me,
  Oh! shed no tear upon my tomb,
Oh! sully not thy lovely eye,
  Oh! wet thou not that cheek so fair,
But let this check thy bosom's sigh—
  I shall be free from earthly care;
Nor weep nor sigh, for I would not
  Sorrow for me should ever dwell
With thee, though faithless—but forgot
  Be all my woes in this farewell!

WHO LOVES NOT BEAUTY?

Who loves not beauty?—beautiful thou art—
  Beauty being aye the cheerer of my lot,
How could I look on thee unmoved of heart,
  How bow to beauty, and yet love thee not?

I love bright eyes—thine are blue urns of light;
I love fair cheeks, and are not thine most fair?
I love the tresses lustrous to the sight,
And sunny beams seem dallying in thy hair.

I love to hold communion with the mind,
Which is the seat of deep and chasten'd thought:
Taintless the spirit which in thee is shrined,
And thy sweet voice with counsel wise is fraught.

I love to gaze on forehead high and pure,
Thy lofty brow of spotless white is seen;
Free form and carriage do my eye allure,
Thou hast free shape and gracefulness of mien.

All worthy loving I have found in thee,
All which is not I find from thee apart:
The heart thou'st won thou can'st not render me,
Then, dearest lady, give me heart for heart.

DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

It is the midnight's still and solemn hour,
And eyes and flowers are folded up in rest,
And glides the moon from out her sapphire bower,
With veil of clouds and star-embroider'd vest;
And now there comes a voice to memory dear—
I WEEP to hear it, and yet LOVE to hear.

It soundeth not as it was wont to sound,
  It greets me not with glad and laughing tone:—
Ah! how is this?—I call and search around,
  Save mine own echo all is still and lone;
Nor voice nor form—perchance my senses dream—
I hear what is not, yet I waking seem.

It was HIS voice, the voice of my DEAD FRIEND—
  DEAD!—speak the tenants of the silent grave?
Have not earth's attributes a final end,
  When sinketh life in death's o'erwhelming wave?
The spirit's destiny is hid in gloom,
All mortal things must perish in the tomb.

'Twas but remembrance of what once hath been,
  And liveth still within the sorrowing heart:
Oh, mystic Memory! for ever green
  We view the past by thy all-potent art—
Thou can'st restore the forms whose loss we mourn,
Thou rend'st the grave, and bursts the funeral urn.

And not alone unto my waking eyes
  Is imaged forth that loved, familiar form;
In the night's visions doth the past arise.
  And thoughts of him who dwelleth with the worm:
I see him then—I hear, but not as now—
His voice is glad, and health is on his brow.

I hear him then as I was wont to hear,
  I see him then as he was wont to be,
And come his accents on my gladden'd ear,
  As when of old we roam'd in converse free;
And each to each sought only to impart,
Without disguise, the secrets of his heart.

My buried friend! thou unto me wert bound,
Not by the ties which sordid beings bind,
But I in thee a kindred nature found,
Thou wert to me a brother of the mind;
Thou could'st not brook the worldling's narrow skill,
And wert the martyr of thine own proud will.

As one who sleeps and walks near rushing streams,
Surrounding dangers passeth heedless by:
So did'st thou live, wrapt in aspiring dreams,
Viewing the world with a regardless eye;
With sickening soul mingling with soulless men,
Thou lived'st and died'st a god-form'd denizen.

Thou wert the child of high and lofty thought,
Borne by the tide of thine own heart along;
With chainless mind thine uncheck'd spirit sought,
On soaring wing, the towering mount of song;
Thou died'st or ere its proudest height was won—
A tameless eagle stricken near the sun.

TOWN AND COUNTRY.

The sun is showering down his beams of light,
And the hot streets send up their wreaths of dust,
Yet still moves on that ever-rolling stream
Which hath its course 'mid crowded haunts of men;
The merchant still is on his gain intent,
Nor casts a glance upon the cloudless sky;

The belching chimneys still pour forth their smoke,
As if in mockery of the heaven above;
The toiling artizan still moles his way,
And all goes on in its accustom'd round.
My spirit thirsteth for the pleasant fields,
And the free breeze that sweeps o'er hill and vale,
As one who droops and faints for lack of air,
Or craves for water in a feverish dream.
Oh, for a ramble in a forest dim!
Oh, for a lonely walk amid the woods,
Where the light scarce can struggle through the trees,
Where twilight dwells for ever grey and pale,
Like aged monk within his cloister-walls,
Where human voices can be heard no more,
Where not a sound e'er breaks the leafy calm,
Save song of bird, or passing breeze's sigh,
Or tiny water murmuring on its way!
I pine and sicken 'mid these throng'd abodes,
My nerves are shatter'd with the ceaseless hum
Of tongues that ever speak of care and toil;
The hurrying sound of many trampling feet,
And all the noises of the busy streets,
Lie on my soul with an oppressive weight.
Oh, God! Thine is a sweet and pleasant world,
And all Thy works are pregnant with delight;
Thy hand hath bless'd and beautify'd them all,
And made each scene a source of holy joy—
From the huge mountain towering to the skies,
To the small flower that hideth in the grass.
What are the palaces of boasting man,
What are the monuments which he calls vast,
His temples and his splendid palaces,
His marts for commerce, and his winged ships,
And all the thousand glories of his art,
Compared to Nature, where Thou reign'st alone?

WE HAVE MET.

We have met—thou art gone!
I beheld thee in gladness;
Few moments pass'd on,
And I left thee in sadness;
Thou art far from my sight—
I regret thee in sorrow,
As a sweet dream of night,
Which we sigh for the morrow.

Oh, the bloom of thy cheek,
And the love-waking flashes,
That so sunnily break
Through thine eyes' silken lashes:
Oh, the glow of thy smile,
And the flow of thy tresses—
I am bound by each wile,
As the hawk in its jesses.

I have gazed upon those
With the eye brightly shining,
With the cheek of the rose,
And the graceful locks twining;
But my glance never fell
On a form of such beauty
As thine, whose deep spell
Lures my heart from its duty.

Though thou may'st forget
  And though parted for ever,
Of the time when we met,
  I shall cease to think never;
Though thou think'st not of me,
  Still thine image I'll cherish,
And remembrance of thee
  With my life can but perish.

THE WREATH.

Bright are the blossoms of the scented May,
  Cull'd when the birds are singing on each thorn,
When Spring laughs out, and Winter, old and grey,
  Flies from her presence with a look forlorn,
And Earth, with smiles, salutes the sunny hours,
Robed in her emerald garb begemm'd with flowers.

Glowing and gorgeous with unnumber'd dyes,
  The Summer breathes her perfumes to the air,
While on each leaf the liquid diamond lies,
  Glittering like jewel 'mid a young bride's hair,
And golden bees forsake their busy cells,
For nectarous draughts in blue and crimson wells.

But if we twine the Spring-buds in a wreath,
Their beauties hasten to a swift decay;
The Summer-roses die an odorous death,
When we have borne them from their homes away;
And we would form this simple wreath of ours
Of things more lasting than earth's fading flowers.

For richer blossoms, therefore, have we sought,
Foster'd by dews of the immortal mind,
And we will hope the garland we have wrought
Hath fadeless buds amid its leaves enshrined;
Let Beauty sun them with her lustrous eyes,
And be their gale her incense-breathing sighs.

What dearer offering could the lover bring
To her who meets him 'neath the trembling boughs,
Than flowers which fade not with the transient Spring?
Perchance more lasting than his own warm vows.
If he his faith by fitting gift would prove,
Our leaves are hallow'd by the spells of love.

If some dear friend, beloved since childhood's time,
Seek fame or fortune in a distant land,
Here is a wreath that will not change with clime:
Place then the gift within the loved one's hand,
And he will find, when he afar doth roam,
That which shall tell his wandering heart of home.

No venom'd snake lies hid amid our leaves,
To pour its poison into Virtue's ear;
No baleful weed its tangled meshes weaves,
But undefiled is all that's gather'd here:
In fair bowers, guarded by the spotless Muse,
Have blush'd and bloom'd these FLOWERS OF MANY HUES.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

I THINK of thee in the stilly night,
When others lie in dreams,
And the moon is raining on the earth
A shower of silver beams.

I think of thee when I see a star
On a quiet stream look down,
And flash again from its hidden depths,
Like a radiant golden crown.

I think of thee when I see its beams
Rush forth from their glorious sphere,
As though they loved their beauty to bathe
In the waters cool and clear.

I have thought that stream as a mirror might be,
That star a maiden fair,
Gazing in joy on her loveliness,
As it shone reflected there.

Or I have thought that fair star loved
The quiet stream's pure breast,
And guarded its slumbers through the night,
And kiss'd it into rest.

My faithful heart is as that stream,
A mirror sweet of thee;
Thy beauty lights its inmost depths—
THOU art that star to me.

NATURE.

I LOVE to stand upon a mountain's top,
And see below the cottage-homes of men,
Far down beneath, like shadowy, snowy specks;
I love to be where not a sound can come,
And I can feel as though alone with God,
Where not an eye can look into mine own,
Or still the secret heavings of my soul,
Which seems as if 'twould quit its clay abode,
And seek again the Heaven whence it came.
Oft have my footsteps stray'd at early morn
Beyond the precincts of the smoky town,
Where I might wander through the lonely lanes,
And breathe awhile the sweet, untainted air,
And listen to the lark's clear hymn of dawn.
All rural objects give to me a bliss,
All Nature's sights and sounds to me are dear,
And to my spirit bring a child's delight:
The azure bells that deck the verdant hedge,
The primrose with its pale and sunny hue,
The rich-hued violet with its eyes of gold,
Gleaming like jewels in a velvet fold;
The modest daisy, meek and "crimson-tipp'd;"
The shining yellow cups amid the grass,
All give to me a joy I cannot speak.
The trees I meet again as ancient friends,
And smile to see them in their summer dress,
Robed in a gay, rejoicing garb of green,
With blossoms shining out among their leaves,
Dancing, like winged fays, to every breeze.
And oft in winter, when the icy ground

Hath shiver'd sparkling 'neath my active tread,
Mine eyes have dwelt upon those leafless trees,
And as I gazed upon each naked branch,
Within my breast hath stirr'd a sympathy—
Those rugged forms have all look'd animate,
Endow'd with feeling and with human thought;
Each branch hath seem'd a hand to supplicate
That Heaven again would send them summer-hours,
And feed them with its blessed sun and dews.

THE ARAB'S LAMENT.

Maisuna, thou art lost to me,
A caliph claims thee for his bride,
And thou no more, with footsteps free,
Wilt wander, loved one, by my side.

The caliph cannot love so well
As did the simple Arab youth;
Oh, does thy memory ever tell
Of lowly tent and heart of truth.

When from her home they bore my love,
I follow'd far the gorgeous train;
But, ah, in vain—that rifled dove
Ne'er blest my aching sight again.

My steed was beautiful and fleet,
And loved his Arab master well;
From mine own hand his food he eat,
And shared with me the cooling well.

No courser pass'd him in the race,
When me upon his back he bore;
And when we follow'd in the chase,
The ostrich vainly fled before.

But onwards still the camels flew,
The camels with the feet of wind;
No longer could my steed pursue,
And I was left in grief behind.

Yes, I was left behind in grief,
A grief that evermore must be:
One hope alone can give relief—
Maisuna, dost thou think of me?

PROLOGUE

FOR THE AMATEUR PERFORMANCES GIVEN IN MANCHESTER AND ROCHDALE, IN OCTOBER, 1858, FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE FAMILY OF THE LATE THOMAS HUNT, THE CRICKETER, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED.

A GLOOM hath fallen o'er many a manly heart;
For he who play'd full oft a worthy part,
Hath left his co-mates, whilst the well earn'd fame
Of agile skill shed lustre on his name;

And genial courtesy and manners bland,
Gain'd for him hosts of friends on every hand.
Glowing with energy and vigorous life
We saw him foremost in the friendly strife.
Active and strong we saw him on the plain,
The hard-won praises of the many gain;
Skilful of hand and quick with eye and limb,
Admiring gazers often turn'd to him;
His bat and wicket every sportsman knew,
And where he was the interest thicker grew.
At length the sport was done, his play was o'er,
And he must bound along the plain no more.
With no dark boding of his fearful lot
He hurried onwards to the fatal spot.
On came the iron god with fire and steam,
On like the phantom of some hideous dream,
On with its shriek, and whirl, and bellowing breath,
On him the wretch now doom'd to speedy death.
Oh, God! transfixed and horror-struck he stood,
As if the fiend were panting for his blood.
One moment more—the monster o'er him past,
And he on earth and sky had look'd his last.
What thoughts were his in that brief time of woe
Those who outlived his loss can never know.
Yet do we vainly speculate and think
What were his feelings when on life's fell brink
He lay in that dark hell of grief and pain,
And felt the past rush o'er his fever'd brain.
Even as across the dreamer's vision sweep
Some life-long histories in transient sleep,
Perchance again he saw the buoyant throng,
With whom he oft had mix'd in joy among.
Again he heard their glad exulting cries,
As by his aid they bore away the prize.

What were his dying fancies, who can tell?
We only know that now he slumbers well.
So let it be, yet memory's cherish'd spell,
Of his past deeds the tale will often tell,
And to our hearts still closer, stronger bind
The well-beloved ones he hath left behind.
To you on their behalf this night we plead,
To aid and help them in their hour of need;
Make glad the widow's and the orphans' heart,
And teach them to sustain their bitter part;
So in the depths of their extreme distress,
Your presence here their lips shall learn to bless.
For me, his humble pupil, unto you
My grateful, earnest, heartfelt thanks are due:
Thanks for your kind support in this our cause;
Thanks for your kind attention and applause:
We, who best knew him, feel our grief is vain,
We shall not look upon his like again."

CHETHAM COLLEGE AND MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

See where yon antiquated building stands,
Its rocky base washed by the Irk's dark stream.
Many and strange vicissitudes of fate
Those time-worn walls have seen—the dwelling once
Of servants of the Lord—in stormy days
The home of Cromwell's stern and armed band,
A barracks and a prison.—Now it stands
A lasting monument of Chetham's fame,

Unto posterity a boon most rich—
A refuge for the child of poverty—
A still, secluded haunt for studious men—
The college of a merchant!—Pass the gate,
And cross the spacious yard, forgetting not
To gaze upon those boys in garments quaint,
Nor the old raven, which, in sober suit,
Wanders with careless steps beside your feet.
The massive door upon its hinges swings,
And then the spacious kitchen meets your view,
And lofty room where youthful students dine:
The stair-case next ascend, whose steps of stone
Bear on them impress of a host of feet,
Which long ago have moulder'd into dust.
The boy who leads you on will then describe,
In style burlesque, but with a face most grave,
A motley group of strange and wondrous things,
Which oft have caused in rustic mind amaze.
Dismiss your guide, and gaze around the place,
And you will find a costly gathering there,
Cull'd from the master-minds of every age,
A very mine of rare and precious books,
In whose rich contents all may freely share.
Your favourite author choose, and bend your steps
To yonder old and noble reading-room,
Where all is hush'd and reverently calm,
The silence broken but by rustling leaves,
Whilst through the rich-stain'd glass of yon recess
The rays of colour'd light come streaming in,
And "rose-bloom" falleth on the student's page.

Behold yon dark and ancient edifice,
Yon venerable temple of the Lord,

Lifting to Heaven its time-worn gothic tower,
Even as it did in generations past.
How many eyes have look'd upon that pile,
That ne'er will look again in mortal life!
How many forms have paced its sacred aisles,
That now are lying 'neath its sculptured stones,
Sleeping unconscious of the many feet
That careless pace above their crumbling dust—
Perchance reposing in the very spot
O'er which themselves in life were wont to tread!
Oft have I gazed upon that structure old,
Whilst yet a boy, with most mysterious awe,
Wondering at all the many forms grotesque,
That from its walls protrude in hideous guise,
Mocking the gazer with a strange grimace—
Glaring upon him with their fiendish eyes,
Or face disfigured by an impish glee.
I love the aged pile—its gloomy aisles,
And noble choir with quaint devices deck'd,
The relics of a superstitious age;
I love its old and monumental forms,
Its altar-piece of glorious tapestry,
And windows rich with many splendid dyes;
I love to hear its bells come pealing forth,
And sending to the breeze their music loud,
Like to the tones of some great instrument
Awoke to birth by giant's ponderous hand.
Within those walls the name I bear was given,
And there a richer, dearer boon I gain'd—
Wife of my bosom, there wert thou made mine!
Within that church's crowded burial-place
I would not that my last repose should be;
Not where the stream of life for ever flows,
And careless feet pass o'er the field of death,

Would I that my long sleep should pass away:
I would be buried far away from towns,
Where trees might wave above my sleeping head,
And rippling waters run with murmurs near,
Whilst from the meadows came a balmy breath,
And birds with downy pinions and glad song.
I know 'tis but a wish which some may deem
Childish and weak, but I would have in death
The things around me which I love in life;
And rural beauties—trees, and flowers, and birds—
These would I wish to have around my grave.
Rather than sleep where crowded cities are
Would I submit unto the ancient rite
Which gives the corse unto the funeral pile,
Leaving the scentless ashes for the urn.
And is it not a tender, beauteous thought
To think that in the urn might treasured be
The ashes of the worship'd loved and dead,
Which ever would be present in our homes?
To that most precious casket might we steal,
In the dim silence of the midnight hour,
And bathe the relic in our tears of love.
Well has one said who looks upon the world
With an observant, philosophic mind,
That no home is so poor but it could have
Its little sanctuary, where might be placed
Those dear domestic monuments of love.
A mother's manes would with her children seem;
The cherish'd image of a sainted wife,
Or husband most beloved, might be evoked
By those who linger'd still behind to weep,
And souls of innocent and happy babes
Would seem to linger round their sculptured urns.
What a rich treasure would the ashes be,

Preserved in shining gold or marble pure,
Of Shakspere and of Milton, standing nigh
Our pillow'd heads at night! And when the moon
Pour'd through our lattice white and dreamy rays,
Should we not feel that their illustrious shades,
Were hovering near us, to exalt our souls?

THE MINSTREL'S FAREWELL TO HIS LOVE.

My lips are bloodless—tears may speak of grief,
But grief is transient, when it falls in tears;
My heart is withering, as the dewless leaf—
Cheek, lip, and brow—there woe's dark seal appears.

The fountain of mine eyes is dry, my soul
Is as a garden which the blight hath found;
Death and decay amid the flowers have stole,
Whilst baleful weeds still throw their shade around.

The light that lit my life will soon have past—
Reft of its beauty, then my course will be
As is the bark's that struggles with the blast,
Without a star to guide it o'er the sea.

Alone, alone! I soon shall be alone,
Alone, where crowds of worldly beings press;
The mind will hold communion with none,
And my sad spirit pine companionless.

We part, and years, long years may intervene,
Ere I do look on mine own love again;
Yes, viewless space will interpose between
Those who are bound by strong affection's chain.

My woe can heal not, and as now we part,
I have one hope, or all would be in vain
To stay the breaking of my lonely heart—
The one dear hope that we shall meet again.

We meet again! such hope is theirs who roam,
With yearning souls, across the pathless seas,
Whilst comes the tempest, as they dream of home,
And calls them forth to battle with the breeze.

My swan on life's dark river, my sole joy,
My star, my dove, my all that's bright or fair,
My fount of bliss, whose waters never cloy,
My rose whose perfume I with none would share.

The gentle bosom where my brow doth rest,
Will it e'er pillow other heads than mine?
Will those sweet lips by other lips be prest,
And thy young breast another love enshrine?

Hence with my doubts! I cannot even brook
A moment's thought that thou canst know a change;
My soul would sicken at thy alter'd look,
Yet spurn the faith which absence could estrange.

My grief is voiceless—one last, wild embrace—
Words cannot paint my spirit's agony,
To know of thee, I soon shall have no trace,
Save in the heart—where thou wilt ever be.

THE BIBLE.

GREAT God of heaven and earth! how can we gaze
On the rich treasures of Thy sacred book,
Nor turn to Thee with awe and deep amaze,
As on the wisdom of each page we look?
What pen could trace the mystery of Thy ways
Unless from Thee it aspiration took?
What voice could raise those solemn songs of praise,
Save Thine own minstrel's? Lord! I cannot brook
To see the sceptic, with his bat-like mind,
Turn from Thy light to revel in the dark.
Oh, dreadful sight! to watch him, madly blind,
Rush to the billows, whilst the Bible Ark
Rides on the sea of doubts, 'mid wave and wind,
At once a refuge and a beacon mark.

THE WARRIOR'S DEATH.

THE young knight fell while on the foe
His blows were showering fast;
But the Paynim steel that laid him low
By dastard hand was cast.

His bright and martial eye grew dim,
As his page knelt by his side;
Yet though he knew death's hand on him,
He grieved not that he died.

He fell as he had wish'd, in fame,
On the plain of holy strife;
And he had earn'd a hero's name—
To honour what was life?

And thus unto his page he said,
Whilst the youth was sobbing loud,
"Oh, quickly haste, when I am dead,
To my father's castle proud.

"And tell him thou did'st mark me die,
As noble warrior should,
Unshrinking, and without a sigh,
For my country and my God.

"Tell him that grief must not be his
That here I met a grave,
For say my death was death of bliss—
I die midst bold and brave.

"And take this ring, my faithful page,
To my young affianced bride,
And say that, in the battle's rage,
Her love was still my pride.

"And, pray thee, tell she must not weep,
For tears my fate would shame:—
I die, yet fear not death's cold sleep—
I still shall live in fame!"

The knight then to his cold lips prest,
Whilst sense was fleeting fast,
The cross that hung upon his breast,
And gaze to heaven he cast.

The cross fell from his lifeless hand,
His spirit pass'd away,
And the bravest of the Christian band
In death's embraces lay.

TO THE BELLS.

As thus I wander in the twilight shade,
How fitfully doth come upon mine ear
Your far-off pealing music, sweet-toned bells.
Entranced I listen to your harmony,
That sounds so wild and changeful on the breeze.
Now doth it murmuring die upon the wind,
And now again it comes, with bursting swell,
In full, deep melody, unto my soul,
I love to wander, when in serious mood,
And listen to your mellow, witching tones;
They make to me e'en gloom and sadness sweet,
And pleasing to the mind. Ye do possess
A music, too, for bright and joyous hours:
Oft have I seen the home-bound villager,
His labour done, plod briskly, blithely on,
As listening to your merry minstrelsy,
From tower of rustic church, he ceased to think
Of all the toils and hardships of the day.
And ye have one, a solitary note,
Of mournful, solemn import, which doth draw
The mind to muse upon the dreary grave,
And then doth lift the thoughts to regions fair,

Far, far above the clouds—to lovely homes,
Replete with holy joy and blessedness.
A few short years, and other ears will perhaps
Hear that same lonely knell tolling for ME:
So let it be! yet I will not repine,
But rather strive to live so that when Death
Shall call me to his damp and earthy couch,
I there may rest awhile, then rise and shake
From off my limbs his dull and heavy sleep,
And wake again in Heaven's effulgent light.

LOVERS' EYES.

OH! I will ask thee not to say
That I am dear to thee;
When from thine eyes fond glances stray,
They speak enough for me.

Ever should maiden's lips conceal
What lovers long to know,
And let the eyes alone reveal
The bosom's cherish'd glow.

The tongue can never truly tell
The feelings of the heart;
The love that is unspeakable
Must from the eyes depart.

Beloved one! avert thou not
From me those stars of light—
Bereft of their bright rays my lot
Would be but cheerless night.

Then let our eyes each other greet,
More bliss we shall receive.
When our warm glances fondly meet,
Than words in hours could give.

For lovers' eyes will often be
Like unto mirrors fair.
And the observing gaze may see
The soul depicted there.

Thus, dearest! my enamour'd look
Shall read the soul in thine,
And, oh! believe me, I can brook
To place before thee mine.

THE LADY OF MY HEART.

My love is like a sweet young flower,
That shrinketh from the eye;
My love is like a beauteous star,
That trembleth in the sky:
My love is fair, yet she doth fear
That other eyes should see
The loveliness she would reveal
To me, and only me.

I breathe her name in solitude,
And not in haunts of men;
I muse on her when none are nigh,
In lone and shadowy glen;
I even fear the very breeze
My secret love should share;
I even fear to breathe her name
Unto the sighing air.

We roam at eve by silver streams,
We shun the glare of day—
Oh, eyes and cheeks look lovelier far,
When view'd by twilight grey.
We wander 'neath the golden stars,
I look on the blue sky,
Then turn away from heaven to earth,
And gaze upon her eye.

We seat ourselves on some green mound,
And dream of times of old,
Of minstrel's lays, and lady-love,
Of page, and warrior bold;
We speak of pilgrim bow'd with age,
Who sought some lady bright,
Then casting off his years and weeds,
Reveal'd her own true knight.

I tell some legend of the days
When gallants broke the lance,
And fought and bled on warlike field,
For one approving glance;

And when is told the high-wrought tale
Of deeds beheld no more,
She smiles, and says "Oh, love we not
As well as they of yore?"

I loved her long, but dared not hope
That I her love had won;
Yet she that blest my dreams by night,
I waking could not shun:
I stole one even near her bower,
Where I might stand unseen,
And saw the image of my heart,
'Mid flowers and branches green.

She knelt, with upraised eyes and hands,
Like some enchanted dame,
And, whispering low, in words of love
She syllabled my name;
I stood entranced, nor spoke nor moved,
A statue rooted there,
Gazing with wilder'd soul on her,
The maid who knelt in prayer.

The honey-bee was hastening home,
With perfume from the flower,
But sighs more sweet were breathed for me,
Within that lonely bower:
A moment, and our lips had met—
The bright moon saw us part,
And heard me vow to love till death
The lady of my heart.

TO AN INFANT.

SWEET babe, that clingest to thy mother's knee,
As to the oak the loving ivy clings,
Ah, would that I were once again like thee!
Woe comes with years, and care with reason springs.

No breath of sin e'er stain'd those lips of rose;
The glance of joy that flashes from thine eye
O'er thy fair cheek a witching halo throws,
Like landscape glowing 'neath a cloudless sky.

How quickly is awoke thy childish mirth,
As quickly, too, are caused thy dew-like tears;
But dies thy grief the moment of its birth,
Whilst mine is heartfelt and endures for years.

THY grief! oh, is it grief?—a summer shower
Lasting an instant, then 'tis bright and fair;
A passing cloud amid a sunny hour—
Mine is the chilling winter of despair.

I am not aged—I am young in years—
O'er blighted hopes, perchance, I have not wept,
Yet have I sorrow'd UNRELIEVED by tears,
And my sunk eyes have care-fraught vigils kept.

I would that I were once again like thee!
My wish is vain—life is not as the tide
That onward flows, then back again doth flee—
It is a stream that onward aye must glide.

Man is a boat launch'd on a stormy sea,
Exposed to every shock of wind and wave,
Entering his course unto eternity—
He drops his sails—his harbour is the grave.

Thy sails are spread and beautiful art thou,
Bright be thy journey o'er life's troubled stream;
Though much I fear the joys thou dream'st of now
Will all, alas, prove but to be a dream.

WINTER SCENE.

The snow lies thick upon the frozen ground,
The moon is in the sky, and countless stars
Are scatter'd o'er the azure plain of Heaven,
And looking down like laughing maidens' eyes.
In such a night as this I love to stray,
Musing and lone, over the quiet earth,
Wending my way along the sheeted streets,
And passing by the many muffled forms,
Until I reach the broad and still highway,
Lined in the summer hours by pastures green,
With streamlets in the distance glittering,
Like coils of silver rope, among the grass;
But now is all array'd in garb of white,
Stainless and pure as vestal vow'd to God.
In such a night as this again come back
The feelings which of old were in my breast,
And I could almost dream myself a boy,
Youthful as when I rush'd in joy along,

To mingle in the winter's merry play,
Scarce leaving on the earth my footsteps' print.
The snow is hanging on the branches high,
And silver garlands deck the leafless hedge;
The scatter'd dwellings scarcely now are seen,
The whiten'd cottage greeteth not my sight
As a distinctive feature in the scene,
And only by the glimmering taper's blaze
Can I discern where the white dwellings stand.
Nature now seems to lie all cold and dead,
Like a good man who slumbereth in the tomb,
But wakes again to beauty and delight.
Homeward I bend my steps, and seek my couch,
Thinking, whilst there I nestle snug and warm,
Of those who roam without a sheltering roof
'Neath which to rest their cold and wearied frames;
And melancholy gathers round my heart,
When I reflect upon the various lots
Which men are doom'd to bear upon the earth.
Sleep falls upon my senses, and anon
The sound of music comes unto mine ears—
I start, and deem myself in fairy-land,
Listening to wild unearthly melody,
Which floats around in wild, though broken notes,
Now swept to distance by the passing breeze,
Then again coming with a louder swell,
Chasing away all dreamy phantasies
With the loud rudeness of unskilful tones.
Shivering I creep unto my window-pane,
And through the dim and frosted glass behold
Those wandering minstrels of the night, the Waits,
Waking night's echoes 'mid the chilling snow.
I well remember how I loved those sounds,
And joy'd to listen to them when a child,

Thinking I heard some blest and heavenly strain,
Proceeding from some far angelic choir;
And still I love those notes of night to hear,
Rude though they be: I muse upon the time
When to the world its Saviour was born,
And to the shepherds came a heavenly host,
Whose hymn was "Glory unto God most high,
And unto men peace and good will on earth."
Who on their origin divine can muse,
And not within his mind feel holy thoughts,
Whene'er he hears the music of the Waits?

THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

He did not yield as cowards yield,
  Upon the battle-plain;
Full many a dint was on his shield,
  His corslet reft in twain;
The bright blade of his falchion good
Was cover'd o'er with Moslem blood.

The waving plume his helm had left,
  And broken was the lance
That many a guarded heart had cleft,
  Yet quail'd not his proud glance,
Till foeman's hand, with dastard blow,
Struck him, amid his conquests, low.

They bore him to a castle-keep,
Begirt with massy stone,
And in a dungeon dark and deep
The captive-knight was thrown,
Distant from cheering voice, and far
From steel-clad hosts and sound of war.

Was this a fitting place for him,
A gay and noble knight?
And must his glory thus grow dim,
Thus end his pathway bright?
The damp his balm for festering wound,
His couch the chill and clammy ground.

He had been lull'd by perfumed sigh
Unto a gentle rest,
O'er him a rich-wrought canopy,
His pillow beauty's breast;
And who to his fair bride should tell
He languish'd in a loathsome cell?

They left him in his solitude,
To sicken, droop, and moan,
The coarsest bread his only food,
His seat a crumbling stone;
A stranger to the light of day,
They let him pine and waste away.

Then brought they robes and gems of price,
To be to him a dower,
If he his faith would sacrifice,
And own their prophet's power;
With flashing and indignant eye
He spurn'd them, and he ask'd to die.

They loaded him with heavy chain,
And taunted bitterly,
Told him he had not not ask'd in vain,
For he with dawn should die;
And then they left him to his fate,
Fearless, though doom'd and desolate.

Night veils the gloomy keep around,
Anon is heard a clash,
And warlike men with thundering sound,
The gate of dungeon dash;
And brightly breaks the morn to see
The Moslem quell'd, the Christian free.

HOPE.

FROM THE GERMAN OF SCHILLER.

MEN ever yearn, yea, even in their dreams,
They breathe a sigh for better days;
Within their course a golden future seems,
Which they pursue with eager gaze.
The world grows old, and then in youth appears,
Yet man still hopes for better coming years.

Hope ushers into life the helpless child,
Ever in boyhood fluttereth nigh;
By its charm'd light the youth is still beguiled,
E'en with the old it doth not die;
For when unto his weary rest man wends,
From the cold grave celestial Hope ascends.

It is no vain and flattering conceit,
That in the foolish brain hath birth,
Loud doth the heart the truth repeat:
We were not born alone for earth.
And well may we the inner voice believe,
For that will ne'er the hoping soul deceive.

THE MAIDEN'S FLIGHT.

My bark is upon the river,
In the gale its white sails quiver;
Oh! hasten on,
And trust to one,
Who'll love thee and guard thee ever.

The rose, in the night-dew steeping,
Like a blushing bride is weeping,
And bright and clear
The waves appear,
Around me in silence creeping.

Now sleep the tired world is hushing,
I hear but the low winds rushing,
And murmuring fall
Most musical,
Of a fountain's silver gushing.

Doth fear o'er thy spirit hover?
Oh! none will thy flight discover;
Then come away—
At dawn of day
Who'll sever the wife and lover?

If the night's chill breath thou fearest,
When thou in my bark appearest,
Like Arab steed,
Away we'll speed,
And my bosom shield thee, dearest.

'Tis thy step I hear advancing,
Thy form through the shadows glancing:—
With thee, my bride,
O'er flashing tide,
My bark is merrily dancing!

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE star we gaze on, from our sight may fade,
The loveliest flower be blighted and decay'd,
The joyous fawn may perish in its glee,
The dove be stricken in its wanderings free.

Weep, Beauty, weep! thy fairest form hath fled;
Mourn, Virtue, mourn! thy favourite child is dead;
Weep ye for innocence, weep ye for truth,
Mourn ye for loveliness, mourn ye for youth.

Sleep, gentle girl, WHY should we MOURN thy doom?
WHY WEEP to lay thee in the silent tomb!
Vain are our tears, vainly do we repine—
Grief still is ours, but happiness is thine!

Sweet saint! yes gone from earth, such is thy fate,
Whilst here we linger sad and desolate;
FRAIL are the things that claim our earthly love—
Thy joys are LASTING in thy home above.

Oh! never! never! did a brighter form
Seek the cold dwelling of the loathsome worm!
Resign'd and pure—when pass'd thy last faint breath,
A sinless virgin sought the arms of death!

The household group assemble round the hearth,
Where late uprose the sound of laughing mirth;
And thou art wanting, with thy voice so glad—
Thy kindred miss thee, and their hearts are sad.

Full many a tear hath dimm'd thy mother's eye,
That thou the young and dearly loved should die;
And droop'd in woe the spirit of thy sire,
To see the daughter of his hope expire.

Thy sister, too, the fair and graceful one,
Long will she miss thee, long in musings lone,
Think of the form that by her side did stray,—
The good, the beautiful, the kind, the gay!

THE SIBYL.

A PICTURE.

Turn not away thine eyes from me;
What, though, by wizard art,
Pictured upon thine hand I see
The secrets of thine heart;
No darkling thought of care or sin
With thee hath found a place,
But all is beautiful within,
Fair as thy form and face.

As yet there has not been a blight
Upon thy maiden years;
The flashings of those glances bright,
Have ne'er been quench'd in tears.
The future cometh to my call,
The past—I see it still;
The past, the present, future—all
Are given to my skill.

Thou hast had dreams of happiness,
In days that now are gone;
The future it hath bliss to bless
Thy lot, thou lovely one.
The chosen of thy secret flame,
I'll breathe it in thine ear—
Nay, start not, blush not at his name,
For he is true as dear.

Oh, there is many a beauteous maid,
Whose fate is wrapt in gloom,
And many a form of grace doth fade,
And find an early tomb;
THINE is a sunny horoscope,
The visions of thy youth,
Each wish of thine, each cherish'd hope,
Will end in joy and truth.

TO MARGARET.

THERE is a magic in the scented breeze,
Which conjures up the images of flowers;
A simple tone recalls departed hours,
And fills the heart with youthful ecstacies:
And thus, fair Margaret, thy pearl-like name
Findeth an echo in my bosom's cell,
And tells of days when idle dreams of fame
Stirr'd not the waters of my soul's deep well.
But let me not look back, through cares and tears,
To the returnless moments of the past;
Oh! rather let me wish thee future years,
Without a shadow on their brightness cast.
Did I possess o'er destiny the power,
Unclouded joy should ever be thy dower.

LOVE-DOUBTS.

Hast thou a thought, my maiden-love, of me?
As I am toiling 'mid a wayward lot,
Remember'st thou one who hath ne'er forgot?
Reckless of all, if but beloved by thee.
It may be I have cherish'd love in vain;
Endured with hope, to find that hope depart:
Treasured, in secret, source of many a pain;
Kept but a worm to feed upon the heart:
Even were it so, the shaft is driven, and now
Rankling for ever in the breast it lies—
Silk lash the string, fair lid the fatal bow,
Hurried away the arrow from thine eyes.
Ah, speak my doom! thou, only, life canst give—
Wilt thou then leave to die, or bid to live?

THE PRISON VAN.

The skies are dark, the rain comes dashing down,
And trade-driven men are hurrying through the streets;
The thick drops batter at my window-panes,
The wind is hurrying by like viewless fiend,
Or phantom screeching in a sinner's ear,
A sinner doom'd to die for murder foul,
Who shrieketh in his victim-haunted sleep,
And wakes to gaze upon the hangman's face.

The smoke beats downward from the chimney tops,
The homeless wretch creeps soak'd and shivering on,
Whilst rattling vehicles are sweeping by,
Bearing the sons of commerce to their homes.
Now rumbling o'er the dull and stony street,
There hurries on a gloomy-looking thing,
The sombre chariot of vice and sin,
The barr'd and guarded dreary prison van.
What guilty hearts are throbbing in that cage!
What vengeful eyes are fiercely scowling there,
Like new-caught tigers, glaring in their den!
There may be heard the hoarsely-mutter'd curse,
And there are heard the moanings of despair,
And there are breathed the first low sobs of crime,
And bitter wailings of young erring hearts—
Children whose births their parents hail'd with joy,
And bless'd them as the harbingers of bliss,
The bliss that was to sweeten life's last cup;
Fair girls are there whose beauty was their bane,
Whose tones had been the music of their homes,
Whose eyes once shone as bright as sunlit wells,
Whose souls were once as pure as summer-springs,
But unto them their loveliness had been
As gift bestow'd by some unholy power,
To bring on the possessor doom of awe.
There, too, is heard the laugh of harden'd guilt,
Callous alike to infamy and shame—
The sinner steep'd in crimes of blackest hue,
Who mocks the ear with strange and dreadful jest.
It passeth on, that moving charnel-house,
Freighted with dark remains of virtuous hearts.

MY HEART IS WITH THE DEAD.

A LADY sang unto her harp
A low and mournful strain;
She strove to check her rising sighs,
But ah! she strove in vain!
She spoke of sorrow cherish'd long,
Of tears in secret shed,
And then, in trembling tones, she sang,
"My heart is with the dead."

She told how one, in other days,
Had won her for his bride,
And how her bosom throbb'd with joy,
When by that loved one's side:
Oh, God! she mark'd his bloom decay,
Till light and life had fled;
"Ah me!" she sang, amid her tears,
"My heart is with the dead."

No more is heard that mournful harp,
Which sorrow's hand had strung;
No more are heard those plaintive tones,
The minstrel perish'd young;
The sunshine of her soul was gone,
A gloom around was shed—
She murmur'd with her latest breath,
"My heart is with the dead."

THE LOVER'S LAY.

AROUND the flowers the night-winds sigh,
The bright dew gems the roses;
Each bud that loves the day-star's eye,
With folded leaf reposes;
The moon is imaged on the lake,
The stars around her wreathing;
Then wake, my lady-love, awake,
And list the lay I'm breathing.

The silver waters of the stream
Are kiss'd by drooping willow—
Oh! that a kiss might break thy dream,
And call thee from thy pillow!
Darkness is in thy father's hall,
Thy sire has long been sleeping,
And drowsy silence broods o'er all,
Save me, my lone watch keeping.

Lady fair, do I watch in vain
To meet thine eyes' bright beaming?
The moon shines through thy lattice-pane,
Yet not on thee 'tis streaming:
Away with doubt! I see thee now,
With thy golden tresses flowing—
Thy lovely cheek and dazzling brow,
Like a crimson rose-bud glowing,

OH! MY HEART IS SAD WITH DREAMING.

Oh! my heart is sad with dreaming
Of the joys of other years;
Dear eyes are upon me beaming,
Whose loss I have mourn'd with tears.

A cloud hangs for ever o'er me,
For life's sunny way is past,
And the path, that lies before me,
Is dark as the midnight blast.

I weep for the bliss long perish'd,
For the loved ones pass'd away,
For the hopes my young heart cherish'd,
But to mark their lights decay.

Joy hath a memory of sadness,
And my soul is all of gloom:
Oh! the thoughts of days of gladness
Are as flowers strewn o'er a tomb.

VINDICATORY.

The world hath often blamed me—mindless men
Have look'd upon my deeds with jaundiced eyes,
Giving the colour of their own foul thoughts
Unto mine every action—they have turn'd

The highest, best aspirings of my soul
To scorpions that stung my very heart;
Thoughts, changed to acts that they might bless my race,
And propagate the principles of love
And sympathy amongst my fellow-men,
Have been traduced, distorted, and malign'd,
Till they have stood as spectres in my path;
Frowning defiance in their Maker's face,
Like to the fabled monster, which 'tis said
The student raised to mock and curse himself
Great God of Heaven! who know'st my every thought,
To Thee I now appeal, with fearless heart,
And ask Thee if I have not wish'd to bless!
My deeds are known unto Thee—the wide scroll
Is spread before Thy bright all-seeing eye;
Look on it, scan each thought—by Thy decree,
And not by that of man, I stand or fall!
I know that I am frail, in spirit weak,
In mind and judgment easily beguiled;
But when, in calm and unvoiced solitude,
Whether secluded in my lowly room,
Or wandering lone in unfrequented paths,
Or near the foaming torrent's rapid dash,
Or by the waters of a quiet stream,
Or standing 'neath the shade of towering cliff,
Dark rocks around me, and the sky above—
In every scene, in every mood, oh, God!
Hath not my soul been tuned to love and Thee?
If I did e'er premeditate a line,
If I did e'er give utterance to a thought,
Whose object was to crush my fellow-worm;
If I did e'er, unless my judgment err'd,
Fail to award to each his meed of praise;
If I did e'er, by word or action, strive

To check the onward course of Liberty;
If I have, knowingly, defamed the good,
Or lent my aid to glorify the base;
If I have coin'd my heart to lies for dross,
Or woven vile webs to trap the guileless mind—
Oh, Thou who rulest over earth and man,
Judge as I should be judged—I bow to thee.

SLEEPING AND WAKING.

THE iron tongues of time have long peal'd forth
The mid-hour of the night—with sullen sound
Their tones again ring on my startled ear,
As I awake from fever-troubled dream.
My lips are parch'd, my frame is tired and spent,
For I have raced o'er hot and sandy plains,
And I have climb'd up steep and horrid cliffs;
Plunged desperate in the dark and rapid stream,
And leap'd o'er chasms where one false bound were death,
Whilst the loose soil hath shiver'd 'neath my feet:
Monsters, whose likeness waking eye ne'er saw,
Changing each moment both in shape and size—
Now shooting out to most gigantic height,
Then again shrinking to a dwarfish mould,
With features varying like a storm-blown vane,
And in their every aspect loathsome, foul,
Demons and fiends, hideous in mien and form,
Have follow'd hot and closely in my track,
Turning the air to poison with their breath,
And howling in mine ears loud shrieks of hate.

Now whilst my mind is scarcely dispossess'd
Of the wild phantoms of my dreadful dream,
Again I hear a loud and piercing shriek,
And bitter curses borne upon the wind;
Words hiss upon mine ear, whose very sound
Strikes on the mind like to a poison'd shaft,
Wounding and shattering pure and virtuous thoughts.
The words are breathed by lips which God design'd
Should utter only syllables to bless,
And soothe man's heart, as oil the billowy sea:
'Tis woman's voice that mingles with the blast—
Fierce imprecations from a female tongue,
And passionate bursts of scorn and reckless rage,
And impure thoughts in horrid language drest,
Like pestilential taint, pollute the night,
Blent with some drunken ruffian's hoarse deep oath,
Perchance the prelude to a fearful blow.
Oh, most revolting and debasing thought,
That she who should grow up our light and guide,
Whose mind should glass all chaste and holy joys,
Should be herself by wandering lights misled,
Till the bright mirror of her once pure soul,
Mildew'd by sin, should be all blotted o'er,
Distorting every image it reflects.—
The sounds have fled—I court again repose:
Than such reality more welcome sleep,
Throng'd though it be with angry, vision'd fiends.

LINES ON A TOMB,

THE INSCRIPTION OF WHICH WAS EFFACED BY TIME.

O HOUSE of death! thou mouldering tomb,
Thou marble palace of the dead,
Whom hast thou shut up in thy womb,
Thou monument of grandeur fled?
Vain was his hope who put his trust
In thee for lasting fame;
For thou art hast'ning to the dust,
Like him whose titled name
Was once emblazon'd on thy side,
Who on thee trusted, when he died,
To tell posterity his fame.
The lines have faded from thy brow,
He thought would tell his worth;
His pride and power, where is it now?
Gone to its parent—earth!
On thee let pomp and wealth now gaze,
And tell them this their lot—
To live awhile in hireling praise,
Then die, for aye forgot.
And thou, that still dost seem to say
Thou holdest more than common clay,
Thou too wilt quickly meet thy doom,
Thou relic of a once-proud tomb;
Crumbled to dust thou soon wilt lie,
No more wilt fix th' observing eye,
And the inquiring gaze will pass,
O'er thee, as o'er a worthless mass.

THE DREAM.

I HAD a dream in the still hours of night,
The breath of roses mingled with the air,
And silver streams were gushing 'neath the light
Of the bright moon, which like a maiden fair,
Walk'd o'er the pathway of the azure skies,
As one that shone to gladden and to bless,
And the fair stars, as radiant as thine eyes,
Floated in heaven in throbbing loveliness.

A low sweet voice came murmuring to mine ear,
And sounds of music swell'd the passing breeze,
And long I stood transfix'd 'mid hope and fear,
Listening entranced to distant melodies:
I gazed—from out a green and leafy bower
A form of beauty burst upon my sight;
I felt upon my soul a spell of power,
And my heart trembled with a new delight.

The image of my dreaming glided on,
And all seem'd brighter as she pass'd along,
And still the voice of that most beauteous one
Made rich the air with melody and song;
And as I saw her form of grace depart,
My ears drank in a burthen wild and sweet,
Whose words must linger ever with my heart:
Thus sang the maid "We do but part to meet!"

'Twas but a vision, and I had no thought
Of living maid so beautiful as she
Whom sleep had pictured, for I deem'd that nought
Of mortal birth so lovely e'er could be.
I met thee—could it be?—ah, mystic sleep,
Through its dim shadows doth the future gleam?
I saw in thee the image graven deep
Within my soul—the minstrel of my dream?

Say, wilt thou pardon him who dares to name
Thee and thy loveliness in his rude lay?
The humble shepherd sure thou would'st not blame,
Who wakes his lute to praise some star's bright ray:
Thou unto me art as a glorious star,
A lovely orb which I must needs admire,
A light which I may worship from afar—
Then, lady, frown not though I wake my lyre.

Or thou shalt be a saint, and I will be
A lowly pilgrim kneeling at thy shrine,
Offering, as proof of my idolatry,
A simple token to thy powers divine;
Lady, reject not then thy pilgrim's prayer,
Accept his gift, for unto thee belong
The dowers of melody and beauty rare,
Thou gentle queen of loveliness and song.

FINIS.

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It is a very pleasant volume, and may beguile the hours of the reader, as its various compositions have no doubt beguiled those of the writer.—*Era.*

The pieces are of varied colour and character—grave and gay—prose and verse—tale, essay, legend, lyric, love, stanzas, &c., &c.; all brief and unambitious, and the whole betraying that love for literary pursuits which none ever entertained without being the wiser, the better, and the happier for it.—*New Monthly Magazine.*

A pure, healthful, and playful spirit pervades the entire work.—*York Courant.*

This is, really, an entertaining book. It contains the effusions, gay and grave, poetical and prosaic, of an obviously active and accomplished mind. The chief excellence of the book, considered as a whole, is the variety of its contents. Tales, sketches, sonnets, and lyrics are agreeably interspersed, and keep the reader's attention continually on the stretch.—*Scotsman.*

We are indebted for this story (a fairy romance) to Mr. Rogerson's charming volume, "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," to which the reader may be referred for many agreeable and clever tales. The book has recalled a pleasant recollection, which gives us a sort of personal interest in it.—*Story Teller*, edited by Robert Bell.

The prose tales and essays are all characterised by gracefulness of style, and exuberance of humour and imagination. But the poetry is the most valuable portion of the volume. The author has, evidently, drank deep of the Wordsworthian spirit.—*Bolton Free Press.*

Articles of humour, and passages of pathos; stories of mirth, and suffering, and passion; fairy-tales, and lays of love; fire-side scenes, and records of happy home-born affections, are here all touched upon, and succeed each other in this charming volume with equal beauty and diversity. The sentimental and poetical portion of the book is especially distinguished by a pure and delicate simplicity of thought and word.—*Liverpool Chronicle.* Second notice.

The volume before us is indicative of a lively imagination, vivid powers of description, a feeling heart, and a tolerably cultivated intellect. The greater proportion of the pieces are marked by talent which, with careful study and attention, promises fair to place the laurel wreath on the brow of this modest aspirant after literary distinction.—*Manchester and Salford Advertiser.*

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Mr. Rogerson has made himself a reputation in the world in which he lives, and gained many well-wishers beyond it, by a previous volume entitled, "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," in which he aimed at expressing more than one of the moods of the lyre—passing "from grave to gay, from lively to severe"—and recorded some pleasant thoughts and graceful fancies.—*Athenæum.*

This is truly and emphatically a poem by a poet. Mr. Rogerson, in his elegant volume, has contrived to unite the graces and the charms of his prose writings into flowing and mellifluous verse. Each line teems with original thought and poetic beauty. The first poem is descriptive, didactic, and discursive. The style, without being anything approaching to an imitation, strongly reminds us of Akenside; and the matter is sufficiently varied to prevent the interest from flagging, and sufficiently good to render praise justice, not flattery. There are few books which we have seen lately, that we have welcomed more heartily. John Bolton Rogerson, thou hast our best wishes. Go on and prosper!—*British Statesman.*

Manchester, the very seat of manufacture and science, may be "proud of its poets"—John Bolton Rogerson is one of them. We read and reviewed his former work, and spoke of it praisingly; we may equally commend this one now before us. It contains a poem in blank verse, strongly, and spiritedly, and cleverly written. It is a very fine poem. Of the miscellaneous portion we most admire "The Poet's Home;" it is full of warm fancy, and shows how charmingly bards can build "castles in the air." We recommend this book to notice.—*Liverpool Standard.*

Written in a clear wholesome spirit—is full of knowledge and warning, and tells of scenes which, for their moral depravity, are, perhaps, unequalled in any quarter of the globe. Many of the minor poems are written in a pleasing and poetical spirit.—*Weekly Chronicle.*

We have had the pleasure of speaking in high terms of Mr. Rogerson's former productions, and we are happy to perceive that he has lost none of his vigour, and that his taste and fancy, are, at least, as fresh and lively as ever. The principal poem in this collection is written in blank verse, and is a record of the author's feelings, sufferings, friendships, and sympathies during some portions of his journey through life. It is written in a pure and pleasing style, without any affectation. Mr. Rogerson breathes forth his thoughts simply and spontaneously, as they rise, and frequently with a pathos that is irresistibly touching. The minor poems are generally sweet and elegant effusions.—*Liverpool Albion.*

Of the principal poem, "A Voice from the Town," we hesitate not to express a very high opinion; the details are not more strikingly vivid than true—and the just reprobation of intemperate habits, and the inculcation of more rational pursuits, are treated with all the powers of truth aided by the most pleasing, and, at times, nervous verses. The miscellaneous poems are distinguished by much pathos and feeling, and the greater part show very considerable taste for the due appreciation of nature in her most beauteous forms, and evince much keen observation of men and things. We thank Mr. Rogerson for an intellectual treat.—*Midland Counties' Standard.*

The pleasure and gratification we have often derived from the perusal of that highly entertaining and interesting work, "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," which gained Mr. Rogerson, and justly so, a high reputation in the literary world, prepared us to expect a rich treat whenever the author should again appear before the public, and our anticipations have been more than realized by the volume now before us; a production which will place a well-merited, never-fading wreath of laurel upon the author's brow, and obtain for him a niche on the pedestal of fame, by the side of the illustrious dead—"the learned and wise of every age and clime."—*Manxman.*

As a chronicler of the varied developments of the affections, Mr. Rogerson is eminently felicitous; without pretence or parade, he displays the results of close and searching observation on others, and delights to analyze and pourtray, as in a mirror, those of his own bosom. The communings of pure and gentle hearts in the spring-tide of life,—the quiet and calm enjoyments of the domestic hearth,—and the rich pleasures of social intercourse with the wise and good, are the subjects most congenial to his mind. With the skill and firmness of a master-hand, he uncovers and exhibits the festering sores which afflict the body politic, neither pandering to the vices of the poor, nor flattering those of the rich.—*Bradshaw's Journal.*

It displays considerable powers, and, what is almost equally as estimable in a votary of the Muses, a close and accurate observation. There is much pathos in the opening of the principal poem.—*British Queen.*

Mr. Rogerson is not unfavourably known as the author of "Rhyme, Romance, and Revery," of which as a first appearance in literature some of the metropolitan journals spoke warmly. He who draws from the springs of life and truth within his own bosom is sure to awaken at least the sympathy of his readers. Mr. Rogerson thinks well, expressing his thoughts too, in truly poetical language.—*True Tablet.*

The "Voice from the Town," evinces a vivid imagination, and strong powers of description. We occasionally meet with sparkling gems of thought, scattered, as it were, through a garden of flowers. The versification is smooth, easy, and natural; and the sentiments expressed by the author evince a feeling heart and a cultivated mind.—*Preston Chronicle*

This is a volume of very pleasing poems, by an author whose former works we have already noticed with commendation. The principal piece exhibits considerable powers of thought and observation; and some of the minor poems are very beautiful. *Liverpool Mercury.*

Known among the poets of his day as one of the most amiable of their inspired brotherhood, is John Bolton Rogerson, of Manchester. From the manner in which his previous effusions have been received by the press and the public, any recommendation, however flattering, would now be an entirely superfluous piece of service. The volume before us is certainly not inferior to its forerunner; and this is saying no little; whilst the aspirations after the beautiful, gentle, good, and true, bodied forth, not only in "A Voice from the Town," but in many of the minor melodies, will, we feel assured, breathe far and wide through the country, with many pleasant associations, the name of the author.—*Sheffield Iris.*

It abounds with highly wrought descriptive passages of great power and pathos, and is characterised throughout by a grace and delicacy really charming. Many of the shorter pieces are very beautiful.—*Maryport Monthly Advertiser.*

The present volume, which consists entirely of poetical pieces, is similar, perhaps equal, in its excellences, to the preceding one. Of the simple and gentle character of the author's verse, the modest and domestic scenes of humble life which he delights to pourtray, the genuine, unaffected, hearty spirit in which he holds himself with regard to his literary friends and the public at large, we have before expressed, and still retain our admiration. The "Voice from the Town" contains some excellent passages and poetical descriptions of a superior order. The Lake of Intemperance is ably and vividly drawn.—*Liverpool Chronicle.*

What we admire in the poems of Rogerson, is their general unaffectedness—the natural language in which they are expressed—and the strong faith which beams out continually amid much that would have turned one-half of our young simperers into *Giaours* or *Conrads.—Manchester Examiner and Times.*

There are few authors of the present day, who are so successful in their appeals to the hearts of their readers as Mr. Rogerson, as many of the pieces in this volume testify; and in truth, there are qualities about his poetry that are, unfortunately, not common in these verse-manufacturing days; they are the overflowings of a generous heart—the bursts of a genius that requires controlling rather than forcing. *Bedford Mercury.*

A very handsome book, containing some very beautiful poetry, and which we recommend to all our readers, old or young, grave or gay, for there is in it what will interest all ages and please all tastes. The poems are principally of a domestic nature, and convey such right feelings, and inculcate such pure tastes, that Mr. Rogerson cannot fail becoming a favourite in all homes where his poems are introduced.—*London Journal.*

He is a true poet, and in no point more so than in having made his muse the hand maiden of virtue. Of him, as of the poet of the "Seasons," it may be truly said, that he will leave "No line, which, dying, he could wish to blot."—*Manchester Weekly Advertiser.*

The abilities of Mr. Rogerson are varied. Besides being a poet of no mean rank, he is a prose writer of great fluency and merit; and is, moreover, as our ears have more than once assured us, possessed in a high degree of the tact and talent of public speaking. The present neat volume convinces us, that Mr. Rogerson has not, in any instance, been driven to that worst of repetitions, the repetition of himself. The book is as free from this too common fault, as if the author's first essay had never been composed—a circumstance evidencing the scope and originality of his mind.—*Manx Advertiser.*

The most important poem of the volume gives the title to the work—"A Voice from the Town." It is one that may be read again and again, and always with increasing zest, as a faithful portraiture of the writer's experience, and a vivid description of the scenes which daily occur in a large town. The shorter pieces are characterized by genuine feeling, and evince a heart alive to all the tender sympathies of life, and a mind imbued with every refining influence.—*Manchester and Salford Advertiser.*

Mr. Rogerson, we believe, is not one of the humblest of the Lancashire bards; but he has nevertheless had to exercise his poetic taste in subservience to stronger requirements, and, if we are not misinformed, in the midst of some struggle. This, however, has only served to give breadth to his experience, to enlarge his sympathies, to deepen his religious impressions, and to refine the feelings of one who seems to be by nature amiable, and a lover of the true and the beautiful.—*Spectator.*

The writings of John Bolton Rogerson must not be classed with ephemeral productions. To him has been given not only the true poetic feeling, but the true poetic expression also. We cordially commend this volume of poems to our readers.—*Manchester Temperance Reporter.*

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